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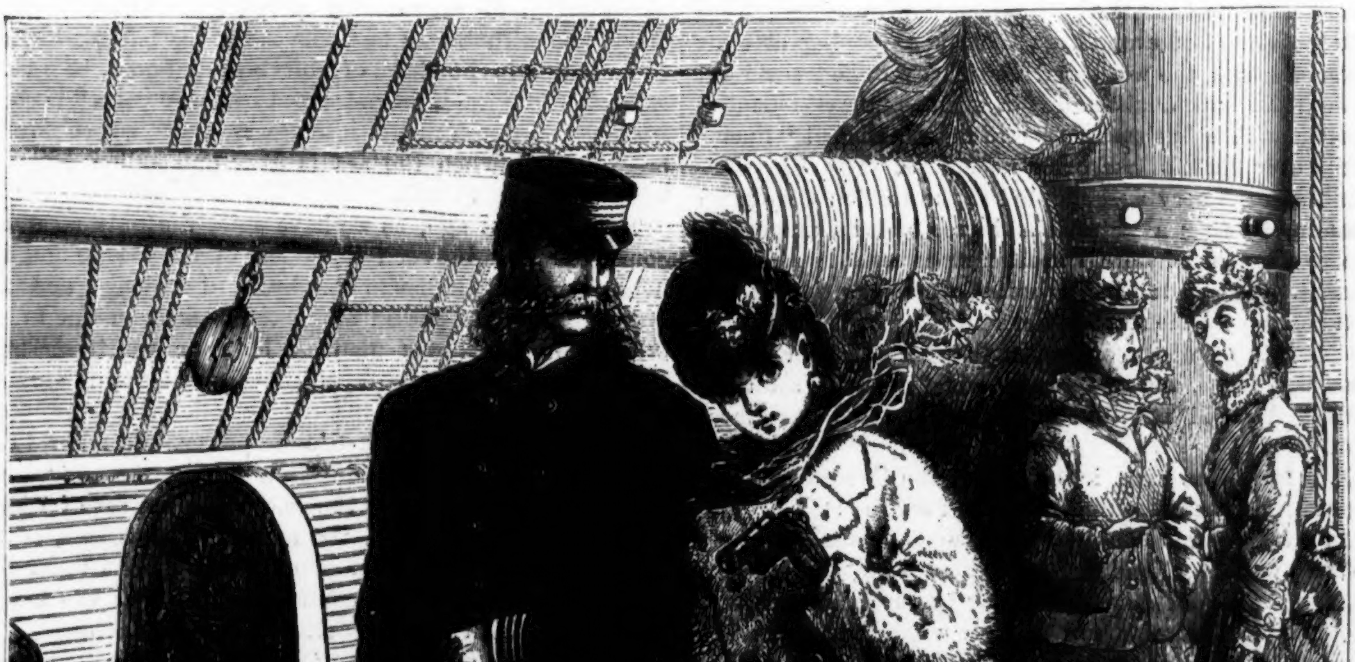
THE FERRY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

By William H. Rideing.



THE BELLE OF THE VOYAGE.

XUM

THE FERRY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

By William H. Rideing.

Twenty years ago, certain small boys in Everton were fond of perching themselves upon a fence which opened into hilly fields and overlooked the estuary of the Mersey, with the fort and revolving light; and as they were all offspring of seafaring men, the ships that seemed hung in the hazy distance were followed with a personal and highly sentimental interest until they wholly disappeared. Once a week the Cunard packet from New York became visible in the offing, and these lads, who knew one vessel from another as well as a pegtop from a marble or a halyard from the binnacle, were usually first in spreading the news of her arrival among the houses in the neighborhood, in more than one of which preparations were accelerated for the master who was away, and who would be home after the landing of mails and passengers.

Crossing the ocean in those days was an undertaking of some seriousness, even with the mariners, who were at sea four weeks out of every five; there was weeping at their departure, and the wives and children watched them out of the town with doubt and fear, such as no well-balanced woman, with a husband on board an established "liner," would ever think of harboring nowadays. The ships were small, and not very well adapted to the traffic; they often came in showing a precarious degree of hard usage, and twelve days in moderate weather were considered a fair passage. One Saturday morning, when the *Persia* was seen coming up the river on her tenth day from New York, the small boys, who spent an undue share of their leisure upon the fence, were overcome with exultant astonishment, and could not find credence for their announcement.

Only two lines were in existence, the Cunard and the Inman, and these were quite sufficient for the travel. The cabin was not available then for persons of small means; the fare was high, and most of those who paid it were wealthy, or forced into the outlay by business pressure. The saloon itself was not more commodious than the smokerooms of modern steamers, and the staterooms below the main deck had a suggestive affinity with prison cells. No wonder that seeing one's friends off was a lugubrious business to all who were concerned, and especially sad to the traveler himself, who, when he wanted the steward, had to bellow for him through reverberant corridors; who could never, under any circumstances, have a warm dinner, as all the dishes had to be carried along the open deck from the galley "forrard" to the saloon aft; and who had nowhere else to enjoy his pipe or cigar than a covered hatchway inexplicably called the "fiddler's." There were no softly upholstered smoking-saloons, no electric bells, no pianos and no flowers. The orders of the officers on the bridge were conveyed to the helmsmen astern by word of mouth, and to the engine-room by bells or speaking-tubes. The saloon and staterooms were both aft, and when the ship labored the passengers were pitched out of their berths in the staterooms and out of their seats in the saloon. As the big steamer left her anchorage in the stream, and felt her way to the channel in the inevitable fog of Liverpool, there was general grieving, and as she vanished in the offing the weary miles of ocean before her struck the imagination with desolate picturesqueness.

Twenty years have produced many sweeping changes in this as in most other things. The fields down which the small boys used to look upon the ships are irrecognizably assimilated by the city, and effaced under compact streets; the beautiful *Persia* is a coal-hulk lying in the Clyde, and her best time has been beaten by forty hours again and again. Instead of two lines, there are now at least eight dispatching weekly steamers to America from Liverpool, and in no other service are the vessels as large, the accommodations as sumptuous, or the dangers as few, despite the tempestuous character of the ocean. In few things has the advancement of a quarter-century been more conspicuous than in the management and construction of steamers for the navigation of the Western ocean. The traveler of 1880 is provided with a stateroom amidships, where very little motion can be felt; he can summon the servants by touching an electric bell; bathrooms are at his disposal, and he may appear at breakfast pink and smooth from the operations of a Yankee barber. The "fiddler's," with its drafts and agonizing seats, is abolished; the galley is over the pantry, and the dishes are served without exposure along the deck. If he wishes to smoke or chat in the society of his own sex, there is a parlor for him with springy divans, and fountains of Brazilian onyx for the dilution of anything stronger than water which he may choose to call for. If, on the contrary, and with better taste, he seeks the ladies, they are to be found in boudoirs of soft blue-and-gold, or in the saloon, where the lights admitted by the "ports" become iridescent through many-tinted glasses, and where flowers are blooming when the sea is gray and sullen and the wind is high and bleak.

Twenty years ago, as we have said, the only means of communication between the officer of the bridge and the helmsmen and engineers was by word of voice, and the orders had to be passed along the deck from one to another; the wheel was manned by four quartermasters. Now the orders are communicated by electric telegraph, and their transmission is insured by repetition; the steering is done by steam, or hydraulic power, and a child can reverse the course of the ship in a minute.

But more striking than the material progress of which it is an outcome through the increase of facilities, is the fearlessness with which the popular mind looks upon the transatlantic voyage—the confidence in it, and the familiarity with which it is undertaken. It is no longer imposing; it has passed out of association with tears and misgivings; it is almost commonplace, and the achievement of it confers no distinction upon a man even among his intimates and admirers. The iconoclastic age has measured the height and oscillation of Atlantic waves, and the force of Atlantic gales; it has shown, by mathematical formula, that the passage is no more hazardous than a similar number of hours spent afoot in the city or in a carriage in Central Park. The vastness of the waters no longer awes; the uncertainty and isolation are unconsidered. To say, "I sail in the *City of Chester* to-morrow," creates no more of a flutter than the announcement of an excursion to Philadelphia. There is nothing stupendous in crossing the ocean. The large mercantile houses send their buyers over four times a year; it is an even matter of choice between Newport, Saratoga and Paris with many persons, and the difficulties of reaching one place or the other are looked upon as equal. The travelers are not limited to the wealthy classes; the poor student and the small shopkeeper are included in that exodus from our shores which has become annual, and has made the dialect of Vermont and the slang of the Hoosier more familiar on the boulevards than the drawl of the conveniently-situated Cockney.

To him who is not seasick the voyage has many charms in ordinary Summer weather, and as for ourselves, it is an experience that always revitalizes mind and body. The pungent air gives long and dreamless sleep. All the shafts of outrageous fortune lose their sting in the exhilaration of that brisk promenade of the freshly holystoned deck before breakfast, when all the sea and all the sky is shining, and the waves break in crisp showers as the big steamer plows through them. The day has its episodes and occupations : the careering clouds, the transformation of color, of light and shade, have never-ending beauties and wonders for him who feels with nature ; and it is not often, even in midsummer, that the placid days are not varied by the excitement and interest of a storm, which leaves an ecstatic appreciation of the calm that follows. The invigorating mornings, the effulgent afternoons, the marvelous sunsets that spread their fires all through the globe in which we seem to be moving ; the mysterious nights, that make a sanctuary in the darkness for the solemn thoughts which the silence and solitude give birth to—those nights, too, of silvery spaciousness and resplendence, are fixed in the memory, and come to us again in uneffaceable reminiscences.

The reminiscences include earthlier joys than these, moreover—such, for instance, as the last pipe or cigar, and the "nightcap" of hot toddy, sipped over wise and genial chat on an extraordinary variety of subjects—on travel, adventure, science and commerce ; for among the passengers many countries and many conditions of life are represented, and there are men who have had many strange experiences. The insularity of the ship, the unity of interest and the unavoidable contact of one person with another, compel some degree of sociability ; and elements that would be antagonistic, or at least alien, ashore, coalesce in a floating democracy with a millennial unaffectedness and cordiality.

The intimacies which spring up are sometimes continued long after the voyage is over, and sometimes they are suspended through force of circumstances, to be renewed months or years afterward. We say "Good-by," and shake hands at Liverpool, not thinking, perhaps, to meet again ; and yet, a week later, it may be in the Tower of London, or Westminster Abbey, in the Louvre, or on the Pincio, or under the Lindens, a cheery voice hails us, and behold ! it is our fellow-passenger, with whom we part only to find him with us once more on the steamer that brings us to America. The world has grown very narrow. An old man who drinks absinthe at our *café* came up to Theophilus one day and asked him the name of the book which he was reading. "'Monte Cristo,'" answered Theophilus. "Ah !" said the old man ; "Dumas is a fine writer, but something has happened to me more wonderful than anything in 'Monte Cristo.'" Theophilus pressed him for an explanation, and he told us, as if it were as miraculous as the adventures of the Ancient Mariner, that he had met a certain man in Algiers. "When I again saw him, messieurs—would you believe it ?—it was in Broadway, and thirty years had flown !" The young fellows around laughed at him. Such a coincidence as this had nothing strange in it for them ; and when, as the circumstances actually were, we saw a *compagnon de voyage* in Piccadilly one day, a few months later at the Occidental Hotel in San Francisco, and within six months of the first meeting seated next to us in a New York theatre, we did not feel the least surprise, for the glory of the cosmopolite is departed.

Sometimes the attachments and acquaintances formed at sea are broken for ever at the end of the voyage ; a responsive soul has met us, understood us, and passed away. Confidences are exchanged as between long-established friends ; the conventional barriers of society are displaced by a more generous reciprocity and fellowship ; then land is reached, and again we are strangers. As we look over the lists of passengers with whom we have traveled, the memory is crowded with pleasant remembrances.

Where now, we wonder, is the "little captain," as we called her—she who was never sick in the heaviest weather, and who trod the deck with the firmness and independence of an old salt, with her hands thrust into the side pockets of a trim pea-jacket ? There was nothing unwomanly about her, despite her valor and salubrity. She was young, pretty, *petite*, and, alas ! married. All we could do for her was to place her steamer-chair in a comfortable position, or adjust her wraps, and sometimes after dinner set a spoonful of cognac afire over her coffee. The "little captain" had crossed the ocean annually since her childhood, and, as she loves the water too well to give up the custom, there is an encouraging chance that we shall meet her again. We remember coming to the Westward during December, eight years ago, in a continuous and tremendous gale, which did not abate from the time we left Queenstown until Fire Island was abeam, eighteen days later ; and all through this boisterous passage we had a little sweetheart of tender years, who sang for us, paced the deck with us, and flirted with us when all the other passengers were groaning below. Little Chinchilla was only twelve years old, but she was arch, witty and responsive beyond her age. We know what has become of her—she is a woman now ; and, in opening a theatrical paper a month or so ago, we saw a picture of her—no longer little Chinchilla, but a popular actress at a London theatre.

Has Italy been to that young artist, whom we met in 1878, all that he expected it to be ? has it nourished him and developed him ? or has the fire of enthusiasm burned out and the experience yielded him but an evanescent pleasure ? We have not heard yet that the ambitious young singer, who was going to Paris for study, has electrified an audience anywhere, as her zealous friends predicted she would ; neither Gounod nor Thomas has yet written an opera for her. The little schoolmistress, who was going abroad with a ridiculously small sum of money, saved by unparalleled economy, has had her glimpse of the Continent, and is once again, no doubt, in her native village, receiving the honors due to one who has traveled so very far. The Catholic pilgrims have kissed the Pontifical toe, and are happier, let us hope, for his Holiness's blessing.

All these have been fellow-passengers—the artist and the young soprano going abroad to study, the pretty tourist, the actress, the ambassadors of the church ; and we might add to this number the invalid in search of strength, the jocular and familiar buyer for business houses, the railway millionaire, the Australian wool-grower coming to England *via* San Francisco, the naval officer bound for a place in the Mediterranean Squadron, the diplomat with his recently conferred commission, the adventurous young nobleman who has been sporting in the Rocky Mountains, the special correspondent of some metropolitan newspaper, the inventor anxious to obtain patents in Great Britain, and the theatrical "star" seeking new spheres to shine in—we might include all of these, without fully indicating the variety of persons, characters and objects which are brought together on the ocean steamer.

We have spoken of a continuous and tremendous gale which lasted eighteen days, which caught us off the Fastnet Light, and hurled itself implacably against us until the white shore of Long Island was in sight. Between November and March the Atlantic is subject to winds of sustained violence, and the steamers that, while at their wharves, seem massively immovable, are tossed like playthings between billows of immense size. In Summer, as

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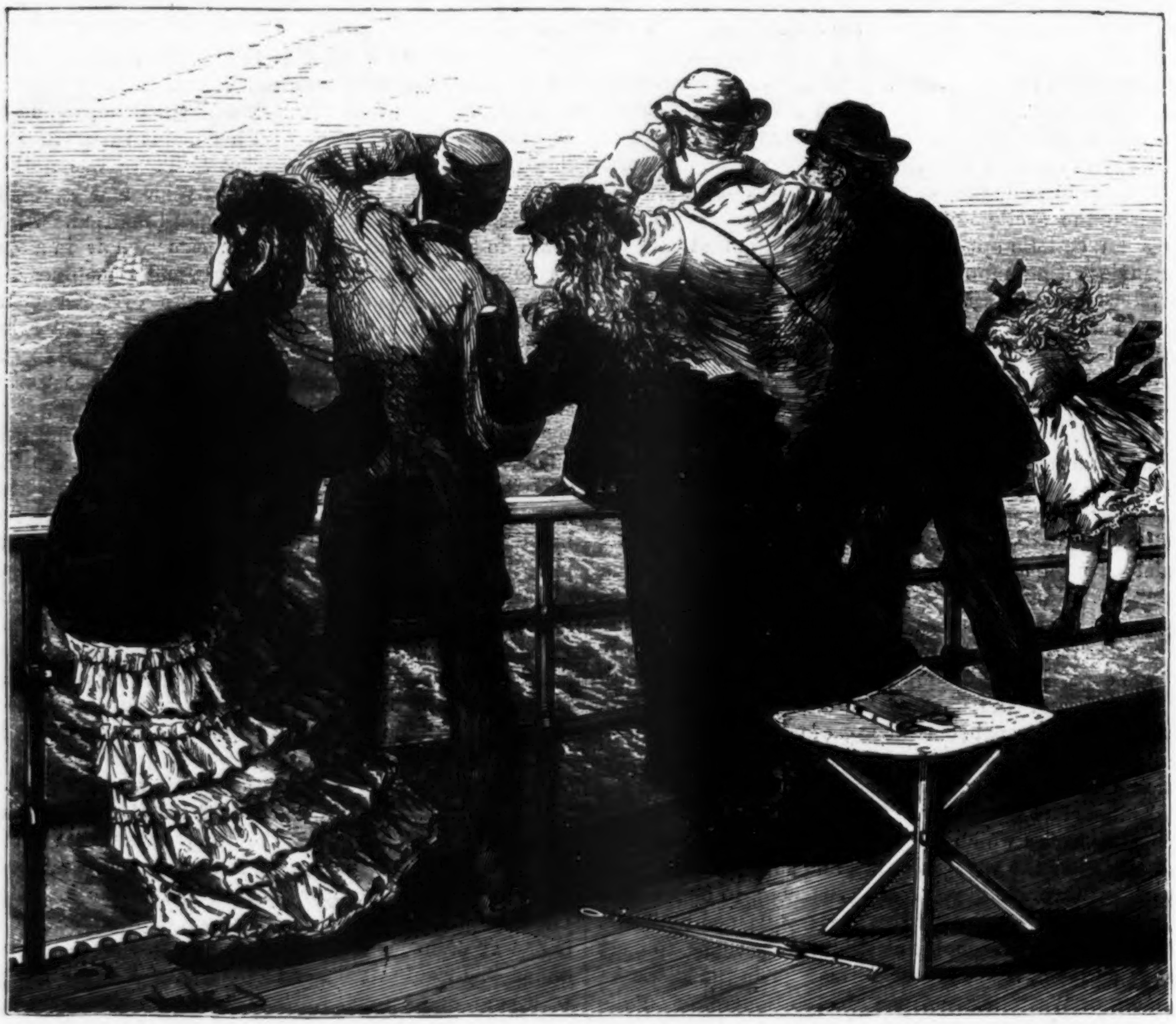
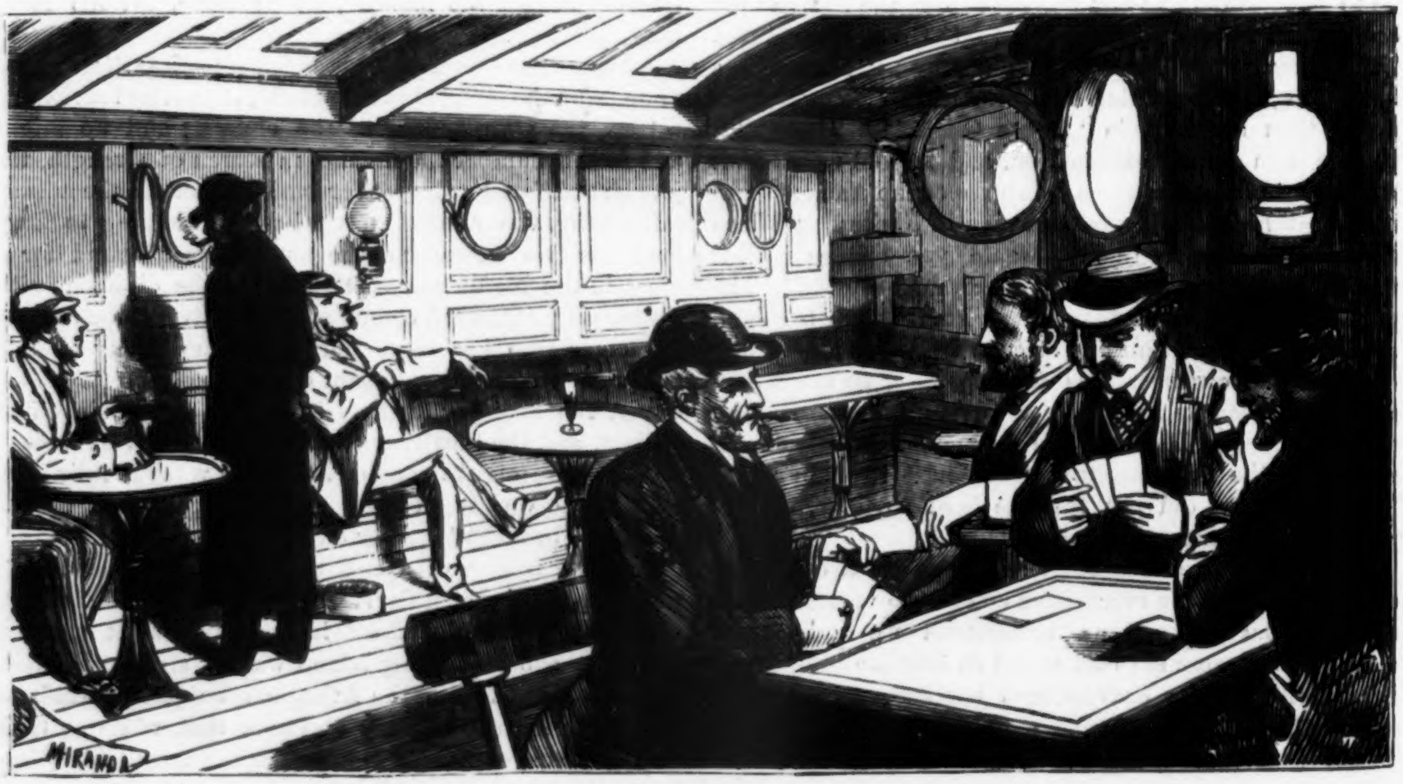
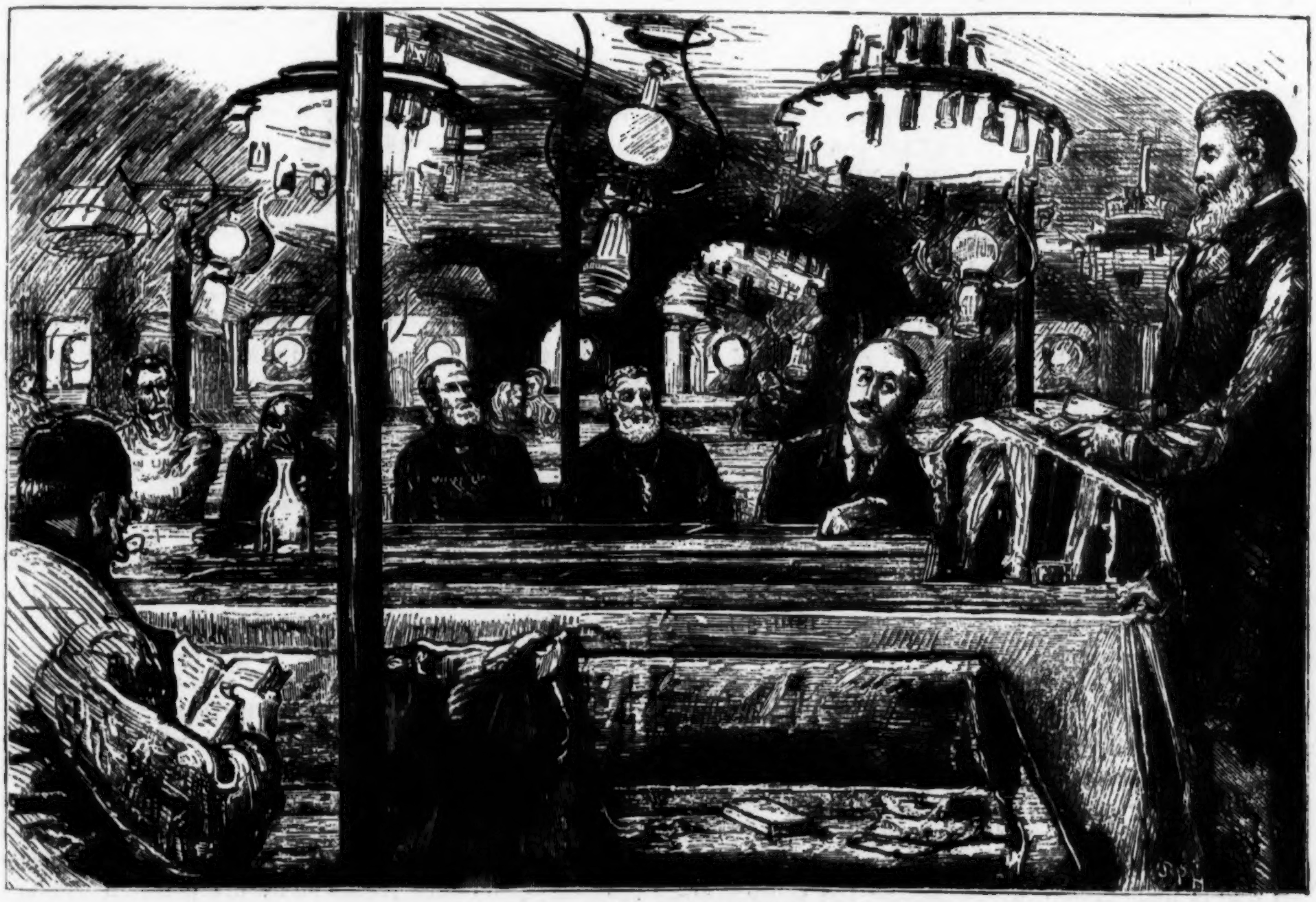


A SAIL IN SIGHT.

we have said, there is usually one day of a storm sufficiently heavy to alarm the inexperienced, and to make dinner an affair of extreme difficulty—a terrible motion which plays satanic tennis with every object that is not screwed into the framework of the ship. The captain, seated at the head of the table, balances himself with acro-



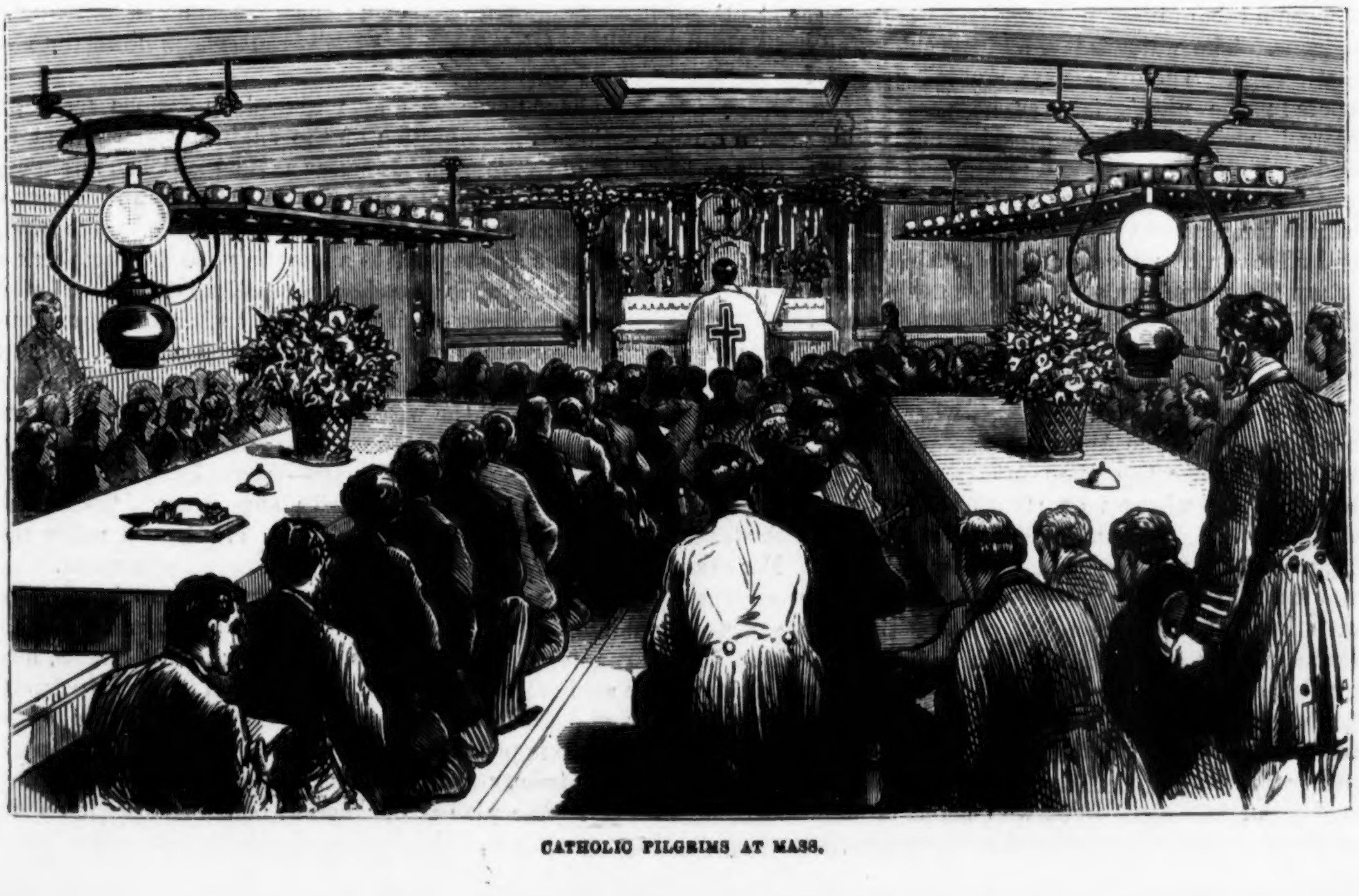
THE SMOKING-ROOM.



THE CAPTAIN READING SUNDAY MORNING PRAYER.

batic ease, and when asked if he has ever seen so awful a tempest before, smiles and assures the inquirer that this is nothing, a mere cat's-paw, only half a gale.

But in the Winter months one must be very lucky, or very fond of the water indeed, to find any pleasure in the average weather. The steamers of the best lines are so stanch and so admirably managed that the sea itself, in its greatest fury, cannot wholly destroy them, under ordinary circumstances; it pitches them from the crest of one wave into the trough of another with a passionate force that compels those most used to it to hold their breath; it breaks above the funnels and leaves a briny whiteness in place of their original color; it sweeps over the bows like a solid wall, and snaps bars of iron and brass as if they were glass; but its destructiveness is limited, and, though it may carry away and engulf for ever some unfortunate



CATHOLIC PILGRIMS AT MASS.

seamen, or cripple them by dashing them against the deck-houses or bulwarks, it very seldom wholly overcomes the modern steamer.

The plunge into the trough seems inevitably fatal; we cannot believe it possible for the immense vessel to lift itself out of the dark valley into which she falls with an arrow-like swiftness, and a mountain-like ponderosity, but as she reaches the depth and shakes in every part under the shock, a deluge breaks upon her, and, as if with a final effort, she lifts her head and comes up to another crest.

Under such conditions the luxurious upholstery of the cabins, the electric bells, the Yankee barber and the excellence of the *cuisine* are unconsidered trifles, and nothing can alleviate the misery of the voyage. The captain is on the bridge most of the time, and when off the bridge is secluded in the chart-room. The violence of the motion prevents exercise and sleep; the sombre skies weigh upon the spirits, and the most courageous and experienced passenger is oppressed by anxiety, for, though he knows that while the engines do not fail there is little actual danger, he remembers that should the shaft break the steamer would surely founder.

Let us withdraw what we said on a previous page. In the gayety and placidity of Summer travel the old ocean may seem like a dethroned Olympian that has lost his vaunted and once dreaded power; but, though latent, its wrath is still vital, and when manifest the bravest quail before it. Perhaps it may be as safe to travel on the Atlantic as to drive through Central Park; but he is vain and frivolous who is undismayed, untouched by the solitude and strength of the sea. An accident happening there acquires an added horror from the isolation and the passive coldness of the surroundings.

The boisterousness of Winter on the Western ocean is so well understood, that few persons who are not forced by circumstances venture to cross in the months we have specified, and the scenes during the hour preceding the sailing from New York are not at all what they are in Summer. Only a few persons come down to witness the departure; the passengers do not linger on deck, nor show the confidence and happiness in their faces which we see at other seasons. The water is icy, and the cold wind has a rheumatic edge. The officers are muffled up and heavily bebooted; the pilot's face as he parades the bridge is scarcely visible under the capaciousness of his woolen cap and neck-cloth. There is a prodigious supply of rugs and ulsters among the baggage, and it is obvious that no one is here for pleasure. Pleasure, forsooth! It is devotion and affection of no common order that brings one down to say "farewell" in such weather as this; and when the final bell is rung, and the word is given for casting off the hawsers, no one not bound on the voyage delays leaving the ship, and all are glad that it is over.

But between May and August, when the fierce and exhausting heat of the American Summer is threatening, or has come, and when thousands are fleeing from it, the scenes at the wharves on steamer-days are brilliant and exhilarating. The great vessel lies at the pier with steam up, and decks scrubbed to a creamy whiteness. For several hours before the moment of sailing, express-wagons, in a continuous procession, come down with steamer-chairs, valises and trunks of astounding size, which are consigned to the hold or cabins. The coaches arrive from the hotels, and following them are private carriages without number, and economical passengers on foot. Besides those who have friends or relatives departing, there are crowds of idle sight-seers, who stand around the gangway and stare at the throng that is constantly passing to and from the ship. There are venders of newspapers and magazines, fruit-sellers and peddlers of various commodities for the voyage. A florist appears with an exquisite little schooner built of carnations, roses and smilax; then another florist, with more flowers in the form of an anchor or a heart; and by-and-by the grand saloon is like a conservatory, and the air is heavy with perfumes. All the faces have a look of preoccupation and expectancy, and here and there one is moist with tears, but there is more gladness than sorrow. It is impossible to distinguish the passengers from their acquaintances, and the crowd increases every moment. The officers stand at the gangway in their best uniforms, the stewards fly about with bundles in their hands, and the steam-pipes roar with mighty impatience.

"Ring the bell, Mr. Bath!" calls the first officer to the second. "Now for the shore!" shouts a quartermaster, with a mahogany face and a voice like the notes of a violoncello.

There is a great deal of fervid hand-shaking, many tremulous benedictions are uttered, and then a rush is made down the gangway. Here is Mr. Kavanagh with the mails, and the precious sacks are quickly put on board. The bell rings again, and the funnel emits dark wreaths of smoke. Another rush is made for the gangway; and, when the bell rings a third time, those who are not going "across" are at last separated from the passengers, who are so numerous that they fill the whole saloon-deck. This is the last moment, and the excitement is at the highest point. The captain and the pilot are together on the bridge, the chief officer takes his place in the bows. "Let go there!" The enormous cables are cast off, as a belated and distracted passenger appears, who reaches the dock less than a minute before the gangway is withdrawn. The crowd on the wharf continues to talk with those on board, and the great vessel cautiously glides into the stream. "Good-by, old fellow!" "Be sure and write from Paris!" "Give my love to Dick!" "You'll be in London in ten days!" "Be good to yourself, Tommy!" "Now, Lucy, don't cry!" "Good-by, mother!"

"Look out there!" The last rope is cast off; hats and handkerchiefs are waved; three cheers are raised with thrilling vehemence, and the vessel steams down the river toward the ocean.

We have never been able to avoid a curious feeling of emotion as the vibration of the engine is first felt at the outset of the voyage. It seems as if a giant had awakened, and what has been inanimate pulsates with the vigor of life. About an hour after the departure from the wharf, the engine is stopped to allow the pilot to disembark at Sandy Hook, where the channel that leads from the harbor ends in soundings of ninety feet; but after this momentary delay the pistons resume their vertical motion, which is constant until the old Head of Kinsale reassures the passengers that all the world is not of water. Whenever we happen to look into the engine-room—early in the morning, late at night, at all hours—these pistons are working up and down, in and out, with superhuman tirelessness, and away astern the propeller is grinding a milky trail that winds into the distance like a fabulous serpent.

It does not take the passengers long to become acquainted without any formal introduction, and while the voyage lasts Mr. and Mrs. Knifeater, of St. Louis, have the sublime satisfaction of being bowed to by the patrician Mr. and Mrs. Livingston Stuyvesant Rutherford, whose progenitors planted some sort of a tree somewhere in the Bowery twenty-five years ago. The amenities are extraordinary. We pledge our honor, and swear to it on our private edition of the Book of Snobs, that an actual major-general of the British Army once addressed us without the slightest encouragement, and spoke most affably about the weather. Even the hereditary peer unbends, and the fictitious aristocrat of Beacon Street omits to assert the cherished belief in his own superiority.

Some may find the days vacant and wearisome, but the fault is apt to be with themselves. Quoits are played with rings made of cordage, and "shuffle-board" is a popular resource for exercise and amusement. A square divided into ten sections is chalked upon the deck, with semicircles at each end, one marked "10 on," and the other "10 off." The sections are numbered from 1 to 10, and the object of the game is to project heavy disks of wood along the deck with poles in such a way that they will fall into the sections without touching the divisional lines. Sides are formed—for instance, between Mr. and Mrs. Knifeater on one hand, and between Mr. Adolphus Von Twiller and Miss Kitty Calumet on the other. Miss Calumet has the first play, and unfortunately lodges her disk in the semi-circle marked "10 off," which reduces her score by precisely that number; but her partner, who succeeds her, knocks it from the semi-circle into the section numbered 9, which is then accredited to their side, provided that the shots of neither Mr. nor Mrs. Knifeater knock it off the board or on to one of the lines. Each side has four disks, but as the results are only counted when all have been played, Miss Kitty and Adolphus may place their men in the most advantageous positions, and yet be utterly demoralized by the subsequent play of the Knifeaters. It is an excellent game, especially when the ship is rolling or pitching, which compels great nicety of calculation.

The gentlemen speculate on the distances made in every twenty-four hours, and, when coming to the westward, on the number of the pilot-boat; and in the forenoon and evening the smoking-room becomes a scene of excitement as the auctioneer solicits bids. Occasionally there is a flutter and a rush to the side of the ship: a sail is in sight, and after much debate and questioning a phantom thing is discovered miles and miles away against the gray horizon. Then, perhaps, a steamer is passed within signaling distance, and a set of flags is run up on the halyards, by which, and the use of a code, a conversation of any length can be carried on.

The day ends with dinner, in a scene full of color and animation. The four long tables in the grand saloon sparkle with silverware and crystals spread over white damask cloths, and in the racks overhead the rays glint among pink glasses for white wine, green glasses for Bordeaux, and slender goblets for sparkling. More than a hundred people are seated, and some of the ladies are in evening dress. The number and all the objects are multiplied indefinitely by the mirrors at each end, which open interminable vistas of moving color. The conversation and the wine flow together, both merrily; the English wax patriotic, and the Americans amiably concede that they have a government to be proud of, whereupon a sharp detonation is heard, and there is a tinkling of glasses and an ebullition of amber-colored fluid. After dessert the tables are cleared, and the saloon becomes a drawing-room, occupied by groups of whist and chess players, readers, gossips, flirts and musicians, and perhaps there is a concert for the benefit of some charitable institution. All the while the steamer is forging ahead through the billows, and before we can realize it we are off Queenstown harbor.

Such are the Summer episodes of the Atlantic ferry, and though the facilities for crossing it are great now, the improvements are continuous, and each year some addition of surpassing size, beauty and speed is made to the fleet. Next year the Inman Line will launch the *City of Rome*, and compared with her, steamers that now seem large and luxurious will fall out of date.

"But the end is not yet," says Kavanagh, who is a philanthropist in the interest of passengers—John Kavanagh, the admirable purser known to nearly all who cross the ocean. "Some day," he prophesies, "the staterooms will be sold apart from subsistence, and an *à la carte* service will be provided, by which each passenger can order what he pleases, and pay only for that; each passenger, too, will have a separate cabin, and the cabin will be as comfortable as his dressing-room at home." Yes, we add, and the navigating officer will have before him on the bridge a series of small electric keys, by touching which he will be able to furl and reef the sails, control the engine and the helm, and bank the furnaces. It may be so—who knows?

BETWEEN JOY AND SORROW.

By Philip Bourke Marston.

Between joy and sorrow,
As 'twixt day and morrow,
I lay for a space;
And I heard, so lying,
My old Grief sighing
From her far-off place.

I said, "Thou art over,
And where dreams hover
Thou hoverest now;
In the land of thy dwelling
What waters are welling,
And blossoms what bough?

"Old tears are its rivers,
The wind that there quivers
Is breath of old sighs;
Wreck-strewn are the shores there,
And sunset endures there
Through infinite skies.

"But all there is quiet;
There no wave makes riot
On the waif-cumber'd coasts,
Where thou movest banished,
But not quite vanished—
A ghost among ghosts."

MY FELLOW-VOYAGER.

By Richard B. Kimball, Author of "St. Leger," "To-Day: A Romance," Etc.

Before the introduction of steamers for transatlantic service, the United States completely monopolized the passenger traffic with Europe. Our "liners" were not only the pride of Americans, but they were regarded with admiration and curiosity, even by our great maritime rivals, the English.

As an illustration, I will only mention that at the famous Adelphi Hotel, in Liverpool—then one of the best in England—it was the habit to hand a card to the traveler on arriving, on one side of which was a neat plan of the main streets of the town, and on the other a list, headed, "Principal Objects of Interest for the Stranger to Visit." This list comprised the Town Hall, St. John's Market, the Cemetery, the Royal Exchange, etc., etc., and the American Packet Ships.

In those days I never took up one of these cards without a glow of pride, heightened, when I happened to step on board, by seeing the large numbers from all parts of the

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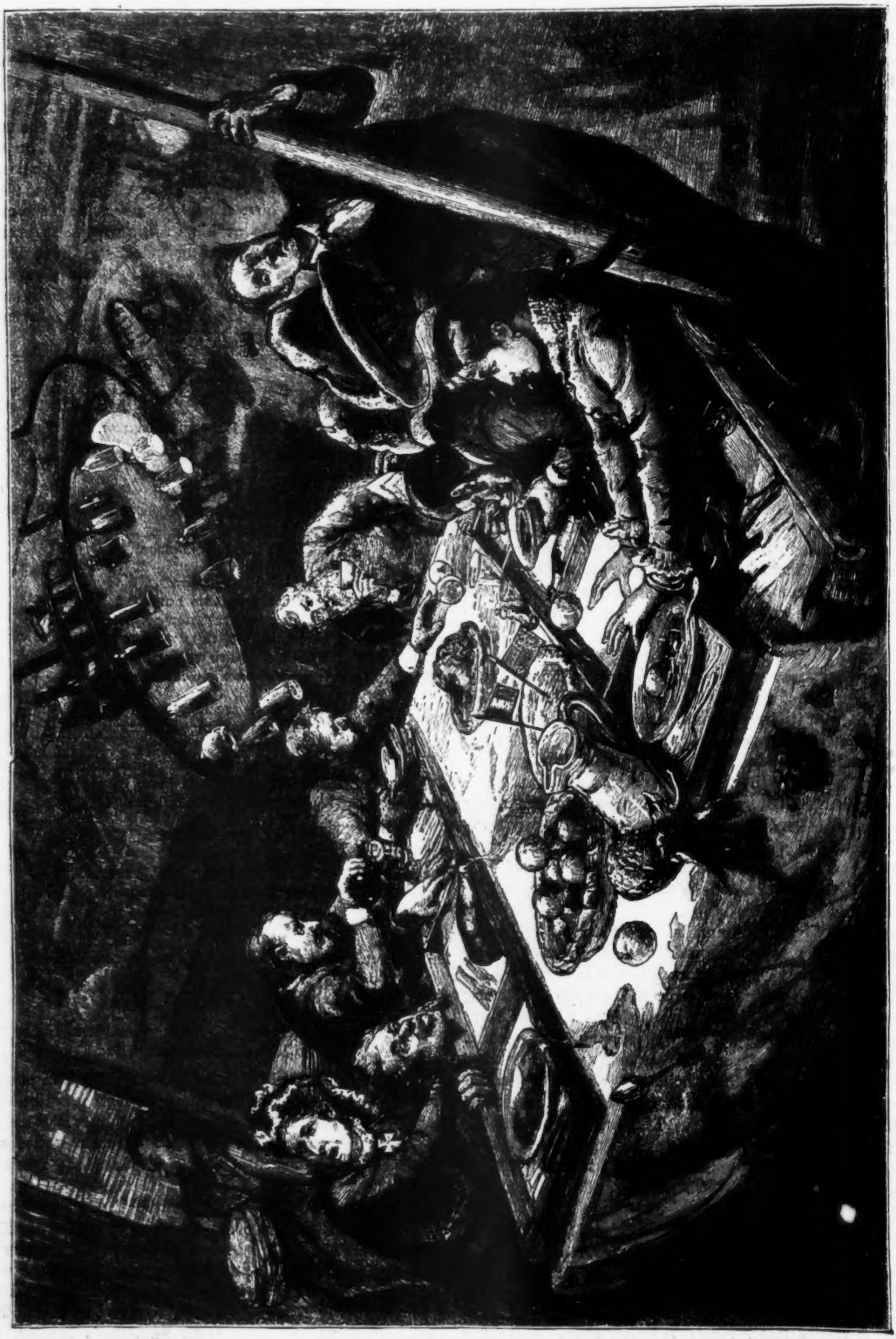
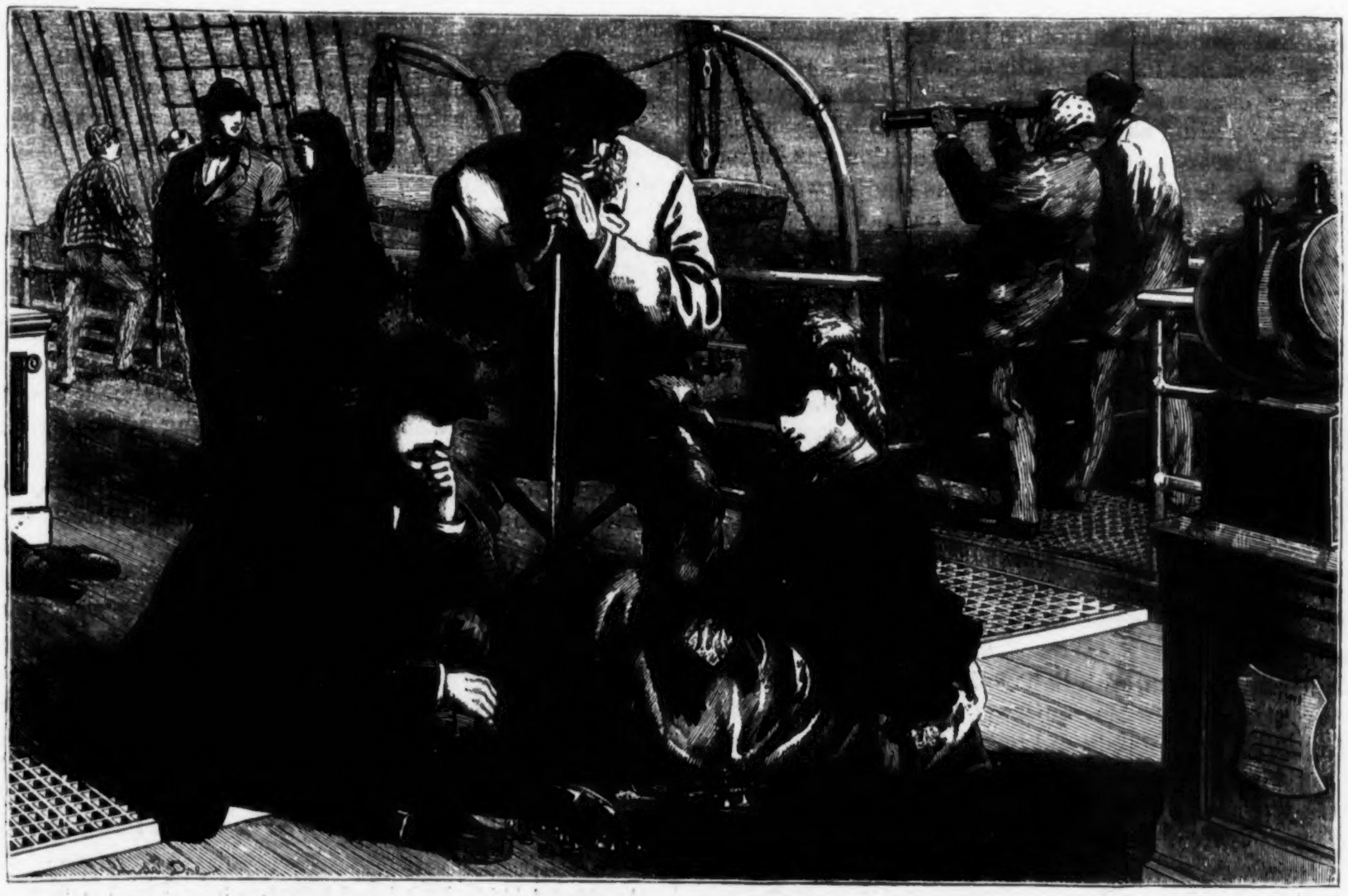


THE FERRY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.—WHAT THE CAPTAIN CALLS "HALF A GALE."—SEE PAGE 642.

country, who congregated to witness our "perfection of ship-building."

I do not propose now to inquire why, by the advent of ocean steamers, we lost the prestige so nobly earned under canvas. The subject belongs to another department of journalism, and should certainly not be lost sight of.

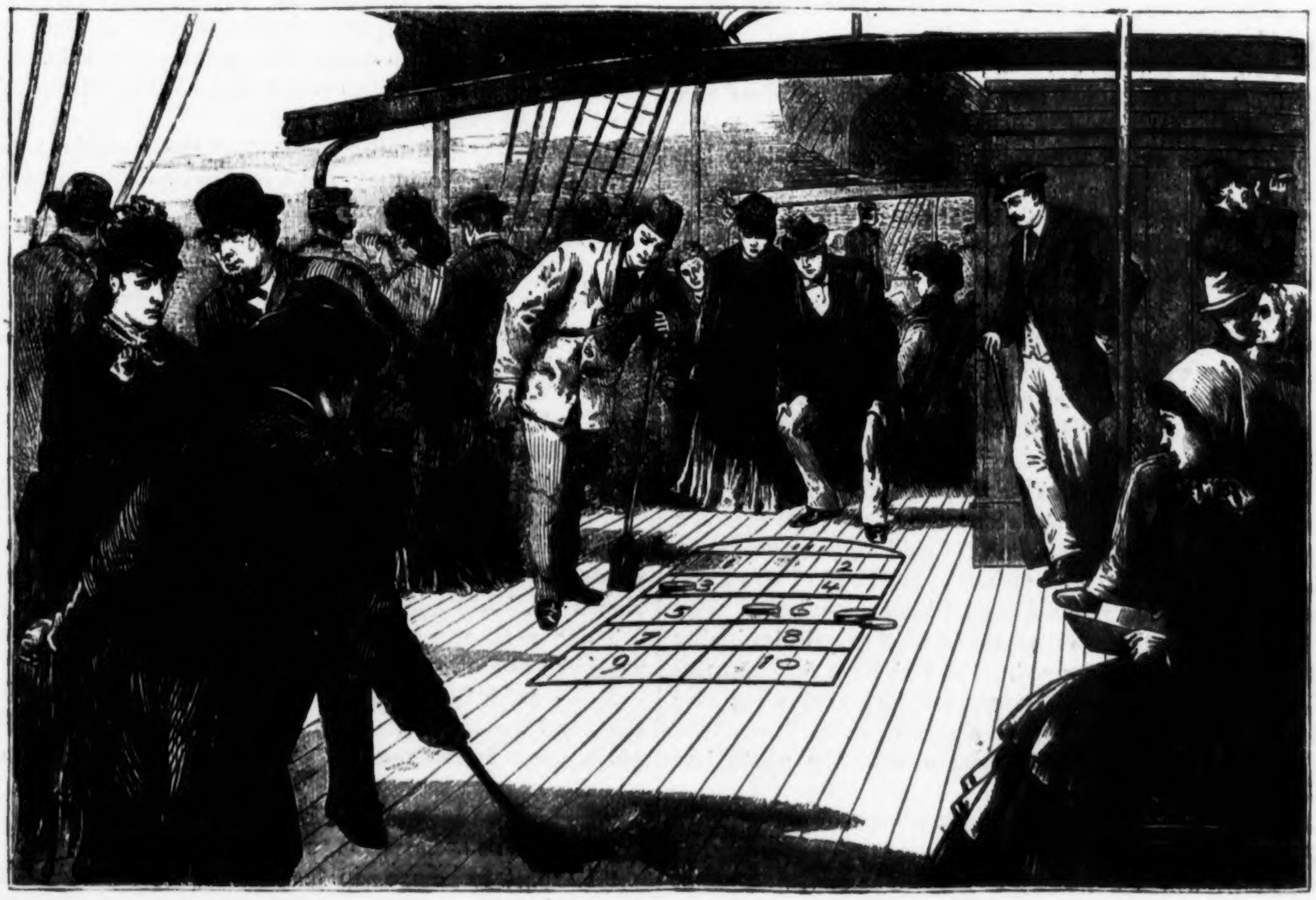
It was about the middle of June—our splendid "merchant marine" was still in the ascendant, comparatively few caring to venture in the *Sirius* or *Great Western*, then



THE FERRY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.—A GAME OF CHESS ON DECK.—SEE PAGE 642.

the advance-guard of proposed lines of steamers—when, punctually at twelve o'clock, the little steam-tug *Ajax* commenced slowly to pull the packet-ship *Cambridge* from her moorings alongside the dock, and tow her lazily to the mouth of the Mersey, where, once "round the rock," she would be left to take care of herself, in charge of a Holyhead pilot.

I was a passenger, in a company of twenty-five or thirty, and at this particular moment leaned dreamily over the taffrail, indulging in that delicious sense of repose which



A GAME OF SHUFFLEBOARD.

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overtakes the returning traveler as he finds himself safe on shipboard—the last stage of his journey homeward.

We struck first for the middle of the river, so as to afford a clearer course down-stream. I looked incuriously toward the receding shore, ready not only to bid good-by to it, but to European soil, when my attention was engaged by a boat, which had put out from the landing we had just left, and was making signs to attract our notice.

The captain understood what it meant. "English!" he exclaimed. "One of these days they will learn twelve o'clock means twelve o'clock, on a 'liner.'"

The paddle-wheels of the tug were stopped, and in a few minutes the boat was alongside. It contained two persons besides the oarsman. First climbed, not awkwardly, up the ladder and stepped on deck, a young girl, who, in the excitement of the moment, did not appear to be older than sixteen. She was slight of figure. She had an oval face, with a clear olive complexion, rich color, large, expressive, almond-shaped eyes and luxuriant black hair. Indeed, I do not know when I have been so much interested at first sight as when I looked at her as she reached the deck.

A handsome man, with light hair, blue eyes and English features, followed. He appeared to be thirty, possibly thirty-five, and certainly did not in the least resemble the young lady. A large quantity of luggage, piled in the stern, was soon put aboard.

"Close work, captain," were his first words. "The London train was several minutes late. You are as prompt as the Birkenhead ferry."

"That's what we mean to be," replied the captain, not insensible to the compliment.

"By-the-way, any room for us?" continued the stranger, sharply. "Rather important I should know."

"One stateroom?" inquired the captain, glancing at the young lady.

For an instant the new-comer hesitated. I looked unconsciously toward the girl, and saw her face was crimson, while her black eyes flashed angrily.

"Two," jerked out the man; "that is—I mean—I hesitated because I do not wish to incur the expense of a whole room for either my sister or myself. Locate us, captain, as is most convenient. Last come must be last served."

The matter was soon settled. It was arranged that Miss T—— should occupy a stateroom with one of the ladies, and as I happened to have the only remaining room with a spare berth, Mr. T—— was, much to my chagrin, quartered with me. There was no help for it, unless I chose to pay for a whole room, and I did not choose.

I had taken a prejudice against this person for two reasons. First, he had declared the London express was late. Now, I had come in that very train, and it was sharp on time, giving me a good half-hour to get on board. Again, I was not pleased with the glance he gave his companion when asked about staterooms. I said nothing, however, but made up my mind to make the most out of one I was sure would prove to be a disagreeable companion.

But he did not prove disagreeable. I found him highly educated and well-informed. He had been an extensive traveler, and his descriptions were always interesting. He had none of the usual English assumption.

It was evident much intercourse with the world had given him easy, unconventional manners. Notwithstanding his freedom in conversation, I noticed one thing specially: he never spoke of his personal affairs. He never uttered a word by which a listener could divine anything about him, or get a clew to what he was, or what were his plans. The young girl was equally reticent, or rather, tried to be. As I had guessed, she was only sixteen. She did not have an English face. Indeed, no one would have called her English, except when hearing her speak. I said she tried to be reticent; still, in conversation with our lady passengers, who *would* ask questions, the information was communicated that she was just from school—there was none of her family left except her brother and herself. *He* had lived of late years very little in England—where he had lived was not stated. He was going to Mexico on important business. That was all. But with regard to her school-life she would talk without restraint.

She spoke, on one occasion, of "going home for the holidays."

"I thought you had no home?" exclaimed a sour, sharp-faced lady, who had been listening in the hope of gleaning something new.

She was altogether too quick, and gave Miss T—— opportunity to recover, else something might have been dropped to elucidate the mystery—for every one on board believed there *was* a mystery.

"I call my guardian's house home," was her reply, and her lips were closed for the remainder of the day.

Mr. T—— was in the habit of asking me a great many questions about America, especially of the West, which was not then opened up beyond the lakes. It seemed to me, notwithstanding his sister's talk of Mexico, he really intended to penetrate to our Western forests. His general remarks were those of a man *blasé* of life and human emotions.

Once, on mentioning his sister, I asked him if she was content to take such a long voyage.

"Gertrude is happy wherever I am," he remarked, dryly; and he changed the subject.

Our voyage was half concluded—at least, so far as distance was concerned; we were on deck one pleasant afternoon, discussing various matters. The question of navigating the ocean by steam came up. The captain took ground against its practicability, and proved, as many of us thought, conclusively, that it was quite impossible. An enthusiastic young Scotchman took the other side. He spoke of the success of the *Great Western*, and of the regularity of her trips.

"By-the-way, captain," he said, "the steamer leaves Bristol to-day. I will lay you a basket of champagne she gets into New York before us."

"Done!" echoed the captain.

"What's that about the steamer?" said T——, as if seized with a spasm.

"I say the *Great Western* will beat us into New York."

"Good God! you don't believe it?"

His sister was standing beside him, and looked up as if surprised at his manner.

"Just to think of it!" he muttered, partly to himself.

"Think of what?" asked the sour, sharp-faced lady.

"Why, that Gertrude might have finished her little visit, and run over with me to Paris for a week, as I wanted to do, only I was afraid of being behind time in New York."

This was thrown off in a tone quite calculated to put all suspicion at rest.

T—— paid the captain some compliments about his ship, and went below. Soon after I went down myself to get a book I was reading. T—— was engaged with a quantity of papers.

"You are a lawyer, I think you said?"

This was his exclamation, addressed to me abruptly.

"I expect to be one—in fact, I have finished my legal studies."

"In practice?"

"Just commencing."

"Familiar with criminal law?"

"No."

"A great mistake. Every young lawyer should pay attention to it. You have made a mistake," he repeated, in an absent tone. "What is your notion about that steamer?" he asked, after a pause. "What is her usual time?"

"In fine weather like this she will make the western passage inside of fourteen days."

"I will go you five to one we beat her."

"Don't care to take it."

By this time T—— had put up his papers, and we went on deck together. His sister was standing near the companion-way. She looked worried.

"I have been waiting for you to come up," she cried. "I want to take our usual walk."

"I do not feel like it, Gertrude; perhaps Mr. K—— will walk with you a few minutes. I will relieve him soon."

Now, as a fine ship, on a pretty long voyage, with pleasant society, is a capital place for harmless flirtations, I had more than once endeavored to draw this very attractive girl into some sentimental conversation. It was always in vain. I once, in her presence, laughingly complained of her to her brother.

"She is a mere child," he replied, seriously; "in school all her life; nothing but a grown-up baby. What can you expect of her?"

I looked at the young girl, and saw her lustrous eyes fixed on her brother with an expression of mature feeling (not easily understood), which certainly contradicted what he was saying.

Well, Miss T—— on this occasion took my arm, and we commenced to pace the deck. I spoke of the ship, the voyage, the passengers, and what else I could think of. My companion was almost silent.

At length, seeing I was really trying to entertain her, she observed:

"I do not know why it is, but I feel very sad at the idea of reaching New York. I wanted to quit England, but what should make me so melancholy at the thought of landing?"

She looked up at me as she spoke, inquiringly, and yet, in a sense, unconsciously.

"Don't you really know of any reason?" I could not help asking.

"I! How should I?" she retorted, quickly, and in quite another tone.

"God knows!" was my abrupt response.

At that moment her brother came up and relieved me—for relief it was. I was tired of the subject—of T—— and his perpetual flow of conversation—of the beautiful girl who exhibited neither romance, nor sentiment, nor anything else—and of the curiosity of the ship's company.

We were becalmed three days on the banks; then came a head wind, after that another calm, so that we did not make the Long Island coast till our twenty-eighth day out. Here a pilot boarded us.

"Is the *Great Western* in?" asked a dozen at once.

"She passed up yesterday," was the response.

"What's that?" exclaimed T——, coming up. "The *Great Western* in?"

"She is."

"When shall *we* be in, pilot?" asked T——.

"If this breeze holds, we ought to be up by sunset."

The breeze did hold, and we anchored at the Quarantine while it was still daylight. Many of the passengers took a tug to the city, while others found it more convenient to remain on shipboard till morning. Among those who proposed to stay on board was T——. He should take things quietly, he said, and not scramble off the ship for the sake of landing in New York in the night and going to a strange hotel. He asked for my address, adding, "I may wish to consult you on some business matters."

I gave it to him. He remarked, "We shall be at the Astor House." We shook hands, and I left him.

As I came up from the cabin I saw Miss T——. She was leaning over the ship's side, looking, as it appeared, intently toward the city. It was not till I had spoken twice to her that I attracted her notice. She hesitated to look up, and I fancied—was it fancy?—that she had been crying.

"Good-by," I said; "I hope you will not be disappointed in America."

She gave me her hand, without saying a word, and in another minute I was over the ship's side.

As the tug paddled off from the vessel I looked in the direction where I last saw Miss T——. She was still on the same spot, nor did she leave it so long as I could distinguish her. She was at length lost sight of in the twilight, which began to fall, and I turned, in spite of myself, with a sad impression toward the shore, where friends were ready to welcome me.

The next day, about three o'clock in the afternoon, a note was put in my hand by one of those peculiar-looking messengers, whom, once seen, you rarely forget, but whose appearance is quite familiar to legal gentlemen.

I opened the missive. It was written from the Eldridge Street jail. Here it is:

"SIR—The time for consulting you has arrived sooner than I counted on. I entreat you to come to me at once. I am suffering the torments of h—ll. Make haste, before I put an end to my miserable existence. H. T——."

The messenger stood waiting. I nodded to him, "All right."

"I was to bring an answer," he said.

"No answer necessary."

I had determined to proceed directly to Eldridge Street, and knew I should get there in advance of the vagabond.

"I have *got* to take back an answer," he maintained, doggedly.

"No answer," I repeated, rising as I spoke.

"Look here, boss," said the man, "let a poor fellow earn a living. If I fetch an answer I am to get a 'extra.'"

"You shall not lose it"—and with that assurance he decamped.

I found T—— in the main room. I do not intend to describe it. He greeted me as if we had been friends for life. But he was sadly taken down. His confident air had vanished, and in its place he had a look of extreme dejection. Indeed, his aspect was one of absolute pusillanimity. He had been arrested on shipboard the evening before, about one hour after I left.

But for what? T—— evidently did not wish to disclose. Yet he must do it if he wished to have the advice of counsel.

"I have been a sad dog," he commenced, partly averting his face, and talking rapidly, as if dreading the effect of his revelations on me—"a sad dog, and you must prepare yourself to hear some savage stories about me."

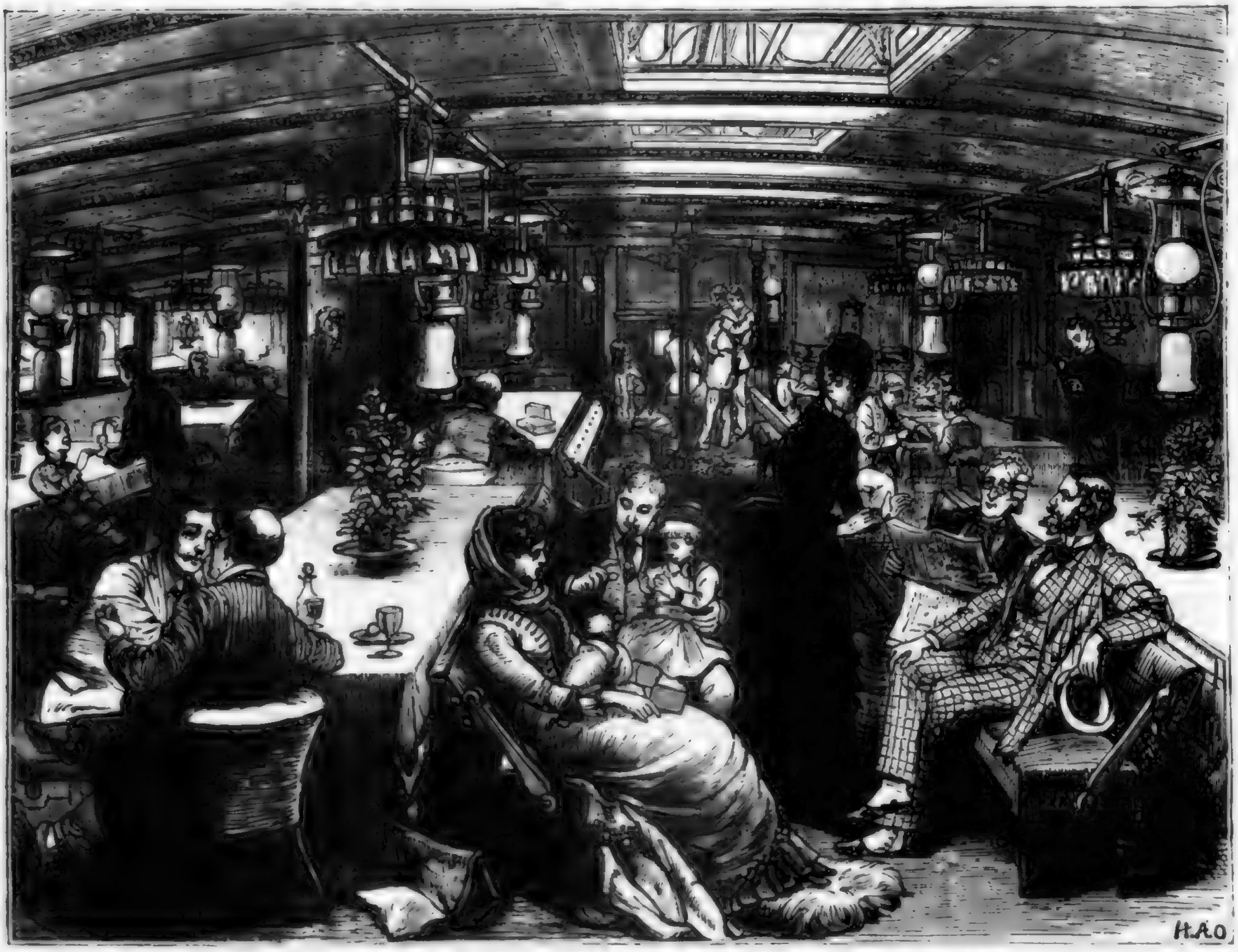
Here he paused.

"Well," I said, endeavoring to assume the imperturbability of an old counselor.

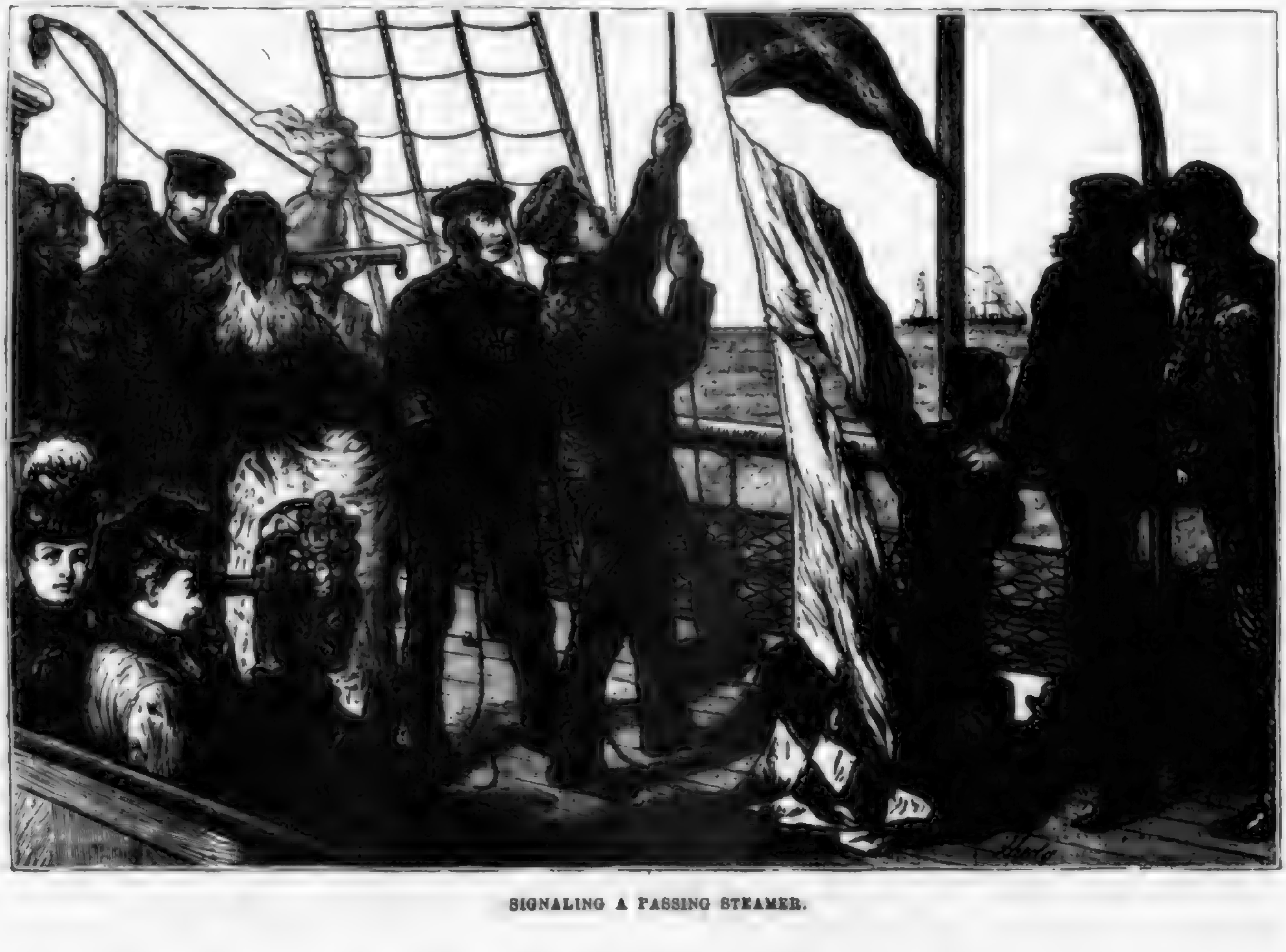
"Well," he echoed, nervously taking up my word, "the young lady you saw on board is not my sister."

"No?"

"No. She—I—I—ran away with her from school—but



THE FERRY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.—CALM WEATHER—IN THE SALOON.—SEE PAGE 642.



SIGNALING A PASSING STEAMER.

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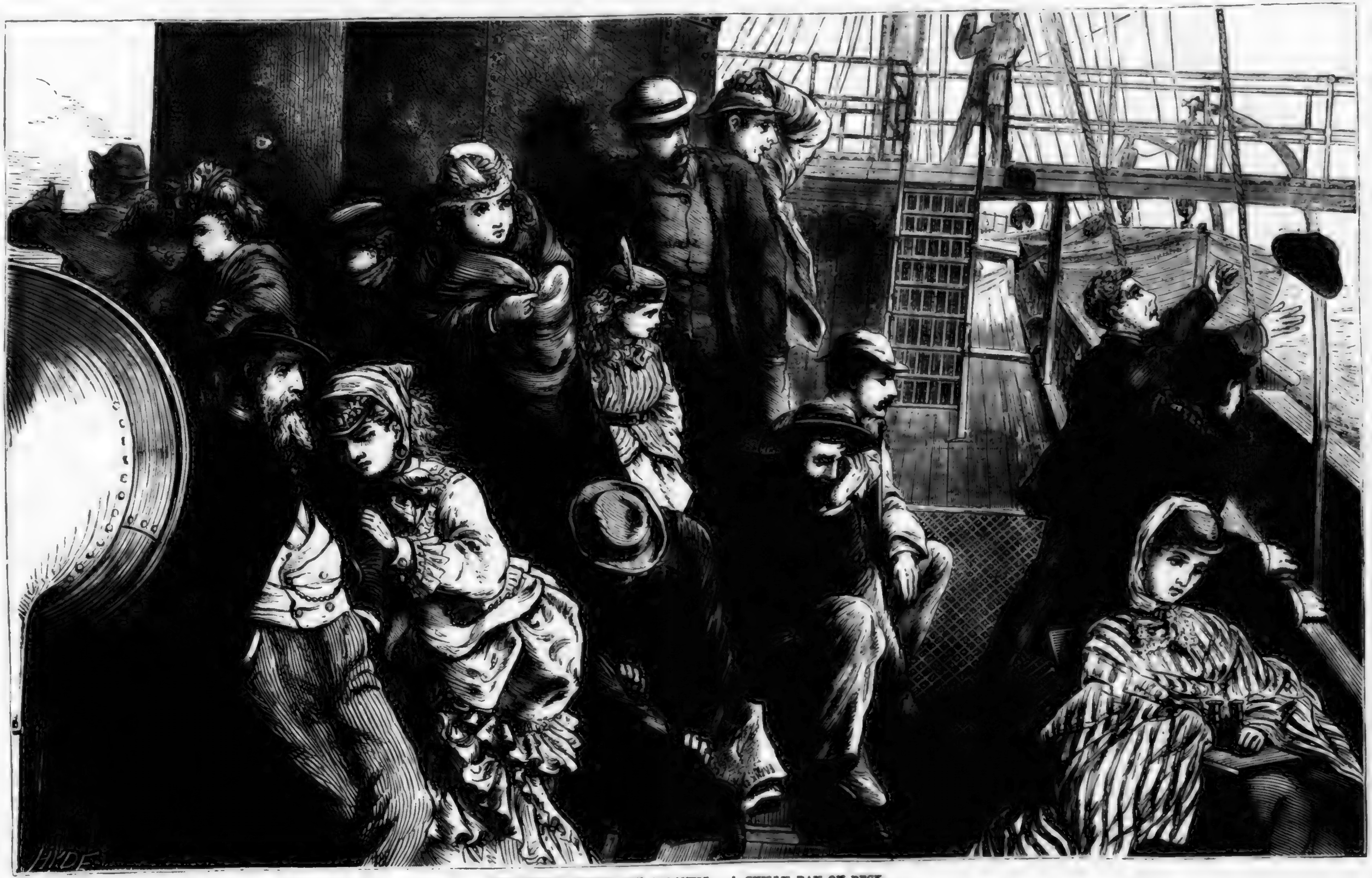

THE FERRY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.—A CHILLY DAY ON DECK.

with her consent, understand—the morning we came on board ship."

"Are you married ?"

My question referred to his relation with the young lady, but he did not so understand it. After hesitating a moment he said :

"I shall make a clean breast of it. I have a wife in England, with whom I have not lived for five years."

"Does the young lady know it ?"

"Good God, no !" he exclaimed. "She must not find that out."

"Anything else ?" I asked, dryly.

"A great deal," was his reply. "But, in the first place, will you undertake my case ?"

"Certainly."

"You will find I am pretty well known on the other side" (the scoundrel said this with a gleam of pride); "as you will probably get the whole story, I may as well give it to you myself. I am a FORGER !"

"Professional forger ?"

"Not that, precisely ; but at times, when I have run short of funds, I have used my friends' names a little too freely. The last affair is not so very bad—on an old uncle who should have come down handsomely long ago. I wanted enough to set me up in America. I have it snug under hatches. Get me out of this scrape, and you shall name your fee.

I took no notice of the last remark, but proceeded with my questions.

"Do you know on what process you are arrested ?"

"Here is the copy."

He pulled a paper from his pocket and handed it to me. I saw at a glance that it was a civil suit by the father of the young lady for abducting his child. It was brought by a well-known attorney, and the bail had been fixed by the judge, who granted the order of arrest, in a very large amount. Evidently the sympathy of the court had been excited by the affidavits produced before him.

"Are you prepared to give bail ?"

"Not in such an amount ; but I presume you can have it reduced, and I will deposit the money, if it is reasonable."

"Very well ; I will see the attorney on the other side, and look at the papers, and then confer with you."

"Won't you call on Gertrude ?"

"For what ?"

"I want you to advise her to stand firm. Tell her I shall be out in a few days, and all that sort of thing ; in fact, keep up her spirits."

"I can't do that."

"Why not ?" asked T——, nervously.

"I told you I would undertake your case, and so I will. So far, however, from advising the young lady as you desire, if I advise her at all, it will be to return home at once."

"So you have got my whole story just to betray me ? I thought so."

"You are simply mistaken. If you do not wish me to act for you, what you have said is as safe as under the seal of the confessional. As to the young lady, she must be returned to her friends. That agreed to—and you never need think of getting control of her again—I will make the best terms for you in my power."

The wretch twisted and turned, and talked cant and maudlin sentiment about the undying affection which existed between the two ; that whatever the result was, oceans could not separate them. Neither space, time nor eternity could lessen the love they bore each other.

"That may be," I replied ; "and if the young lady is of the same opinion when she is one-and-twenty, it will be her affair, not her parents'. At present, she belongs to them."

The rascal settled into a quiet acquiescence with my views in a marvelously short time, gave me a *carte blanche* to act, and I left him.

My first call was on Mr. S——, the attorney of the other side. I explained my position, and, in return, obtained from him the whole story, which the affidavits he produced fully confirmed.

T—— was an Englishman of good family, but from his youth had been a knave and a scapegrace. He was uncontrollable and dissolute, without giving evidence of any redeeming qualities. He had married, at twenty-five, a fine girl, whose fortune he squandered, and then abandoned her. His career afterward was marked by every disgraceful practice. His easy and pleasing address enabled him to constantly deceive, and his last exploit was the making the acquaintance of this young girl, whose parents were very rich. And after hovering for months in the neighborhood, he persuaded her to elope with him to America.

The sailing of the *Great Western* enabled the distracted father to take measures to secure the fugitive. An efficient legal gentleman came out to represent him. His wife was too ill for him to leave, himself. Papers relating to some forgeries would come by the next packet. Meantime, the London solicitor had caused these proceedings to be instituted.

I saw at a glance the only real point was to get the poor girl out of the villain's clutches. The extradition treaty was not then in existence, and it was doubtful if the forgeries could trouble him here.

"Where is the young lady ?" I asked.

"At the Astor House. We have contented ourselves by a careful surveillance on her. We wish to avoid, for her sake, all publicity, if possible."

It was at length arranged between us that Miss —— should take the packet-ship which was to sail on Thursday (this was Tuesday), and on the departure of the vessel, the suit against T—— would be withdrawn.

As to the forgeries, the attorney did not claim to represent the prosecutors, and as no papers were yet at hand on which to attempt proceedings, it need not enter into our consideration.

But would Miss —— return willingly ? It was desirable that she should do so.

It was thought best for me to call on her. I did call.

To my surprise, the disclosures I had to make did not seem much to affect her. Certainly they did not shock her, as I expected, or make her turn against the man who was attempting to do her so great a wrong.

I explained to her that she could be forced to return home, if necessary.

She did not care for that. She would never move till she had heard the story from T——'s lips.

Whether it was a proper proceeding or not, I cannot say, but T—— was permitted to come to the hotel and see Miss ——, in my presence and in that of the estimable lady who was her roommate on board.

T—— assumed a careless, nonchalant air.

"It's all up with us, Getty," he said. "The cursed steamer was too fast for us—you must go back to school. Better luck next time."

The girl looked at him, first with blank dismay and wonder, then with a scorn I have never seen equaled.

T—— laughed, turned on his heel, and saying, "Mr. K——, I suppose we will get through by to-morrow ?" left the room.

The next day the young lady sailed for Liverpool, and T—— quitted Eldridge Street. He left the same night for the far West. I never saw him again.

Seven years later I received, by the foreign mail, a letter with a very neat superscription. It was a note from the mother of Miss ——, inclosing an invitation to the young lady's wedding, thanking me for the part I had taken in New York, and inviting me, if I should ever come to ——shire, to visit the family.

UNWRITTEN BOOKS.

Not long ago a somewhat eccentric English clergyman died, and at the subsequent sale of his effects by auction many evidences of his quaint individuality came to light. Amongst other curiosities was the door of his library. Outwardly, it was very much like other doors; but, once shut within the room, the visitor was at a loss to discover from what quarter he had entered. All around him, apparently, were books from floor to ceiling, save where the stained windows cast a "dim religious light" over the apartment. But the mystery was not one of a very puzzling kind. Dr. Bowles had caused the inner side of the door to be covered with fictitious book-backs; and the ludicrous titles which many of these bore speedily informed the visitor of the position of the door. "Mrs. Bowles on the Fidgets" could scarcely be the real title of a real work in several volumes. It sounded suspicious; and, in examining the books, you perhaps unintentionally touched a spring, which caused the door to fly open, and so liberate you.

But Dr. Bowles was not an original humorist in this direction. Even in such a solemn sanctuary as the library of the British Museum there are, we are told, fictitious book-backs, bearing titles of volumes which were never written; and in the study of a divine far more eminent than the late Dr. Bowles are such names as "Walker's Journey," "History of the Bar, by Barclay and Perkins," "Egg on Bacon," and "Saint Simon on the Pillar of Fire."

In 1831, Thomas Hood was commissioned by the Duke of Devonshire to compose a number of fictitious titles for a door at the entrance of a library staircase at Chatsworth; and from the rather lengthy list we extract the following: "Lamb on the Death of Wolfe," "Boyle on Steam," "Peel on Bell's System," "Debrett on Chain Piers," "Plurality of Livings with Regard to the Common Cat," "Prize Poems in Blank Verse," "Inigo on Secret Entrances," "Hoyle on the Game Laws," "Cursory Remarks on Swearing," "The Scottish Boccaccio, by D. Cameron," "On Trial by Jury, with Remarkable Packing Cases," "The Rape of the Lock, with Bramah's Notes," "Blain on Equestrian Burglary, or the Breaking-in of Horses," "On the Site of Tully's Offices," "Annual Parliaments, a Plea for Short Commons," "Rules for Punctuation, by a Thoroughbred Pointer," "Macintosh, Macculloch, and Macauley, on Almack's," "Considérations sur le Vrai Guy et le Faux," "On Sore Throat and the Migration of the Swallow," "Recollections of Banister, by Lord Stair," "Cook's Specimens of the Sandwich Tongue," "On Cutting off Heirs with a Shilling, by Barber Beaumont," "Percy Vere. In Forty Volumes," "Tadpoles, or Tales Out of my Own Head," "Dibdin's Cream of Tar," "On the Affinity of the Death Watch and Sheep Tick," "Spenser, with Chaucer's Tales," "Scott and Lot, by the Author of 'Waverley,'" "Hoyle's Quadrupedia, or Rules on All-fours," and "Johnson's Contradictionary."

The examination of a sham bookcase fitted with dummy books bearing such titles as these will admirably while away a *mauvais quart d'heure* of waiting; and in most houses there are nooks and corners which might be advantageously ornamented with fictitious book-backs. The composition of the titles would afford scope for the ingenuity of the owner, as well as amusement to the owner's friends; and any publisher's list supplies plenty of suggestions for a humorous catalogue. Indeed, some real titles seem to be almost sufficiently absurd as they stand. "Watts on the Mind" is a cruel conjunction of words; and "Byles on Bills" and "Birch on the Bowels" are other specimens to the point. Sometimes, too, titles have been unwittingly parodied, or, at least, amusingly mangled. "Raw and Fried" was the misprint of a German compositor for "Aurora Floyd"; and the London *Times* once printed "So very Heinous" instead of "So very Human," while "Enoch Arden" figured as "In a Garden."

At Gadshill, in Charles Dickens's library, there was a door similar to the one at Chatsworth; and the titles upon it were principally composed by the great novelist. Among them were the following: "The Quarrelly Review, "The Books of Moses and Sons," "The Gunpowder Magazine," "Morrison's Pills—Progress," "Meg's Diversions," "Catalogue of Statues to the Duke of Wellington," "Lady Godiva on the Horse," "Jonah's Anecdotes of the Whale," "Cockatoo on Perch," "King Henry the Eighth's Evidences of Christianity," "Life and Letters of the Learned Pig," "Toots's Universal Letter Writer," "Cribb's Edition of Miller," "Adam's Precedents," "Captain Cook's Life of Savage," "Kant's Eminent Humbugs," "Street's Walk," "Phrenology—Italian Organs," "Optics—Hooks and Eyes," "Acoustics—Cod's Sounds," "General Tom Thumb's Modern Warfare," "Shelley's Oysters," "Waterworks, by Father Mathew," "The Dolphin Oracle," "Socrates on Wedlock," "Butcher's Suetonius," and "History of a Short Chancery Suit, in Twenty Volumes, with Index."

But we are fain to say that these are very poor jocosities compared with the productions of that unrivaled punster, Hood.

Nothing is more common than to find ordinary foreign words misprinted in books as well as in journals; but as an instance of extreme perversity the following is, perhaps, unique. On the back of a French translation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" the bookbinder put the title thus:

"LA CABANE
DE
L'ONCLE.
TOM. I."

The mistake is as ludicrous as some of those which are of so frequent occurrence in the French renderings by Voltaire and by Victor Hugo of Shakespeare's plays; but the binder was, it is to be presumed, an uncultivated clown, while the same cannot be said, even by their bitterest enemies, of the philosopher of Ferney and the Prince of French Poetry.

In conclusion, we may mention a few more of the fictitious titles which have come under our notice. These include "Button on Dress," "Eve's Fashion-plates," "Burke on the Sublime and Ridiculous," "Knight's Dreams and Omens," "Methuselah's Guide to Old Age," "Dick's History of Charles I.," "Bill Sykes on the Treadmill," "Seven Tons of Gammon," a parody on Mr. G. A. Sala's "Seven Sons of Mammon," and two or three which owe their origin to Mr. Burnand's clever travesties of popular novels, viz: "In Somers Town, by the author of 'In a Winter City,'" "Two Little Wooden Jews," "Chuck, by Weeder," and "Under Two Rags."

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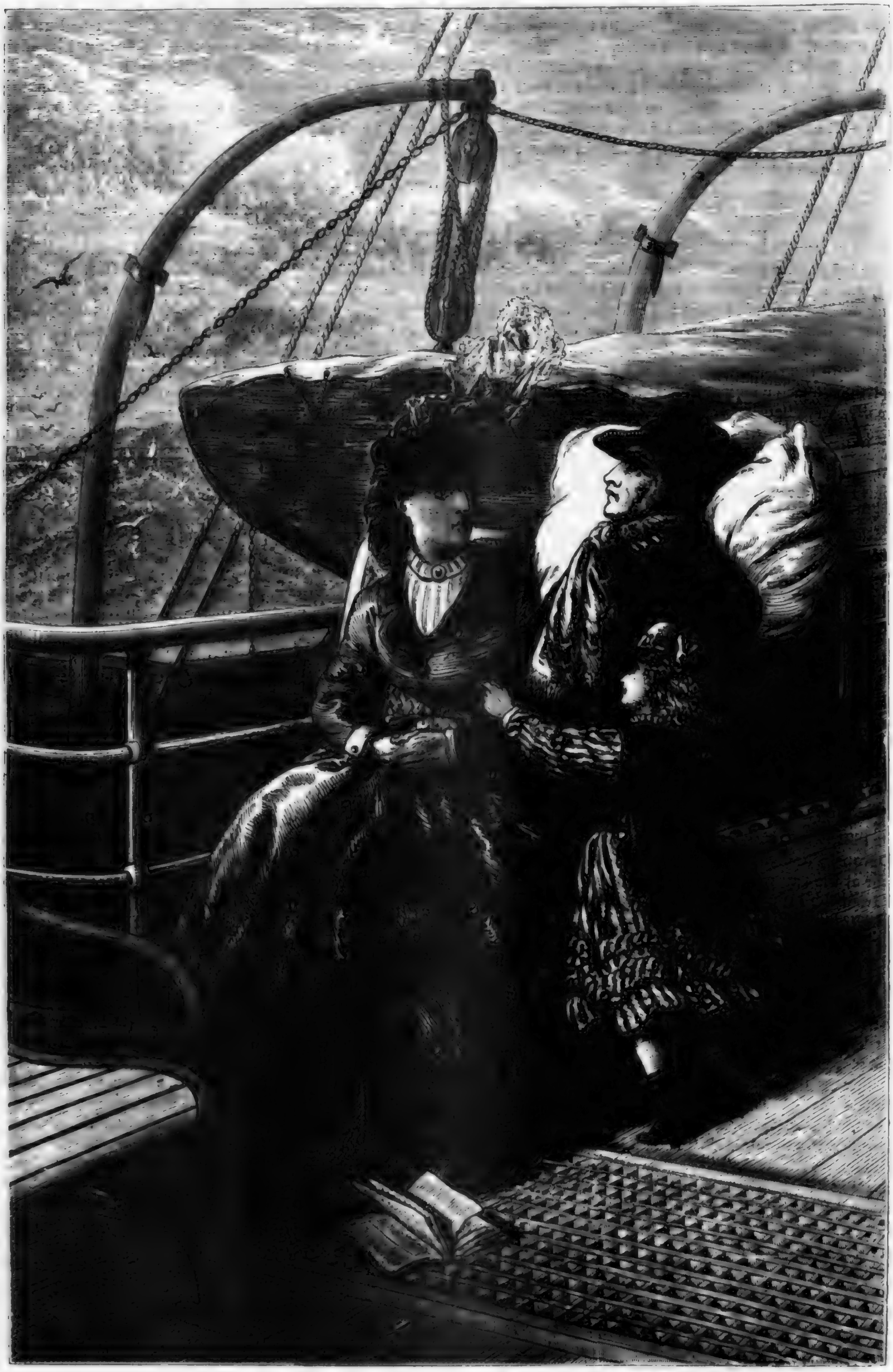
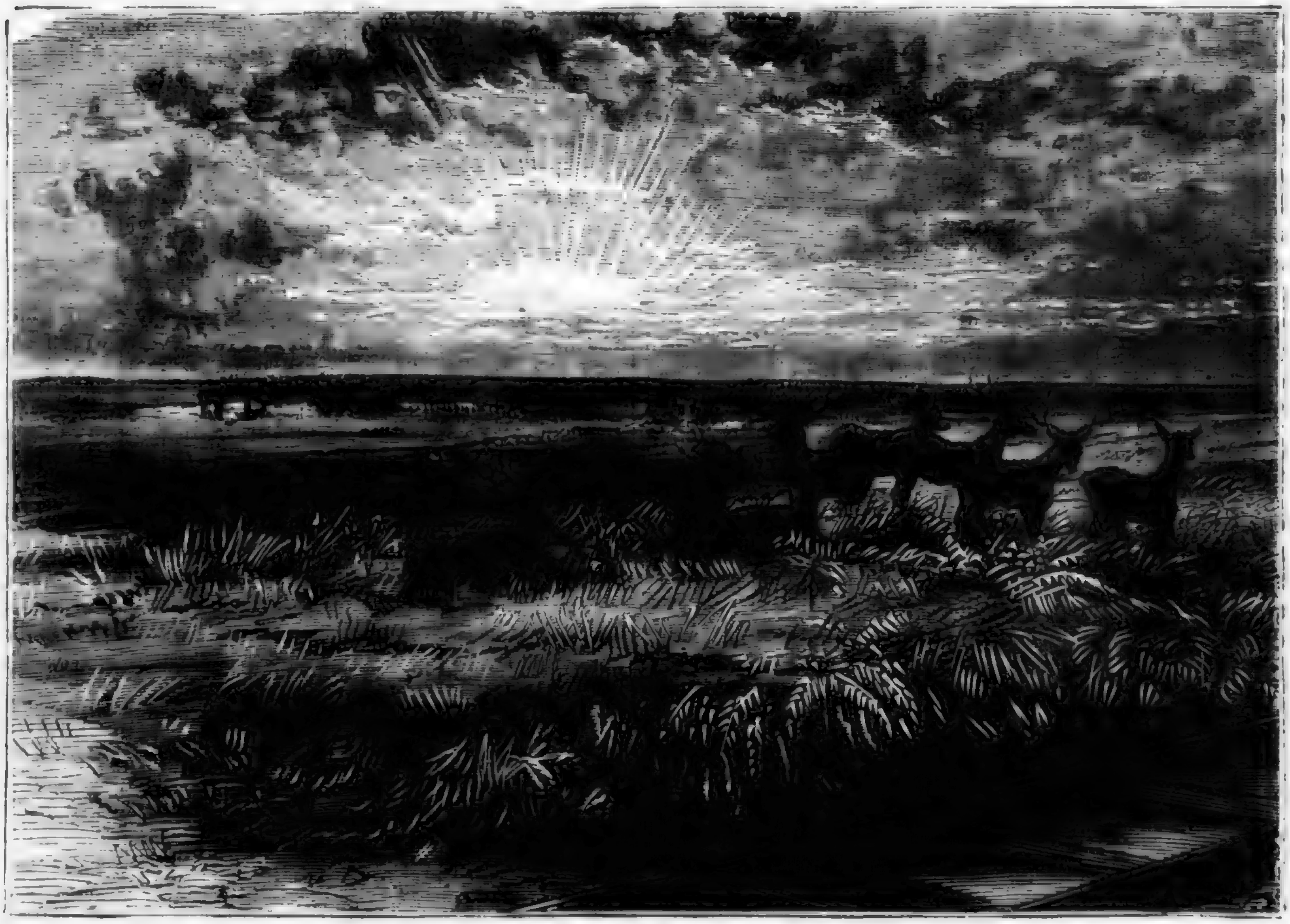


THE FERRY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.—THE INVALID.—SEE PAGE 642.



SUNRISE AT FORT LARAMIE.

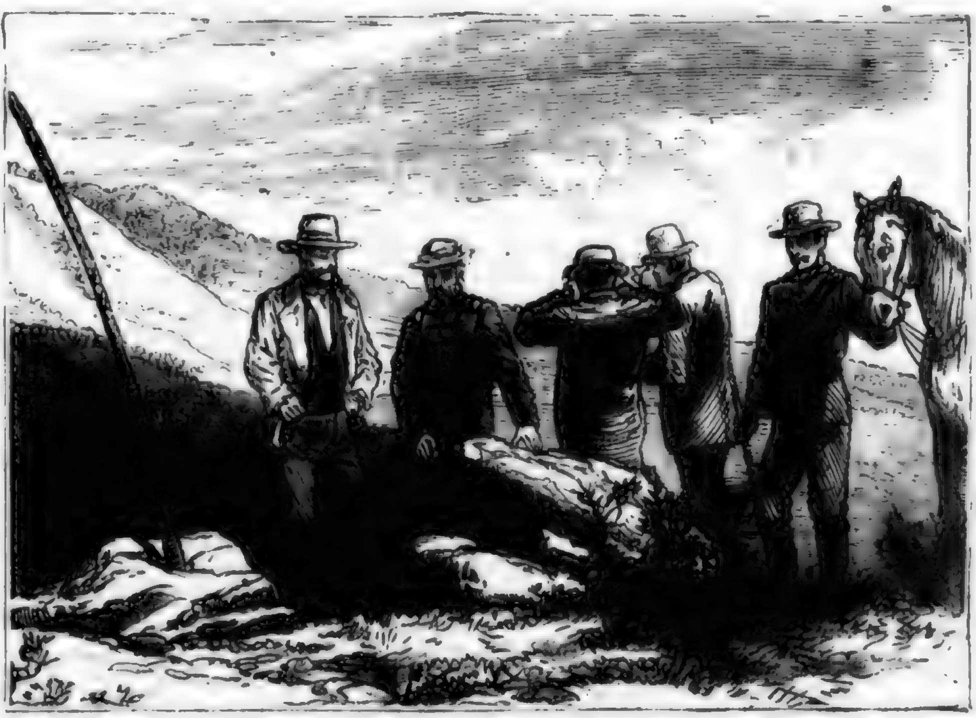
INDIAN STORY LAND.

By Captain J. S. Payne, U.S.A.

For centuries prior to 1862 the region now known as the Big Horn and Black Hills country was the favorite home of the savage tribes of the Northwest. It embraced the vast territory lying in the great southern angle of the Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers, was bounded on the west by the "divide" of the continent, and on the south by the Sweetwater and North Platte—though these streams interposed no barriers to incursions into the broad plains of Southern Wyoming, Nebraska and Colorado.

The Dakotas, or Sioux, embraced many tribal organizations, the principal of which were the Ogallallas and Brules and Uncapapas, who inhabited the region traversed by the North Platte, Niobrara and White Rivers; the Yanktonnais and Minneconjoux, along the Missouri; and the Arickarees, Mandans and other tribes north and west. To the south were the Pawnees—traditional enemies of the Sioux—and the Arapahoes and Cheyennes; the last, then, as now, the bravest, most ferocious and formidable of all the warriors of the West—indeed, were they lords of the prairies, and ranged as far north as the Yellowstone and south to the Llano Estacado, or Staked Plain of Texas. On the Big Horn River the Crows, always at war with the Sioux, held sway; on Wind River the Shoshones were in possession, and the Utes made their homes among the mountains of Western Colorado.

The various tribes of Sioux spoke the same tongue, but recognized no central authority; they were allies rather than one nation. In their intercourse with other tribes the sign-language common to all Indians was used, and had to meet



SCENE OF FORT PHIL KEARNEY MASSACRE.

XUM

all the requirements of trade, courtesy and diplomacy—the demands upon it for this latter purpose being by no means inconsiderable.

The derivation of the term "Sioux" is in doubt, it being claimed by some that it is the name given the great tribe who have made it famous by Canadian *voyageurs*, while others declare it to be aboriginal. The original name of the tribe seems to have been "Lakota," afterward corrupted into Dakota; but that by which they love to be called, and which, spoken in their presence, makes their forms dilate and eyes flash, is "Teton," taken from a celebrated chief who led his braves from the Mississippi to the Missouri, and crossing the latter stream, drove the smaller tribes from its valleys, and in time overran the whole country as far as the Rocky Mountains.

Among them came at last the "paleface," to find a land without a roof and a people without a history.

To the Indian mind his fatherland was perfect, and his eye beamed with delight as he gazed upon the picturesque landscape of mountain, valley and prairie. Its vast extent enabled him to roam at pleasure, and pursue the sports of the chase where game was most abundant. The clear, cold streams from the mountains coursed through beautiful valleys, where heavy timber afforded shelter and firewood; while broad plains, extending far out from the foothills, covered with nutritious grasses, furnished an inexhaustible supply of forage for the large herds of ponies that constituted the chief wealth of this nomadic race.

Buffalo abounded, and the meat of this animal dried in the sun furnished the staple article of food during the long Winters, when snows covered the ground and hunting was suspended.

Mountain sheep clambered up every crag; broad-antlered elk stalked through the glades; the shy Virginia deer sought covert in the willows; antelope haunted the plains, and the fleet "blacktail" made his lair among the foothills. In the mountain fastnesses, grizzly, cinnamon and black bear found homes, and on the plain the gray wolf, coyote and jack-rabbit existed in large numbers. Of birds, there were few species, the crow, blackbird, chicken, sparrow-hawk and owl being quite numerous, while an occasional eagle would make his eyrie high up on some beetling crag. Latterly, since the inroads of the whites, prairie-chicken, ruffled grouse, various kinds of duck and other birds that follow civilization, are increasing; and before many years shall have elapsed, one may expect to see the robin-redbreast skipping amongst the mountain cedars, and hear the meadow-lark making music in the moorlands.

Tongue River, Goose Creek, and the other tributaries of the Yellowstone which issue from the cañons of the Big Horn range on the north side, abound in trout and other fine fish.

Clear Creek and the Piney, which flow to the eastward and empty into the Powder, have no trout, though an angler for the finny beauties, standing on their banks, under the cool shade of overhanging cottonwoods, and gazing down into the clear waters dashing over boulders and forming many a pool, ripple and cascade, would imagine himself in the very paradise of Izaak Walton.

A traveler to these parts passing northward from the Union Pacific Railroad, whether his point of departure be Cheyenne or Rock Creek, a hundred miles further west, would traverse a country rolling and picturesque, the chief point of interest being Laramie Peak, a mountain that, rising far above its fellows, reaches an altitude of twelve thousand feet. This peak is situated in what are known as the "Black Hills of Wyoming," and is the most beautiful of all the giants of the Northern Rockies. Near its base flows the river of the same name, a fine stream that rises among the foothills of the Medicine Bow Mountains, in Southern Wyoming, skirts the eastern border of the famous "Laramie Plains," and after breaking through the Black Hills, joins the North Platte at the old historic post of Fort Laramie.

This post, that for years has been the initial point for all military expeditions against hostile Sioux, was first occupied by a fur-trading company, from whom it passed, in 1834, into the hands of John Jacob Astor. During the year 1849, when the gold fever was at its height, and the stream of emigration was flowing across the continent to California, the Government built quarters here for troops, and established a permanent military station. I have been told by old plainsmen, who frequented Laramie in overland days, that even at that time rumors of the golden treasures of the Black Hills of Dakota, since so celebrated, were constantly drifting into the post, and that Indians who traded there brought, besides their pelts and robes, little bags of golden dust, which they gave in exchange for paints, beads and other articles of tawdry finery with which to bedeck their persons. The savages seemed to well understand the value of the dust, and all efforts to ascertain from them where it was obtained were futile.

Through Fort Laramie the old stage and emigrant road passed, and it was on the division ending at La Prêle Creek, near Fort Fetterman, that Slade, of whom Mark Twain tells us so much, ran his course of successful crime.

Near this point, in 1851, occurred the Grattan massacre, the first of that series of frightful tragedies which have made this region historic. In 1851 a treaty was concluded between the Government and the Sioux, one of the stipulations being that supplies for the latter should be delivered yearly at Fort Laramie. In July, 1854, the savages, to the number of several thousand, had assembled, but weeks after the time fixed for the distribution of supplies elapsed before the arrival of the goods, and famine stalked among the Indians.

One day an ox was missed from a Mormon emigrant train lying in camp on the river, and upon inquiry it was learned that it had been killed by the savages. Upon complaint being made to the commanding officer at the fort, Lieutenant Fleming, a detachment of thirty men, with one field-piece, under command of Lieutenant Grattan, was dispatched to the village, with orders to arrest the Indians who had committed the depredation.

Lieutenant Grattan was met by the Chief Mat-to-i-o-wah, an Indian of good standing with the military authorities, by whom he was told that he, the chief, knew his young men had killed the ox, that he was sorry for it, and would give the Mormon two mules to make good his loss; but that he would not surrender the culprits.

Grattan declined the proffered compromise, and informed Mat-to-i-o-wah that he would attack this village, to which the latter replied:

"Very well; there are a good many of my young warriors here, and I advise you to let them alone."

The attack was made, and Grattan and his entire command were massacred.

Thus began an Indian war, which, with little intermission, has continued a quarter of a century, and has been marked by massacres among the bloodiest of modern times. This affair was supplemented at intervals by outrages upon emigrants, and during the civil war grand combined raids were made upon the stage stations and ranches along the line of the overland route. Stock was run off, many people killed, and the perils of travel so much increased that the stage and mail line was trans-

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ferred to what is known as the Bitter Creek road, which followed the South Platte, and crossed the Rocky Mountains near the point where the Union Pacific Railroad reaches its highest elevation.

The valleys of the North Platte, Laramie and other streams are rapidly being settled, and the country hereabout is full of cattle.

On the road from Laramie to Fort Fetterman one passes La Bonté Creek, where nearly a score of graves call to mind the first actual military occupation of the country northwest of Fort Laramie. These graves contain the remains of soldiers killed while lying in camp on this stream.

All along the road from Julesburg to South Pass, at intervals of ten or twelve miles, are the ruins of dismantled ranches and stage-stations, where, in days gone by, desperadoes held high carnival, and timid, tired travelers trembled for their lives. The histories of these places—all alike—are written in the sod, under which at every station lie the bones of some poor fellow who "died with his boots on."

At Fort Fetterman, eighty miles northwest from Laramie, the Platte River is crossed, and the road northward for the next ninety miles traverses a miserable country, where the principal vegetation is sage-bush, and the water in the few sluggish streams is very brackish.

This road is part of the emigrant route opened to Montana in 1866, for the protection of which posts were built on Powder River, the Piney and the Big Horn. They were dismantled and abandoned, however, when the country was relinquished by treaty to the Sioux in 1868.

The Big Horn region proper begins—as we go north—at a stream called Crazy Woman's Creek, which, having its source among the foothills of the southern end of the Big Horn range, debouches into alkali flats, and making a bend to the east, after a journey of forty miles, mingles its waters with the murky floods of the Powder.

The name is American, of course, and suggests the inferiority—which one cannot fail to observe in the great West as elsewhere—of our nomenclature to that of the Mexicans, French and Indians. The whole country is full of streams having abominable names, and some of these are multiplied in the same region, to the utter confusion of travelers. If I have camped on one Sage Creek, I have on a score; it is difficult to make a day's march in any direction without crossing a Muddy, Sand or Horse Creek; and one of the finest streams on the Continent has been consigned to everlasting obloquy by the odorous name of the Stinking Water. Some few of them are prettily named—such as the Rosebud and Box Elder, and some have quaint titles, as the Wagon Hound, No Water and Bed Tick.

In October of last year, I happened to be at a point where a stage-station on the Black Hills mail-road was being located, and there met the superintendent, who was passing over the route. Asking the station-keeper what he called the place, he was promptly informed, "Sage Creek." The fact that there was neither sage-bush nor creek thereabout made no particle of difference; and one more would have been added to the innumerable caravan of Sage Creeks, to go sounding down the ages, had I not interposed a mild protest against the atrocity, by suggesting a name more worthy of the locality. The station had been established in a lovely valley at the base of the Squaw Bonnet Mountain, and though the name I had selected is not pretty enough for mention here, I feel, nevertheless, entitled to the gratitude of all tourists in these parts.

Twenty miles north of Crazy Woman, one finds himself at Clear Creek, a mountain torrent whose waters, ice-cold from their snowy fountains, come foaming through a superb cañon, near the mouth of which is now being constructed a large military post, named in honor of Lieutenant McKinney, of the Fourth Cavalry, a young Tennesseean of distinguished family, who lost his life while leading a charge in a battle fought near this point, in December, 1876, between Colonel McKenzie, with ten companies of cavalry, and Dull Knife, with his band of Cheyennes.

Lieutenant McKinney was an officer of rare promise, for whom training, honor and valor seemed to point the way to a career of military distinction, and regret for his early death—more keenly felt in his own gallant regiment—was general throughout the service.

After crossing Clear Creek, the face of the country undergoes a change, the grass becoming more luxuriant, and the sage-bush, which has wearied the eye so long, almost entirely disappears. The mountains are near at hand; a fine view is had of Clear Creek Cañon, and the general features of the landscape are in pleasing contrast to the desolate "divides" with which the traveler has grown so familiar since leaving Fetterman.

On this stream, and a tributary called Rock Creek, the Fifth Cavalry, commanded by Colonel and Brevet Major-General Merritt, laid in camp last Summer, as a corps of observation against Indians who might be tempted to venture once more to enter their lost paradise.

A few short years since, when General Crook was operating against the hostile Sioux in this region, the result of his campaign was for some time involved in doubt; but so thoroughly has the Indian question been settled, that one is as safe at the foot of Cloud Peak as in New York, and the feeling of security is so great that several ladies, wives of officers, spent pleasant days in our camps last Summer. In fact, up to the time (in September) when the regiment went west over the mountains in quest of the Bannocks, camp-life was like a picnic, the days being devoted to drills, hunting, etc., and the evenings not infrequently to impromptu musical soirées, our official family possessing several good voices.

Let it not be inferred from this that service on the frontier has much of the *dolce far niente* in it. On the contrary, camp scenes brightened and refined by the female presence are exceptional incidents, and looking back over quite an extended experience, I recall but few, and none just like this. The army officer has hard enough service in all conscience for the reward he gets, and I dare say he is more illy *repaid* than the military servant of any other great government. In giving him money pay sufficient to meet the requirements of his position, our Government considers its duty done, and offers no additional reward as an incentive to distinguished service. Nothing that the officer wears is to his countrymen the symbol of some conspicuous act of gallantry; no "scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper age"; no star blazing on his breast flames forth the story of the crowning act of a great military career. These honors, dear to every true soldier's heart, are not in the list of possibilities for him; acting on that loftier principle, to do duty for duty's sake, he finds solace in the reflection that if he survive, in his declining years he will find moderate comfort on the "retired list," and if he fall by a savage hand, though prairie rains may uncover his bones and a prairie sun bleach them, his memory will be kept green by a military post named in his honor.

A mile beyond Rock Creek there is a pretty lake named for Father De Smet, a priest of great zeal, who came to this region more than half a century since, and lived for many years among the Dakotas.

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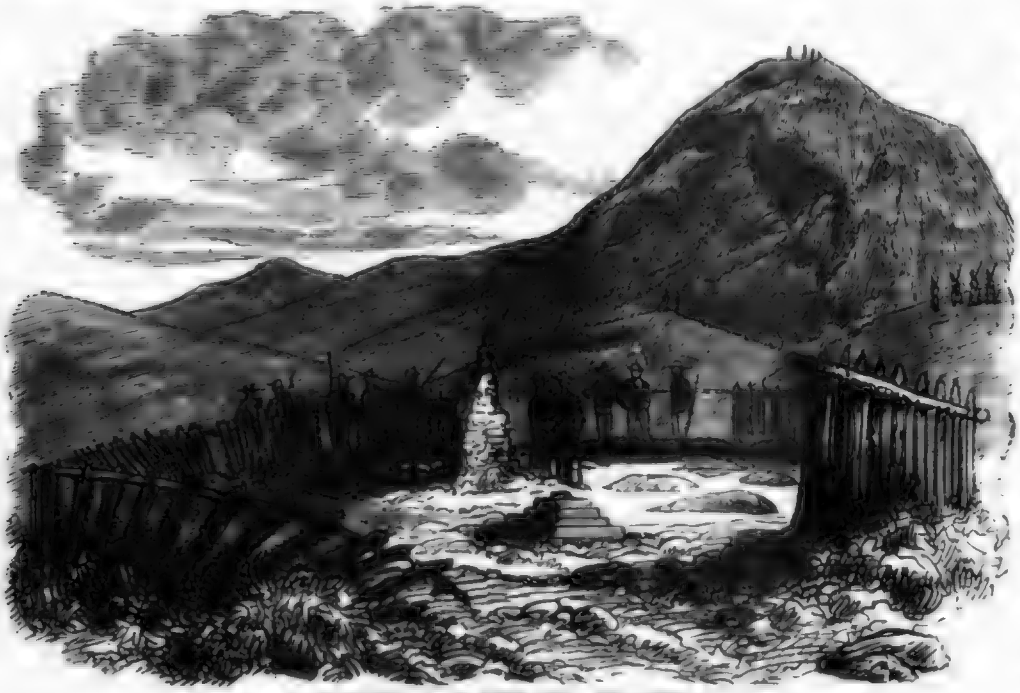
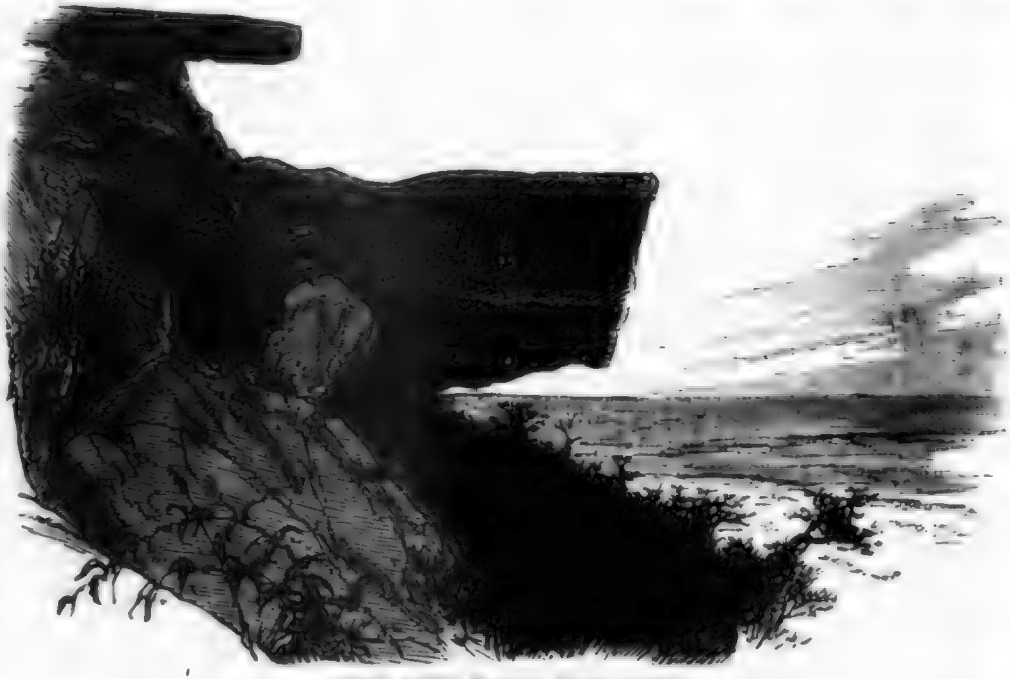
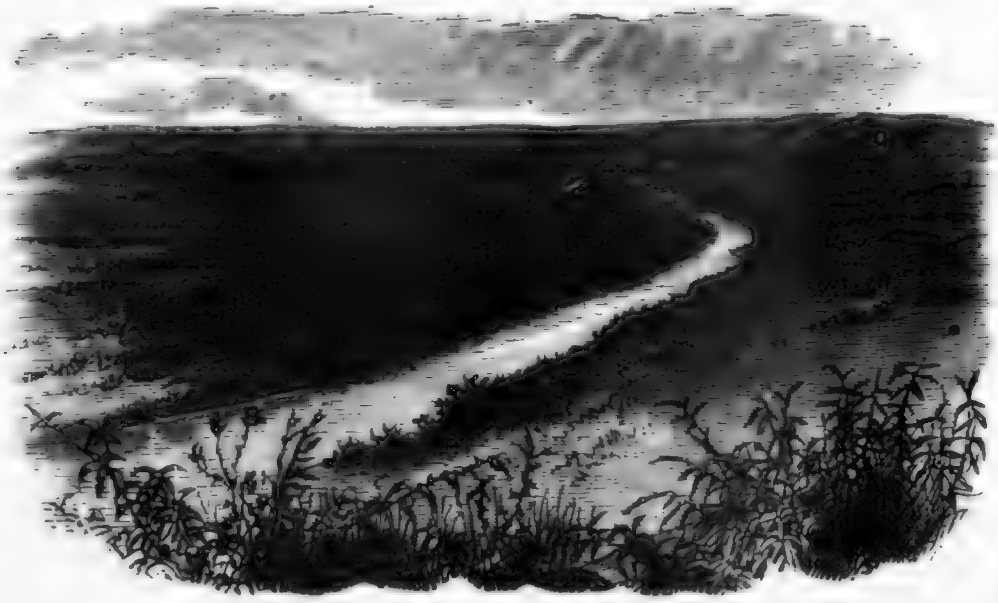


GRAVEYARD AT FORT PHIL KEARNEY.

Even here, into the great unknown, where of white men the Canadian *voyageur* alone had ventured, the Catholic Church, which sends her missionaries into every land under the sun, found among her priesthood one with courage to penetrate and teach to wondering Indians the mysteries of faith, and plant at the very foot of the Rocky Mountains the banner of the Cross. The heroic divine's labors made little if any permanent impression upon the Sioux, and the religious feeling which began to develop whilst he resided in their midst has faded away, or been blended with a deep veneration for the good father, whom these wild beings loved and respected.



INDEX BUTTE, HIDDEN WOOD CREEK.

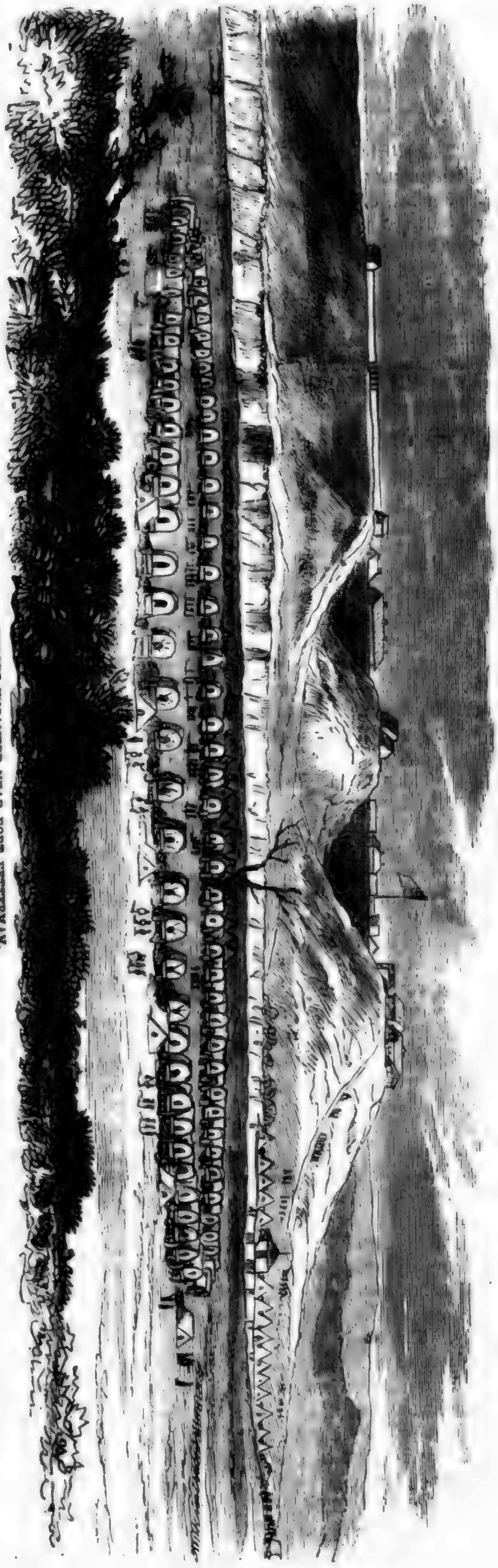


CANNON-BALL RIVER.

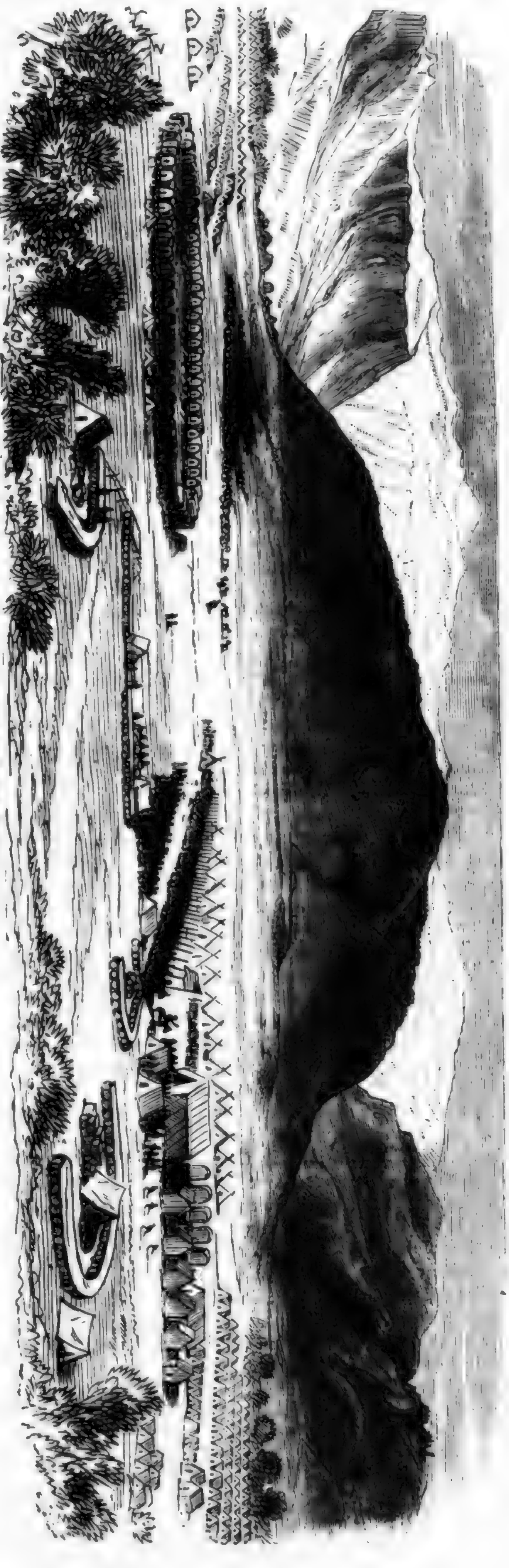
The lake which commemorates his name is situated in a pretty basin, surrounded by grassy hills, about ten miles from the foot of the mountains, its general direction being northwest and southeast, and its dimensions five miles by one and a half. There is but one source of constant supply, Shell Creek, and no outlet. Its waters are clear, but strongly alkaline, and their depth varies from a few feet near shore to more than forty at the deepest point.

One or two clumps of box elder constitute the only timber in the immediate vicinity, and there are no rocks save those of volcanic origin, which, lying along the shore and on the adjacent hills, furnish abundant evidence that the bed of the lake is an extinct crater. Lacking many of the elements of beauty as it does, in a country where large sheets of water are rare, the lake is very pretty, notwithstanding.

Standing on one of the low knolls on the south side, could one but limit his vision, he might imagine himself on the shore of some charming little sea bay, for here are reaches of sand and volcanic scoria and slag instead of shells; and when the winds, fresh from the mountains, sweep down the valleys, the surf breaks ocean-like on the beach, and



TROOPS ENCAMPED NEAR FORT FETTERMAN.



CAMP ON GOOSE CREEK.

the whitecaps of the miniature waves sparkle and gleam in the bright sunlight in pleasing contrast to the body of the waters, which, under these circumstances, assume the dark tints of the sea. And when it is clear and calm on a Summer's afternoon, from the snowy mountain heights the shadows of evening come trooping down, with broad pencils of light between, and creep slowly over the face of the earth, wrapped, as it almost always is, in a soft vail of dreamy haze, while above bends the sky, with never a cloud to mar the purity of blue color, which is never seen in such perfection as at high altitudes near the Rocky Mountains. But the sun does not always shine. Rains are frequent, and occasional hailstorms terrific.

Rainstorms occur usually in the afternoon, and are accompanied by thunder and lightning. They arise suddenly, and as quickly pass away, leaving their trailing splendors behind. Rainbows are frequent, and these phenomena, beautiful everywhere, are especially so here, where the superior refractory qualities of the atmosphere bring out in great perfection the colors of the solar spectrum. From a point near Lake De Smet we witnessed the solar eclipse of last Summer, and the soft violet twilight that flooded the earth was indescribably beautiful.

To the westward of the lake are the cañons of the branches of Rock Creek, one of which, prominent for its rugged walls, where a combination of the tints of red and green rock make a dainty bit of coloring, and the exquisite little grotto just at the point where the waters burst forth, we christened with due solemnity the "Enchanted Park."

In the mountains hard by one stumbles unawares upon a solitary grave, marked by a rough headboard, whereon with difficulty may be read the simple inscription: "Mamie's Friend." These words furnish the only clew to the identity of the lonely dead.

During the Big Horn gold excitement of '77, a party of miners came upon the mutilated body of a man lying in a ravine, with empty cartridge-shells scattered about, and other evidences of a fierce struggle for life. In an inner pocket, where they had escaped the peering eyes of his savage murderers, were found the picture of a fair young girl, and a letter postmarked Chicago and signed "Mamie." From this letter, overflowing with the tender evidences of a fresh and innocent love, the writer was manifestly the poor fellow's sweetheart; and the rude miners, with gentle hands and hushed voices, laid letter and picture away with the bones of "Mamie's friend."

Along the streams we found many fine petrifactions and evidences of underlying coal-beds. In fact, it is probable that coal is generally diffused throughout this region, for I have seen it at points widely separated, and the Yellowstone cuts its way through several fine strata. On all the timbered watercourses are scattered the signs of old Indian camps, for during the period intervening from 1868, when this country was reserved by treaty to the Sioux, and 1876, when it was a second time occupied by military force, a vast savage population lived about the base of the Big Horn chain. They lived as they had done for centuries, making no strides themselves toward improvement, and stolidly resisting all efforts of the Government to bring them under the beneficent influences of civilization. They raised no crops, though millions of acres of rich arable land were ready, with the rudest cultivation, to produce in abundance. They built no houses, though timber was plentiful, preferring to live in *tepees*, constructed of skins and lodge-poles.

To those most familiar with the customs, character and capacity for improvement of these unfortunate people, it appears plain that in communities they will never be civilized; and as the breaking up of their tribal organizations and scattering them broadcast over the land, that they may be individually brought in contact with the whites, is, under existing circumstances, impracticable, the ultimate extinction of the race by the constant encroachments of, and attrition with, our own, would seem to be inevitable.

Naturally distrustful of a people who have forcibly taken possession of his country, in utter disregard of the Indian Bill of Rights, the red man refuses to accept the ways of the paleface, and lives on in the same old shiftless, barbaric style. A vagabond by nature, he abhors work, and looks upon wagons, railroads and telegraph-lines as so many contrivances for his ruin.

Nothing is more suggestive of the Indian's sad future than the melancholy story of the Delawares—that people from whom Cooper selected the characters to weave his web of romance about the rivers and lakes of New York. They have lived for years in the Indian Territory—have been fostered by the Government, but all efforts have been vain. In the very name of their present chief, Fall Leaf—the last in whom the remnant of this once mighty race will probably recognize authority—one reads the suggestion of decay.

The inexorable law of the survival of the fittest renders it imperative that the savages must give way for the settlement of this beautiful and fertile land by the hardy Anglo-Saxon, who will develop its resources, and make its waste places to blossom like the rose.

Although, as a rule, the Indian is cruel, merciless and revengeful, there are some exceptions, and we occasionally meet those possessed of the noble attributes with which Cooper invested his red heroes. Wa h-a-kie, chief of the Shoshones, is one of this class. He is an old man now, and, with his kindly eye, gray hairs and benevolent countenance, impresses the beholder most favorably. The Arapahoe chief, Black Coal, is another; and one fancies that, had these men been reared among the whites, they would have achieved greatness, and, under trying circumstances, been found possessed of the honor of the Chevalier Bayard, and the tender courage of Sir Philip Sidney.

Indians like these, however, are few, and there is little in the general character of the race to make its disappearance matter for regret. In fact, aside from the simple humanitarian view of the subject, there is nothing. The Indian is doomed; Ichabod is written over the door-post of his council-house; he must soon cease to make history, and live only in the romance, poetry and tradition of an age that is vanished.

Indeed, the toils are being tightened about him here; new military posts have been built at the confluence of the Big and Little Big Horn Rivers, and at the mouth of the Tongue, and others are in process of construction east of the Black Hills, near Bare Butte, and on Clear Creek. These, with the older posts, make a cordon about the Big Horn country which will render concentration of Indians, in bodies large enough to do serious damage, impossible. Towns are also springing up, and settlers are pouring in rapidly. The Black Hills may be considered as permanently populated, and in the valley of the Popo-a-gie, near Camp Brown, there is a large and prosperous agricultural community, the centre of which is Lander City, with a population of several hundred souls. Here we find churches and a well-conducted school—evidences that the better class of people have obtained the ascendency and intend to keep it. This, unfortunately, can truthfully be said of few of these frontier towns and settlements.

It is one of the anomalies of our rapid Western growth, that the gambler, desperado and prostitute are the pioneers of civilization, and blaze the path along which trade, wealth and culture follow. Two classes of men—the one reckless and fond of adventure, the other who left their country for its good—flock to the frontier, and with them the class of women who here reap that harvest of thistles which ever follows the roses and raptures of vice. No wonder law-loving men hesitate long before venturing amongst them. Murder and highway robbery become common; things go from bad to worse, until men, for self-protection, take the law in their hands, and Judge Lynch holds court and executes his sentences in the byways. Then the body politic is somewhat improved, and matters begin to mend. But between the settlement of every community and the happy day marked by the ascendency of the better people, there always intervenes a period during which the desperado is in his glory, a terror to the timid, and a demigod to the rabble.

He runs a royal course until some one bolder than himself comes forward, by whom he is made to "take water," or shot down in his tracks, and then another monarch wears the crown, and the cry goes up, "The king is dead, long live the king!"

In this, one sees but the exaggerated phase of that trait of human character which the greatest of all novelists, in the greatest of all novels, delineates so well in George Osborne's letter, wherein he writes home from school, "There has been a fight here between Cuff and Dobbin. Cuff, you know, was cock of the school. They fought thirteen rounds, and Dobbin licked; so Cuff is now only second cock."

Human nature is much the same everywhere, whether among the schoolboys of merry England or the rabble of the American frontier; and as Cuff was discrowned because he had been licked, not because Dobbin was right, so the border desperado loses caste only with defeat.

In the Black Hills of Dakota, the principal towns are Deadwood, Crook, Custer, Rapid and Hill Cities; mining settlements whose people are industrious and law-abiding. The placer diggings have been exhausted, but many valuable quartz-mines are being worked, and stamp-mills are reducing great quantities of ore. The bullion product for 1878 has been estimated at nearly five millions.

The Black Hills gold excitement, which began with Custer's glowing reports of the evidences of treasure he had seen, culminated in 1877, when an immense population poured into the Hills. Miners from California, Nevada and Montana flocked thither to harvest the golden grain in pastures new; prospectors who had traversed the arid cactus-deserts of Arizona with a faith that wealth but waited on patience, hurried to the new El Dorado, there to grasp at last what had allured them so long. The frenzy of the gold-fever raged in every breast, and each one believed, like Abou Ben Adhem, that his turn would surely come. At the bottom of every pebbly stream credulity saw the assurance of fortune; hidden in the emerald hillside, or buried in the golden valley, lay fabulous treasure, which fortune longed to lavish on those of her train whose faith in her bounty surpassed all reason and subdued every passion save avarice. Mining towns sprang up like magic, and society soon molded itself into the type peculiar to the frontier.

Amongst the many uncouth yet honest seekers for wealth the worst elements of humanity mingled. Gentlemen with too much reputation found congenial companionship among ladies with none at all; the saloon and dance-house were the haunts of all classes; the bully shot his foe with impunity, and the gambler fleeced the miner of the fruits of his toil. Here, as elsewhere in mining communities, such things awoke not the public conscience; murder failed to shock the moral sense of the people—it only took away a friend; but when theft thrust its hand into a bag of golden dust, aroused indignation sprang from its lair, and the culprit was strung up with little ceremony and less mercy. But all that is changed, for the evil days that came to the Hills when the craze for gold was upon the multitude have passed away for ever, and an industrious, law-loving people are building happy homes, and the firm foundations of a new State among the sisterhood of the Republic.

And they deserve to succeed. The frontiersman finds in truth that the struggle of life, hard anywhere, is a terrible one here. Work is hard, danger great, and privation constant. But he is a hero in adversity, and however often the alluring smiles of fortune are wrinkled into frowns, faith in his luck never fails him.

Some of the finest scenery on the continent is found in the Black Hills, and when they shall be made accessible by rail to the outside world, many tourists will be attracted to a region so beautiful to the eye and rich in romance. The valleys of the streams are fertile, producing vegetables and small grain abundantly. The climate is pleasant, the rainfall being limited to certain seasons, making clear skies and soft sunshine the prevailing conditions. In Winter, snows, of course, are not unusual, but the weather generally is clear and cold. Fine native grasses are found both on the hills and in the valleys, and vast forests of pine, as well as of oak and other trees, furnish an abundance of firewood and timber.

Leaving the Hills and going west, one passes over the "bad lands" of the Powder River, and finds nothing attractive until he crosses that stream and begins the ascent of Clear Creek or the Piney. The distance between these is but twelve miles, and the intervening country, which I have already partly described, is beautiful.

On the latter stream, about ten miles from Lake De Smet, are visible the ruins of old Fort Phil Kearney, where the crowded little cemetery revives one's memory of the terrible massacre that occurred here in 1866. Captain Fetterman and Lieutenants Drummond and Brown, with ninety-three men, were sent out from the post to relieve a party cutting wood in the mountains about five miles off. The troops were not molested by the savages until they had reached a point some four miles from the post, when they found themselves completely surrounded, the hills and ravines swarming with warriors. The battle then began, of which we know nothing save its frightful result, for not a soul escaped to tell the story. From a survey of the field the day after the fight, while the stiff, scalped and mutilated bodies were lying where they fell, and the blood-stains reddened the snow, it was apparent the struggle was brief. The battlefield covered but little ground, most of the bodies being found on the eastern side of a basin, near a large boulder called "Memorial Rock."

August 19th, 1878, "F" troop, Fifth Cavalry, under orders from General Merritt, left camp on Rock Creek and started for the Custer battlefield, one hundred and twenty miles away. We moved in light marching order, rations, blankets, etc. being carried on pack-mules. Our party embraced Captain Payne, commanding, Lieutenants Cherry and Paddock, Fifth Cavalry, Lieutenant McComb, Fourth Infantry, Governor Hoyt of Wyoming, and Mr. Daniels, a young gentleman from Ohio. Our first day's march of twenty-five miles took us over a fine rolling country, across the Piney, past the Kearney battlefield to Goose Creek, where we camped for the night near the mouth of the beautiful cañon of that stream. There are few lovelier bits of scenery than that here presented to

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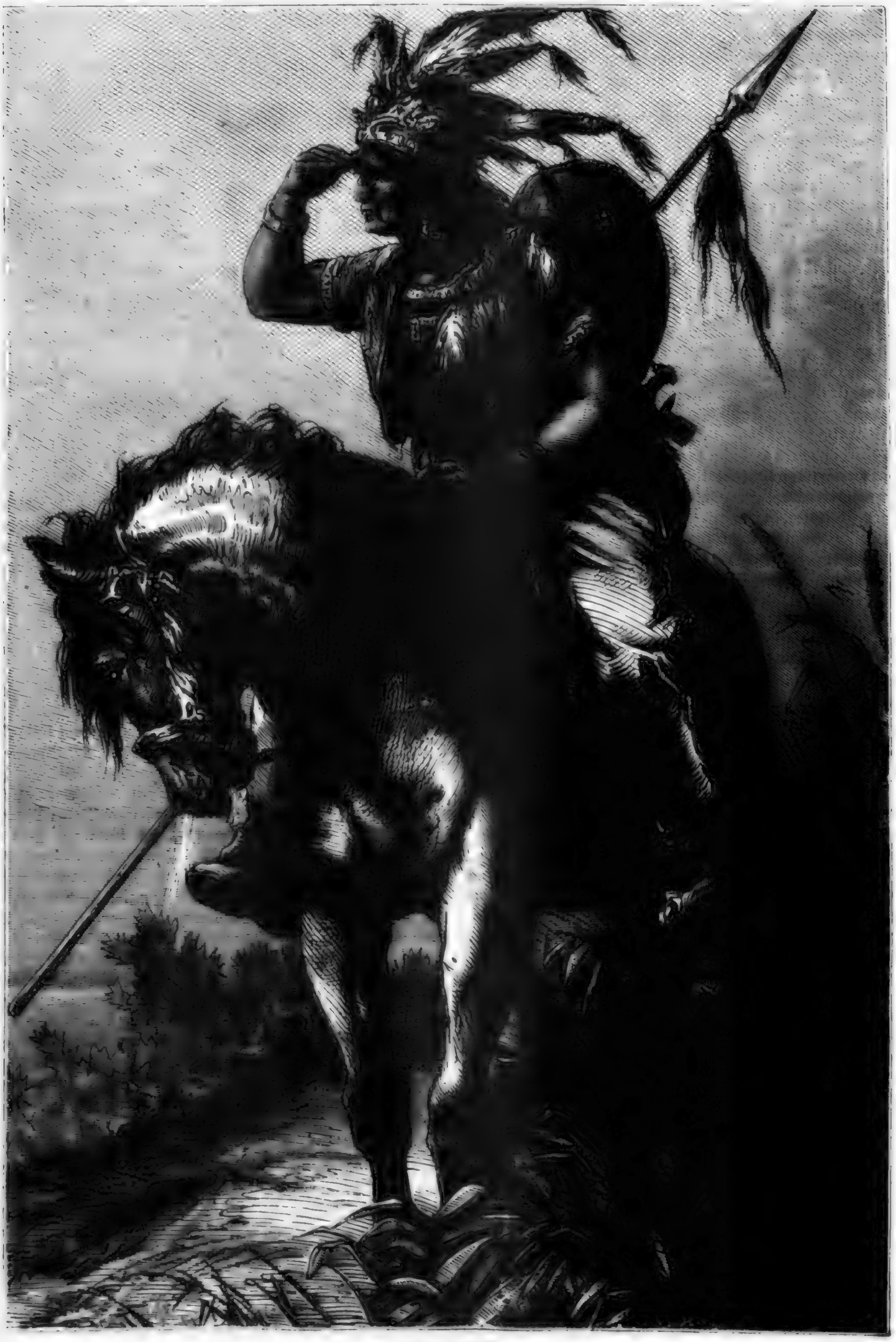
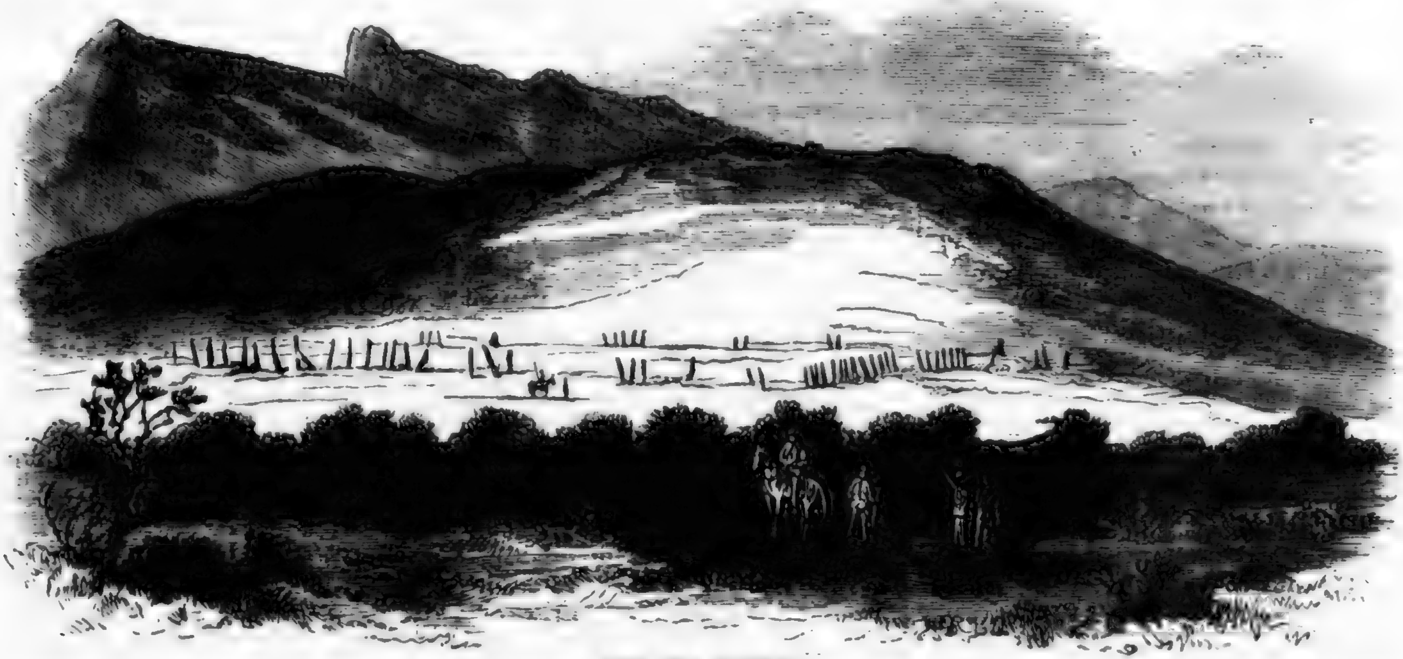


ON THE SCOUT.

view. The cañon is deep, its walls sharply cut, and the crystal waters go singing over the gravel, and roaring as they tumble through the boulders. The creek was well supplied with trout, which afforded fine sport to those of our party fond of fishing, and all of us a delicious supper.

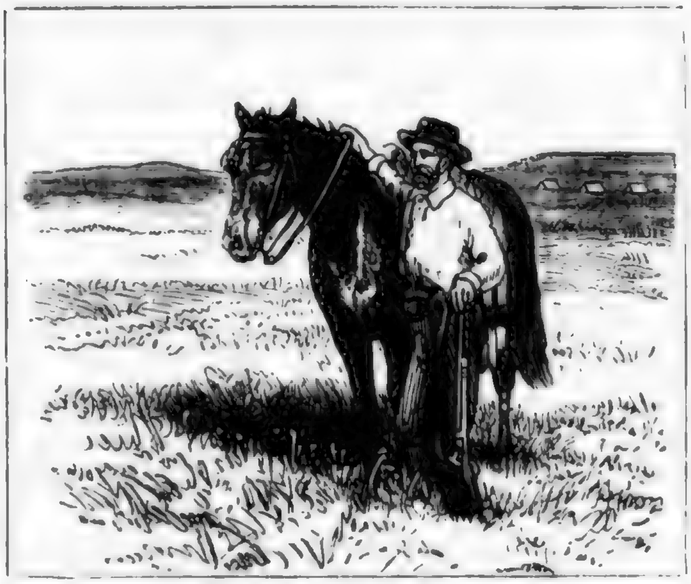
The valleys of the several branches of the Goose and



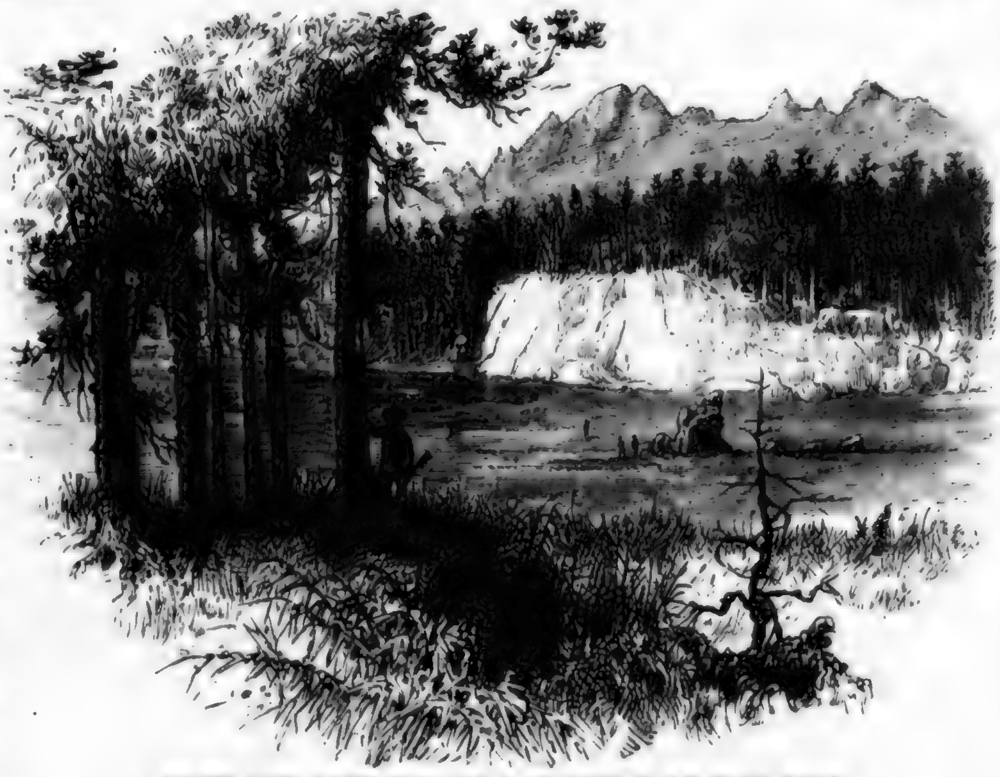
FORT PHIL KEARNEY.

Tongue River are fertile, the intervening highlands very beautiful, and the luxuriance of the grass strikes one with amazement.

Riding over the uplands, we passed through miles of country covered with rich verdure, with as fine a mountain view on the left as the Blue Ridge or Nautahela afford; while to our right, the rolling plains spread out like the billows of the sea until lost in the infinite azure of the horizon. The mountain outline is cut up with cañons, out of which flow fine streams. On the declivities, green mosses, ferns, lichens, the laurel and holly grow, and the cedar, spruce, pine, fir and juniper flourish. Wild-flowers are everywhere.



THE WAGON-MASTER.



GOLDEN PARK, WHERE GOLD WAS FIRST FOUND IN THE BLACK HILLS.

In many a little nook, formed by the hills as they break off into the valleys, are lovely patches, where modest daisies, the crocus, wild verbenas, rhododendrons and flaming poppies, growing in profusion, form pictures of blended colors exquisitely beautiful.

Wherever a wagon-wheel has cut through the sod, or a cavalry column has marched, sunflowers have sprung up, and long parallel lines of gorgeous blossoms, turning their yellow glory to their God, mark many a trail across the prairies. Down on Tongue River, where we camped on the night of the 20th, we saw tiger lilies swaying gracefully above the crystal waters, and the trailing arbutus smoke-plant and wild hop hanging in festoons and drooping fringes from the cottonwoods and silver maples.

We had a lovely spot for our camp that night. Our tents were pitched in a bed of wild verbenas; lilies nodded at their reflections in the water; a wilderness of sweetbriers steeped the air with perfume; the leaves of vines trailing up dead trees made shadowy silhouettes on the sunlit sward; the valley was full of color and odor, "as a goblet with wine"; and the mountains, whose "forms, robed or unrobed, the impress wear of awe divine," were wrapped in a soft haze that softened their outlines—the whole making one fair scene of "embodied peace and pictured calm."

Both on the Goose and Tongue we found ranches and large herds of cattle. No region I have ever seen can compare with this as a stock country. Water is pure and abundant. The streams cannot freeze, owing to the rapidity of their currents; while the shelter afforded by the hills, ravines and timber moderates the rigors of Winter. Grass cures perfectly on the stalk, and cattle keep fat on it all Winter. The current of Tongue River, the largest and finest of these streams, moves with tremendous velocity, and the water is in midsummer cold as ice. Within ten miles along its banks could be utilized water-power sufficient to grind wheat for half a continent, and set a million spindles humming.

On the 21st, we rose early, and, in the first wild freshness of the morning, left our camp, turned sharply to the right, and soon found ourselves traveling over the rolling prairie between Tongue River and Pass Creek—the dim outline of the great Big Horn valley to our left, and the Rosebud Mountains on the right. Just beyond these, on the Rosebud River, General Crook had his battle with the Sioux but eight days before the Custer massacre. At noon we halted on Pass Creek, and took lunch.

On resuming our march, we began to realize that we were leaving the Big Horn chain. The landscape wore a softer aspect, the mountains took the subdued blue hues that distance lends, the snowy crown of Cloud Peak was barely visible, the dark forests of pine were lost to recognition, and the valley expanded into broad sweeps of rich meadow-land. After a march of thirty-six miles, we reached the Little Big Horn, and pitched our tents under spreading cottonwoods. The dawn of next day again found us in the saddle, and a ride of twelve miles brought us to an elevated plateau, from which we obtained our first view of the battlefield.

Gloomy and forbidding that view was, for dark clouds hung over the valley, and the grim bluffs seemed to frown upon us as we approached. Here, indeed, stood revealed in bold relief, with its outlines of solemn hills, tangled copse and murmuring stream, that dramatic spot, whose legends, as they go sounding down the aisles of time—the theme of music, pen and brush—will commemorate for all ages the monumental tragedy of our centennial year.

We reached the river at ten o'clock, and went into camp on the ground where the Cheyenne Indians were located at the time of the massacre. Whilst we were making our preparations to explore the field, a remark from Governor Hoyt attracted our attention, and looking up, we witnessed a spectacle which, had these been the days of augurers and soothsayers, would have caused our sudden departure. A vast ring encircled the sun, the blended colors of red, purple and yellow forming a halo of unsurpassed splendor, as if the elements, lending themselves to the inspirations of the scene, had combined to associate for all time with our recollections of this spot the memory of one of nature's most superb phenomena. Riding up the bluffs, we soon found ourselves at the southern end of the battlefield. Here the remains of horses and mules, as well as intrenchments, mark the spot where Reno's fierce struggle took place. Turning northward and following the line of bluffs overlooking the river, a high point was reached from which a fine view of the valley was had, as well as of the fatal field to the northeast, where Custer and his brave comrades looked their last on the sun, and nerved themselves for that awful struggle, where hope was gone, surrender impossible, and death inevitable.

From this point we could understand the movements of the troops as they approached the villages. The column, coming from the east, was divided into three bodies: one battalion of three companies, commanded by Major Reno, was to cross the river and strike the Indians from the south; one under Captain Benteen, whose gallantry in this affair has excited so much admiration, passing the stream higher up, was to support Reno; while Custer, with five companies, was to move down the river, cross below the Indian village and join in that attack from which, instead of expected success, frightful disaster followed. We have all heard of Reno's attack in the valley, his fight in the timber, and, when fast-accumulating dangers beset him, of his wild charge across plain and river, the ascent of the bluffs, and the stubborn stand at the top of the hill. Of poor Custer, we know but little. No friendly eyes, save those closed for ever, witnessed his last battle, and only from Indian accounts and the clews afforded by a study of the field can we hope, as time passes, to understand much that is now vailed in mystery. One by one the red spots may, perchance, drop into their appropriate places, forming a dreadful mosaic, whereon, though they be not clearly revealed, shall be shadowed forth, "as if seen through a glass darkly," the awful incidents of this bloody drama.

A detailed account of the battle, were one possible, has no place here. The lips of brave men, participants in the sad work of that fair Summer's day, have told of the hopes of the morning, when first the village was seen, and the news went like wildfire down the sets of fours, till the sluggards, if any there were, felt ready for the fray—hopes that ere the night shades fell breathed themselves away with the expiring sigh of the last of three hundred. What feelings the brave fellows on the hill must have had that night in the pauses between life and death, none save themselves can ever know. They knew not what fate had overtaken their comrades, they were surrounded by thousands of merciless foes, and as they laid in the trenches under the light of white stars throbbing in purple skies, there came, borne on the breezes, mingled with the music of the waters as they lipped the sands, the wild cries of the Indians, who, in the valley below, were having a devil's dance around the scalp-pole, from which hung the bloody trophies of their greatest victory.

Standing upon the highest point of the bluffs and looking to the southwest, across the superb panorama of nature rolled out at our feet, my mind reverted to the shadowy past, and contrasted the quietude of the moment with the busy scenes of Indian life. Three hundred feet below us was a vast meadow, through which coursed the Little Big Horn, rivaling the Serpentine in its lines of grace, its waters flashing in the sunlight and washing the shores with a gentle swirl, whilst along its banks were fringes of trees whose verdure lent an indescribable charm to a landscape unsurpassed for beauty. One's thoughts went trooping back along the vanished years, and peopled the solitude with the savage denizens who chased the buffalo on hill and plain, and in barbaric warfare fought for the possession of this red man's paradise; for let it be remembered that this region was the battleground betwixt Sioux and Crow, and long they struggled for the mastery. But the red hosts, from these scenes at least, have gone for ever. The strong arm of Government has extended its hand here, and a military post at the confluence of the Big and Little Big Horn Rivers fully protects this region.

Along the base of the mountains, and through the rich valleys, the streams of population will spread; cattle will graze on ten thousand hills; cities and towns will spring up; railroads will bind them in commercial relations with the world; smoke from happy hearthstones will float heavenward, and the highest type of American civilization will be attained here in this land of bright skies, beneath which the Angel of Peace shall have folded her soft wings, and the genius of barbaric warfare fled for ever.

The spot where General Custer fell is at the extreme northern end of the battlefield, and the bones of horses thickly strewn over the ground indicate that the animals were shot and used for breastworks. A large number of officers and men fell here, and it is surmised that they were the last who died.

The field was so extensive that eight hours were consumed in its exploration, and at seven o'clock we found ourselves grouped on Reno's Bluff, when we turned our horses' heads toward camp. As we descended the hills, the shadow of a great cloud from the east was passing over the valley, and the gloom of night was closing around us, except in the western sky, which, full of the wild pageantry of a crimson sunset, seemed as if all the blood shed on this spot was flaming there.

That night, while sitting in our tents, exchanging different impressions made upon us, we heard the reports and saw the flashes of guns fired off in the direction of the place where Custer was killed. I confess to a momentary thrill of superstition, for one could almost imagine the shadowy warriors on phantom steeds, riding along the ridges and fighting their battles over again.

The dawn of the 23d broke through a clouded sky, and about sunrise rain began to fall. After a few hours spent in the examination of points of interest, we turned our backs on this historic ground and started homeward.

The next day the storm had broken away, and our march, as we neared the mountains, was a pleasant one. The sky overhead was a vault of impenetrable blue, but from out the valleys vast volumes of vapor were ascending in ragged masses, and as the clouds lifted their dewy skirts, the sun shining through the mist, forming itself into a thousand fantastic shapes and groupings, lighted up the peaks, which were covered with the first flurries of snow; for the season had grown apace during the few days of our absence, and while the valleys were still slumbering in the voluptuous warmth of a Summer sun, Winter had laid his icy hand on the mountains.

Our course lay over the high, rolling prairie, and afforded momentary glimpses of Cloud Peak, whose snowy crest, far off beyond the irregular blue outline of the Big Horn range, gleamed in the sun like a sail or the wing of a waterfowl seen from the deck of a ship as it rolls among the billows of the sea.

As we approached the foothills, we observed the changed aspect of the landscape incident to the fall of frost; leaves had turned their colors, the sumac burned a deeper red, and a divine effulgence shed itself over the dappled dress of early Autumn; for the fair Summer was drawing to its close, and the Fall was at hand, with days full of hazy, dreamy, golden beauty, and nights whose jeweled skies flush with auroral radiance, as the cheeks of loveliness at the soft whispers of love.

Going from the Tongue to Goose Creek, we marched nearer the mountains than we had before done, and were rewarded with finer views of the rugged cañons out of which the streams debouch into the valleys. The day was perfect, the air exhilarating as champagne, and so clear and rare as to bring out all the details of color and form, the combinations of which made pictures upon which the eye feasted with delight. On the other side of us, the prairie, undulating and billowy, over which the vision was carried away off to where the land and heavens met, spread out in vast expanse, its waving grass bringing to one's mind a misty suggestion of the sea.

Nature was in her most lavish mood when this part of God's handiwork was fashioned. She presents no anti-climax here: the rugged beauty of the mountain is toned down by the softer beauty of the valley; the streams are fit to glass Diana's charms, the turf to bear her footfall, the flowers to kiss her ankles; and the winds, that go sounding amongst the cedars and pines, awaken reverberations in harmony with the magnificent monuments upon which she has set the seal of her grandeur.

Fit be it, indeed, for the land of aboriginal romance—the very classic ground of border minstrelsy. The magic of poetry need not be invoked to transfigure a landscape as fair as that whose scenes inspired the good Sir Walter to tell the story of Angle and Scot. The broom and heather-covered hills which resounded with the weird, wild notes of the bagpipe as the Blue Bonnets went over the border, were not more beautiful than the mist-wreathed heights of the Big Horn, beneath which Sioux braves underwent the ordeals of the Sun Dance; nor Highland torrents clearer than the crystal streams which for centuries have mirrored naught but the color and glory and shadow of the sky.

Our last camp was made near the mouth of the fine cañon of Goose Creek, and our tents were ranged along the margin of the stream, out of which many fine trout were taken for our supper. Our trip had been pleasant far beyond expectation, and we all felt just a little regret that this was to be our "last night out."

Next morning we were up as the "red rose of dawn" began to unfold. First the dim, uncertain, trembling light played along the horizon, growing softer and warmer by degrees; then, as the vail of mist was withdrawn, a flood of luminous primrose radiance streamed on plain and mountain, and the serene violet eyes of the morning opened gently and sweetly, as if battle and murder had never been here. As we began our march, the sky overhead was quivering with the growing light, and a sun-dog glaring at us from the unbarred gates of the east; and a small red cloud, like a cardinal's hat, floating in the rim of the heavens, announced the advent of that spectacle beautiful alike on plain and sea, the rising of the sun.

MARGARET'S PERIL.

CHAPTER I.

THE MAN WITH THE CIGAR.

"But, Victor, I know it was from a lady."

"You can't know anything of the kind, since you have not seen it."

"That is nothing. Love—or, if you choose, jealousy—is clairvoyant. Now, do tell me the truth."

And as she said this, pretty Margaret Blake reached up to his shoulders with her little white hands, so that she could look directly into his eyes.

Victor Syrle laughed one of those short, uneasy laughs natural to people when they are, in the vernacular, "cornered."

"Um! Well, I admit it," he answered, taking a tiny letter, all perfume and monogram, from his pocket. "But it's nothing to be uneasy about. Miss Regina Smithwick wishes to see me this evening."

"This evening!" gasped Margaret. "Why, there's a party there!"

"So there is. I had an invitation a week or so ago; but I wrote that I couldn't come. That, dear, was because

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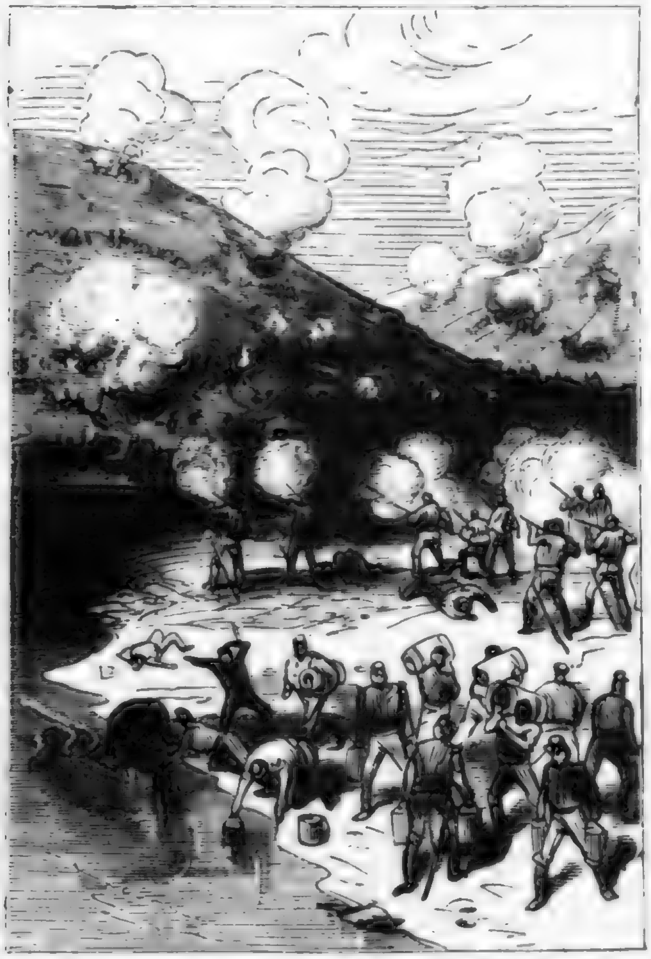


INDIAN STORY LAND.—RENO'S FIGHT.—SEE PAGE 657.

you would not be there, you know. Now, here's a second note, saying that I *must* come, whether or no; for Miss Smithwick has something to say to me. It's a great bore, and all that; but I don't see how I can escape going, do you? I do wish you——"

"Ah, Victor, I scarcely know whether you are sincere in that half-expressed wish or not," said Margaret, sadly. "I am very jealous of you—pride itself will not let me hide that truth—and it does seem so hard that you can't love me openly, without being ashamed that I am poor, and that my father is a criminal."

"Nonsense! I'm not ashamed of you, child; but you see, when a fellow has an exacting father, who stints his allowance at all times, and might upon a whim cut it off altogether; and a mother with ridiculous notions about birth; and a sister with absurd ideas about relations, and so on, why, it is really necessary to be careful—in point of fact, to walk on one's tip-toes, for fear of treading hard upon some of their prejudices. All you must do is to have faith in me. Because you are a factory-girl, and because your father is in the penitentiary, will not weigh as much as a hair with me when the time comes—the prudent and proper time, you understand—for our marriage."

"But that seems so far off!" sighed Margaret.

"True enough; but we work by wit, and not by witchcraft, and what wound did ever heal but by degrees, and all the rest of it, according to Shakespeare, who knew a thing or two, Maggie, believe me; and so, patience, and shuffle the cards. It's settled that I shall see Miss Smithwick to-night."

"Please don't go, Victor."

He stared at her, and burst out laughing.

"Don't go! That is too ridiculous, and you can't be in earnest, of course. Go I must, and I hope you are not about to cry about it, for really I am so annoyed already—between debts and what not, and a hundred things you couldn't understand—that your tears will fill my cup of misery to the brim. Now, here's another letter—not a love, but a hate-letter—from a friend (nice friend he is!) in the city. Says he wants the money I lost to him at cards last week—money he promised not to bother me for at present—and adds the agreeable intelligence that if I don't pay him he will send my I. O. U.'s over to my father for redemption."

"Oh, I wish you would not play cards, Victor."

"So do I. But what else is left me? By heaven, I would *steal* the money to redeem those I. O. U.'s if I knew where it was to be had, rather than have my father learn of my gambling; for he is so whimsical that he would immediately end all further intercourse between us. Well, I can only trust to luck; and so, good-by, Margaret, and keep up a good heart, and to-morrow you shall learn what this wonderful secret of Miss Smithwick's is."

"Yes, it is better that we part here, Victor, for people already whisper about me, coupling your name—but don't look so fierce. After we are married—after," she said, with a faint, sad smile—"after we are married, if it should ever be, they may talk as they please. Ah, I wish I could go to this party with you, Victor—I shan't sleep for jealousy—but it must not be, and you may kiss me if you like, and to-morrow we shall meet in this spot again."

He kissed her, and then, with his careless laugh, turned away, and went whistling down the road. She looked after him for some time, and finally began walking with slow step across the field homeward.

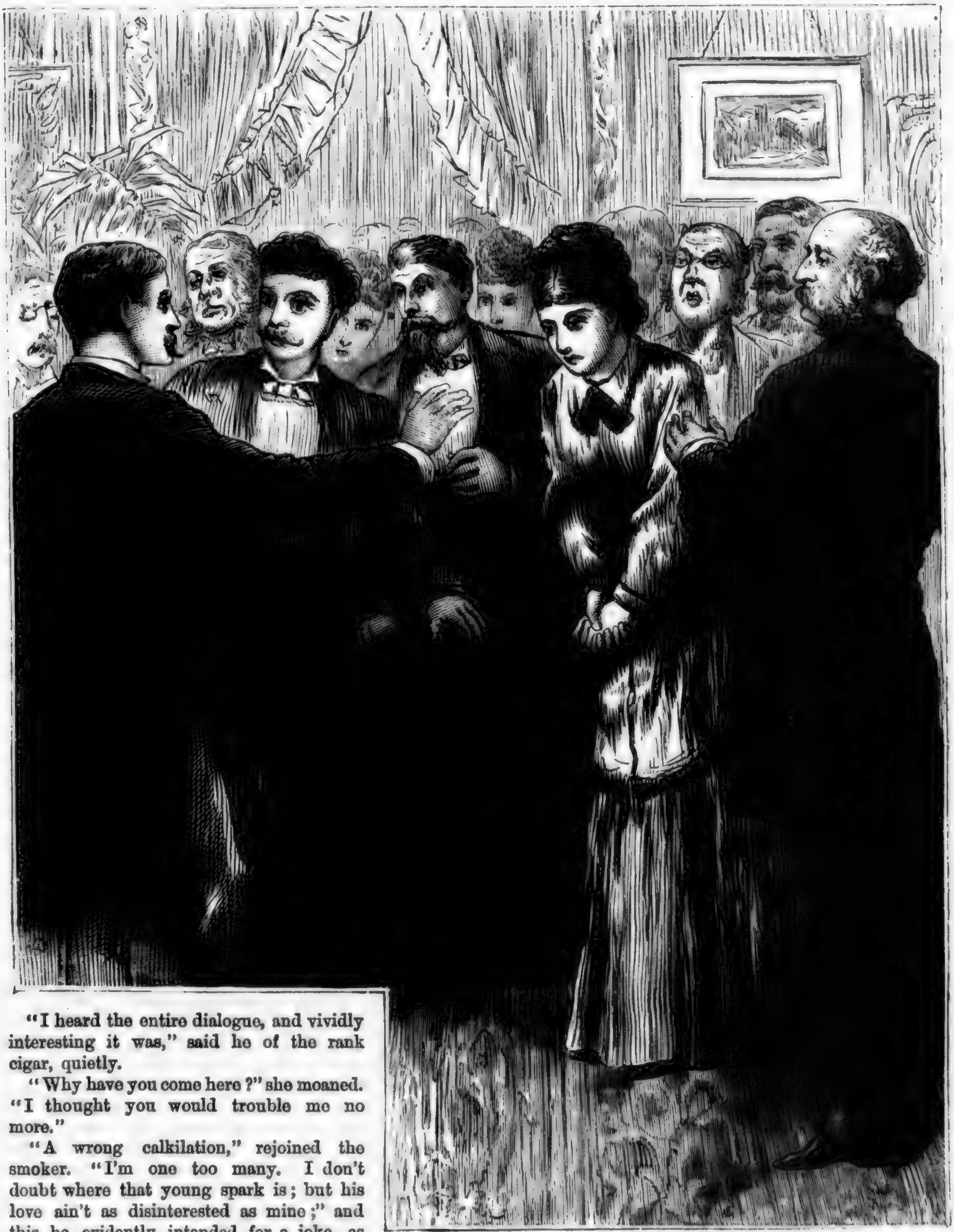
A man, at the instant her back was turned, clambered swiftly up the bank by the side of which they had stood—a short, thick-set fellow he was, shabbily dressed, a cigar in his mouth, and a low-crowned black hat, bound round with crape, on his close-cropped bullet head.

"Now, which?" he said. "It's a pretty sure thing, either way. Making love to *her!* He don't know there's somebody else loves her truly, and who won't let her be betrayed without avenging it. But she'll be out of the field if I don't hurry."

With this the stranger went swiftly toward Margaret, and reaching her, touched her arm.

She turned, and seeing him, became of a sudden white and tremulous and faint, so that she might have fallen but for the fence.

CAMP ON HIDDEN WOOD CREEK.



MARGARET'S PERIL.—"'SHE IS INNOCENT, I REPEAT,' CRIED VICTOR SYRLE; 'AND SINCE YOU WILL NOT BELIEVE IT WITHOUT PROOF, I WILL GIVE YOU PROOF. I MYSELF AM THE THIEF!'"—SEE PAGE 667.

"I heard the entire dialogue, and vividly interesting it was," said he of the rank cigar, quietly.

"Why have you come here?" she moaned. "I thought you would trouble me no more."

"A wrong calkilation," rejoined the smoker. "I'm one too many. I don't doubt where that young spark is; but his love ain't as disinterested as mine;" and this he evidently intended for a joke, as he laughed and chuckled until his hat nearly fell off.

"What do you want of me? Why do you not go away and let me be in peace? Will anything—*anything*," she cried, "induce you to leave me, and cease this persecution?"

"Deep as my affection is, one thing," he answered. "You readily guess what that is, my darling?"

"Ah, you mean money. But where should I get money?"

"I'm sure I don't know; but it is a fact, that for the moderate sum of one hundred dollars I would engage to never come within that many miles of you again. At present, owing to an unfortunate combination of circumstances, a hundred would be salvation. Halloa! I hear horsehoofs. Who's this?"

They were standing behind the foliage at the fence, and

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could look into the path on the other side without being seen; and now, gayly dressed in train and plumed cap, came a handsome lady riding by. It was Miss Regina Smithwick, who was to have the party that night, and who, notwithstanding the anticipated dancing, could not forego the usual afternoon ride.

"Phew!" whistled the smoker. "Did you see that breastpin and those earrings? First water, and a fortune! Oh, if I only had 'em! My dear, if you wasn't so scrupulous, you could get 'em for me, and I'd give you half of what they brought. Halloa! Here she comes back!"

Miss Smithwick had suddenly turned, and now she saw both Margaret and her companion, for both had stepped aside in the bushes in the interval; but the fair equestrienne seemed to take no notice of either. Margaret's pallor turned to a deep flush—of what? Shame, jealousy, or mere anger?

"Let us go from this spot, and I will talk to you finally," she said, starting away.

"With all my heart, darling girl," answered the other; "and if you'll talk about the diamonds, the money I'm after is as good as in my pocket."

CHAPTER II.

THE ROBBERY.

Parties in the country begin much earlier than they do in town. By ten o'clock Miss Smithwick's grand affair was in full blast. Victor Syrle was there—nervous, restless, uneasy, and not like himself at all. A haggard look about the eyes, sunken cheeks and feverish pulse caused more than one young lady to remark that he did not appear to his usual advantage.

At the end of the "second lancers" Miss Smithwick came to him and said:

"Now we may have that quiet confab, if you wish. A round dance next, and we shall not be interrupted."

"So glad you have come! I've been waiting with the greatest impatience. Where shall we go?"

"Into the conservatory, of course. It is cool, and there is a dim religious light diffused by a single lamp, and plenty of nice flowers—and be sure you don't fall over the pots."

The round dance began just as they reached the spot she had named, and they could hear the crash of the music, and see through the open door of the ballroom the dancers whirling round like mad people.

But it was, as Miss Smithwick had said, very cool and quiet here, and dim almost to darkness. Great banks of plants and flowers rose on every side, and the air was heavy with their sweetness.

"Now," said the young lady, sitting down on the solitary chair, "I can't give you over five minutes. Where is your watch?"

"Here it is—six o'clock—and it is likely to stay here. It won't go—run down, you see," said Victor.

"That's too bad. I must give you ten minutes, and we'll use my watch. But see, see—tut, tut!—in taking it off my neck I must take off my diamond breastpin, too; for, as you observe, Mr. Syrle, the guard-chain of the one is attached to that of the other."

She safely loosened them all, and laid them together on one of the flower-pot stands. The watch was open, and the hands pointed to twenty minutes past ten.

"Very well; but you have lost two minutes already," said Victor.

"Oh, it doesn't matter. We'll begin to count from now. I'm going to talk very plainly."

"Do so, I beg. I'm all impatience."

"Well, I know that you have taken a fancy to that little Blake girl, and it really won't do, Mr. Syrle."

"Miss Margaret Blake," he said, coldly.

"Oh, don't adopt that freezing air with me, good sir," laughed Miss Smithwick. "I mean Miss Margaret Blake, if you prefer it—the little creature who works at the factory. Now, you are curious to know why I asked you the second time to come here this evening. I intended to expostulate with you, and make you promise me that you would not continue to trifle with the poor creature's feelings."

"Trifle with her feelings!" broke out Victor. "Nothing of the kind, Miss Smithwick. I esteem—like—nay, love her, and your expostulation is ill-timed and——"

"Ill-timed will do," coolly rejoined the young lady; "and don't add meddlesome, as you intended. You are right. It might have been ill-timed had the case been as I at first thought; but this evening I found the situation exactly opposite."

"Pray, what do you mean?"

"Five minutes left us, you perceive. I mean that I now believe you really do like the girl; and I know she has another lover."

"Another lover!" exclaimed Victor.

"Most certainly. I saw them together as I was riding out this afternoon, and a very vulgar-looking gentleman he was. The girl knows nobody in Woodbury but you—that is to say, no other person of your sex—and——"

"Enough, Miss Smithwick. I believe I have been deceived; for Miss Blake must have met this man after I had left her this afternoon. She promised me to go home at once—or, at least, led me to infer that she intended to do so; and, as for acquaintance, she has always said she knew no one in Woodbury except the girls who work in the room with her, and myself. If you saw a man with her he was her lover, and I am very glad you have told me all this, for I have griefs enough, and further grief about her I put away. This night—*now*—I shall do that which will speedily——"

"Hush! What noise is that? Some one is there, behind those vases!" cried Miss Smithwick, starting to her feet, pale and frightened.

At that instant the light went out. The young lady uttered a terrified scream which reverberated through the ballroom, which was not far away. Then there was a crash among the pottery, a trampling of feet, Miss Smithwick sank down—and then came the crowd of dancers with lights, all pushing against each other, and demanding again and again to know the cause of so much commotion.

"I was here with Mr. Syrle," said Miss Smithwick, hurriedly, "and we heard some one behind the vases there—the light went out—and I shrieked, and whoever it was seems to have gone away. Mr. Syrle is gone, too, and he looked so strange and desperate—and, oh, I don't understand it at all!"

Then she looked down at the flower-stand, and immediately uttered another scream.

"My watch and my diamond breastpin! Some one has stolen them!"

"I see," said her father; "a clever robbery—but the thief cannot escape. The lodge was closed half an hour ago. The grounds shall be searched at once. Gentlemen, come with me."

The gentlemen, excited by wine and dancing, were just in the mood for an adventure, and presently hurried after their host into the grounds. For a few minutes there was silence, and the ladies were left huddled together in the parlor, speaking in whispers and tremulously; and then came a tramping of feet, and a party of eight or ten returned, and in their midst a girl, plainly dressed, crying, white as linen, but pretty—in short, Margaret Blake.

The buzz hushed into silence, and then Mr. Smithwick spoke.

"Young woman, you have been found under very suspicious circumstances—in my garden, in fact, after the closing of the lodge—and my daughter has just been robbed of a valuable watch and breastpin. Did you take them?"

"No, sir," faltered Margaret, her face down, and the words scarcely audible.

"Then, if you please, what were you doing here?" asked the self-constituted inquisitor.

"I came to look on, and hid in the conservatory, not wishing to be seen."

"In the conservatory, eh? You admit it, then? My girl, you must be aware that your story is ridiculous. But," as if struck with a thought—"come, now, give Miss Smithwick back her watch and breastpin, and perhaps I'll not be hard upon you."

"Indeed, I did not take them, sir, and was as much surprised as herself when the light went out," said Margaret, almost fainting.

"Nonsense! This obstinacy shall be punished, as well as the dishonesty that led to it. Prepare to go with my servants, who will give you over to the magistrate."

"Stop!" said a new voice. "I have something to say first;" and Victor Syrle came from the direction of the conservatory.

There was general astonishment and curiosity, as new revelations were anticipated.

"This young lady—Miss Blake—is innocent!"

"Innocent?"

"As the child unborn," answered Victor, firmly.

But how strange he looked—pale, even his lips white, his eyes full of a sombre light, and a weird, deadly smile over all—something like a madman's.

"If Mr. Smithwick will take me to his study, I shall there give him ample proof—on my honor, on my soul!—that Miss Blake here, whom I know well, is not guilty of stealing that watch and breastpin."

There was a general murmur of dissatisfaction. This seemed to irritate Syrle, and he said:

"Do you not believe me?"

"Well, really, the young woman was almost caught in the act, you know," said Mr. Smithwick.

"Almost, perhaps; but not quite. She is innocent, I repeat; and since you will not believe it without proof, I will give you proof. *I, myself, am the thief!*"

"You!" exclaimed all.

"Yes, I," cried Syrle, savagely; "and here, Miss Smithwick, are the articles I stole."

He handed the young lady her watch and breastpin.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE STUDY.

Before the company could recover from their amazement, or Victor could speak again, Mr. Smithwick had taken him apart into his own study, and locked the door.

"Mr. Syrle, are you mad?"

"Not far from it, sir, perhaps; but Margaret Blake is innocent."

"Then you really took those things belonging to my daughter?"

"I have returned them to her; but expect to be punished, as I am already disgraced. Do with me what you please," said Victor, very calmly now, but a calmness more singular than his previous agitation.

"First, I shall ask you to sit down." The young man obeyed, and the elder followed his example. "I am much puzzled here—can't comprehend all this, for the life of me."

"It is plain enough. I heard Miss Blake accused, and, though I was bad and desperate enough to steal, I was not sufficiently so to let an innocent person suffer for my crime."

"Humph! There is a mystery here. What induced you to adopt such extraordinary means to raise ready cash? for I presume you intended to turn the things into money as soon as you conveniently could."

"Necessity, which knows no law, not even that which says, 'Thou shalt not steal!'" answered Victor, gaining more control over himself as the interview proceeded.

"Necessity?"

"The word expresses everything, sir."

Mr. Smithwick rubbed his chin thoughtfully, and there was a pause, and then he said:

"Couldn't you be a little more explicit?"

"To-day nothing could have described my state of mind. The frightful agitation I suffered completely maddened me, for this I knew—to-morrow I should be ruined, disgraced, and my family involved in the disaster."

"I begin to understand. You owe some one money, and he has threatened to expose you?"

"Yes, sir, it is true."

Mr. Smithwick leaned across the table and looked at him steadily.

"Come, let us be franker still. You have been losing large sums at cards?"

Victor nodded, his eyes downcast.

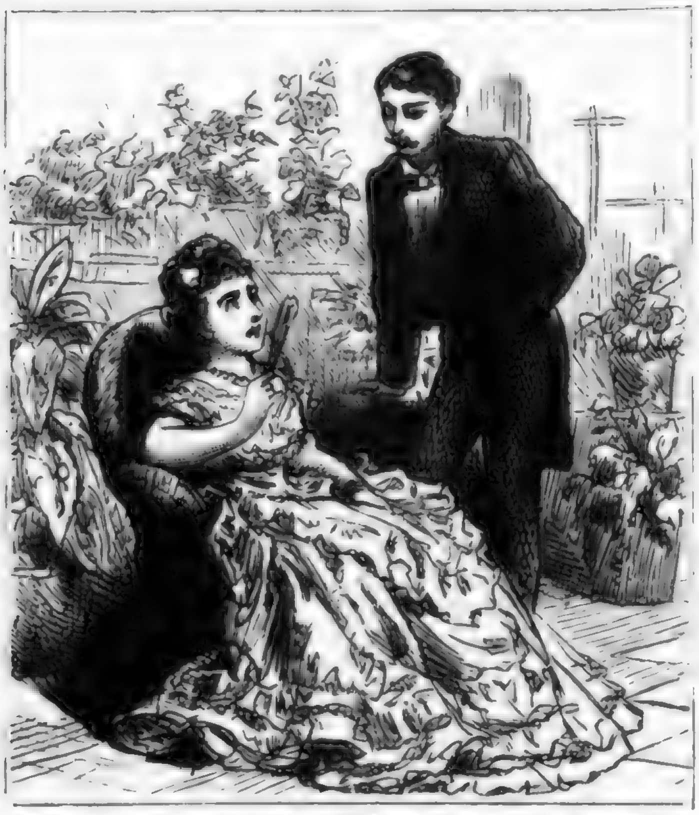
"And you have given, besides certain acknowledgments of your own, certain other documents to which your father's name is signed—*not by his hand?*"

"Yes," cried Victor, "you have guessed it. Imagine the condition of my mind, then—common sense, reason itself, fear, hope—everything gone! I had been threatened with exposure. I knew the scoundrel would not spare me. What relief? Half an hour ago I saw your daughter's watch and breastpin within my reach. We were alone, and I had but to blow out the light, and in the confusion I could seize them. No one, I thought, would ever suspect me. This was the prompting of desperation, and in that moment's delirium I acted upon the thought. What fatality! A search revealed the poor girl who has been arrested. She had come to look on the dancing and mirth, and being found in her concealment, what more natural than that she should be accused of the crime committed by me? But I was not atrocious enough to let her suffer in my stead, and so, in the face of them all, I told the truth. I alone am the robber; punish me, and release her."

As he said this he rose, seemingly much relieved. A second pause followed, but Mr. Smithwick had evidently made up his mind.

"My dear boy, I'm a man of the world, and frankness like yours is so rare that I cannot help respecting it. You certainly were rash and culpable to risk, for the safety of a few days, the happiness of a lifetime; but your manliness in saving that poor girl's character redeems everything. She is free, as a matter of course, and so are you. I should never dream of prosecuting you before the law. All that remains to be done is to trump up some plausible story by which your own reputation may be saved, as well as Miss Blake's."

"How can that be done? It is too late."



MARGARET'S PERIL.—"'NOW,' SAID THE YOUNG LADY, SITTING DOWN ON THE SOLITARY CHAIR, 'I CAN'T GIVE YOU OVER FIVE MINUTES.'"—SEE PAGE 667.

"No; I am fertile of resource, and shall think of something. But, in the meanwhile, keep your lips sealed. Your family must hear nothing."

"But those people in the parlor—gossiping even now——"

"We will return to them, arm-in-arm, and say there is a mystery between us, which cannot be revealed for two or three days. Or, how would it do to make the whole subject a practical joke? Say you had made a wager, and all that, and of course had lost by being found out."

"That is a better idea, decidedly," answered Victor.

"And as for the dangerous documents your card-playing friend holds over you, leave the business to me. You shall have the money to redeem every scrap of the vile paper to-morrow, and your family shall never even suspect. Come, let us return to the parlor."

They did so, laughing, and arm-in-arm.

Margaret Blake had gone.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TRUTH.

Victor left the house five minutes afterward. He seemed greatly relieved, and yet a strange pain lingered in his face still, mingled with the expression of some dark purpose which he dared not name even to himself.

He knew his road well, and went swiftly—running more than once—and always looking ahead. It was clear moonlight, and as he reached the last field upon Mr. Smithwick's farm, he saw the figure of a woman.

Then he sprang forward more quickly than before, and, though his footsteps were sharp and hard upon the stubble, she did not seem to hear them.

What was the matter with her? She appeared to be wandering aimlessly and undecidedly, and without knowing where she was. When Victor reached her, he spoke:

"Margaret Blake!"

She turned instantly, and then seeing him, shuddered as if she had seen some spectre. But he came on, and placed himself directly in front of her.

"Why did you steal those things to-night?" he demanded.

She gasped, her eyes wide with astonishment.

"I?"

"You! I knew you were the—well, I *will* say it—the thief; but I saved you by accusing myself. Wasn't it magnanimous? You wanted proof of my love—*voilà!* I ruined myself to save you!"

"Indeed, Victor Syrle, I did not touch those jewels!" said she, with all earnestness. "I was, indeed, concealed in the conservatory, and heard a little of the whispers exchanged by you and Miss Smithwick; but not all earth could induce you to believe, if you truly loved and respected me, Victor, that I know anything of the robbery."

He laughed bitterly.

"Margaret, it is better that we part for ever. I shall bid you farewell now, and from to-morrow this village shall know me no more."

"Well, be it as you wish," she answered. "I do not desire to be loved without being trusted. I am poor, I know—but not a thief, Mr. Syrle. Good-night, sir."

She left him standing there, stupefied. He sat down and covered his face with his hands, and for fully five minutes did not move. Then he said, clinching his fingers and grinding his teeth:

"What a fool I am—dolt and idiot—to be thus duped! She *has* another lover—some low scoundrel, for whom she committed that crime to-night. If I could meet him I would kill him, so help me heaven, or he should kill me! When I suggested parting, she made not the least objection—not a word—but assented at once. Oh, it is clear—clear beyond all doubt!"

He raised his eyes. There stood a man before him, short, thick-set, ugly, smoking a cigar, and smelling of liquor.

The moonlight poured over his sinister figure, clothing him, as it were, in a beautiful white gauze.

"What do you wish?" asked Victor, rising.

"You! I'm here to settle with you—the last debt before I leave this hole of a village. I saw you talking a little while ago to Maggie Blake," said the stranger, in a low, angry voice, like the growl of a bad dog.

"Her lover!" thought Victor; and the memory of the wicked vow, uttered scarcely more than a minute before, returned to him.

"Now, I've got two p'ints to arrange," the man went on. "You must answer to me for that gal's unhappiness, and for spoiling my little game."

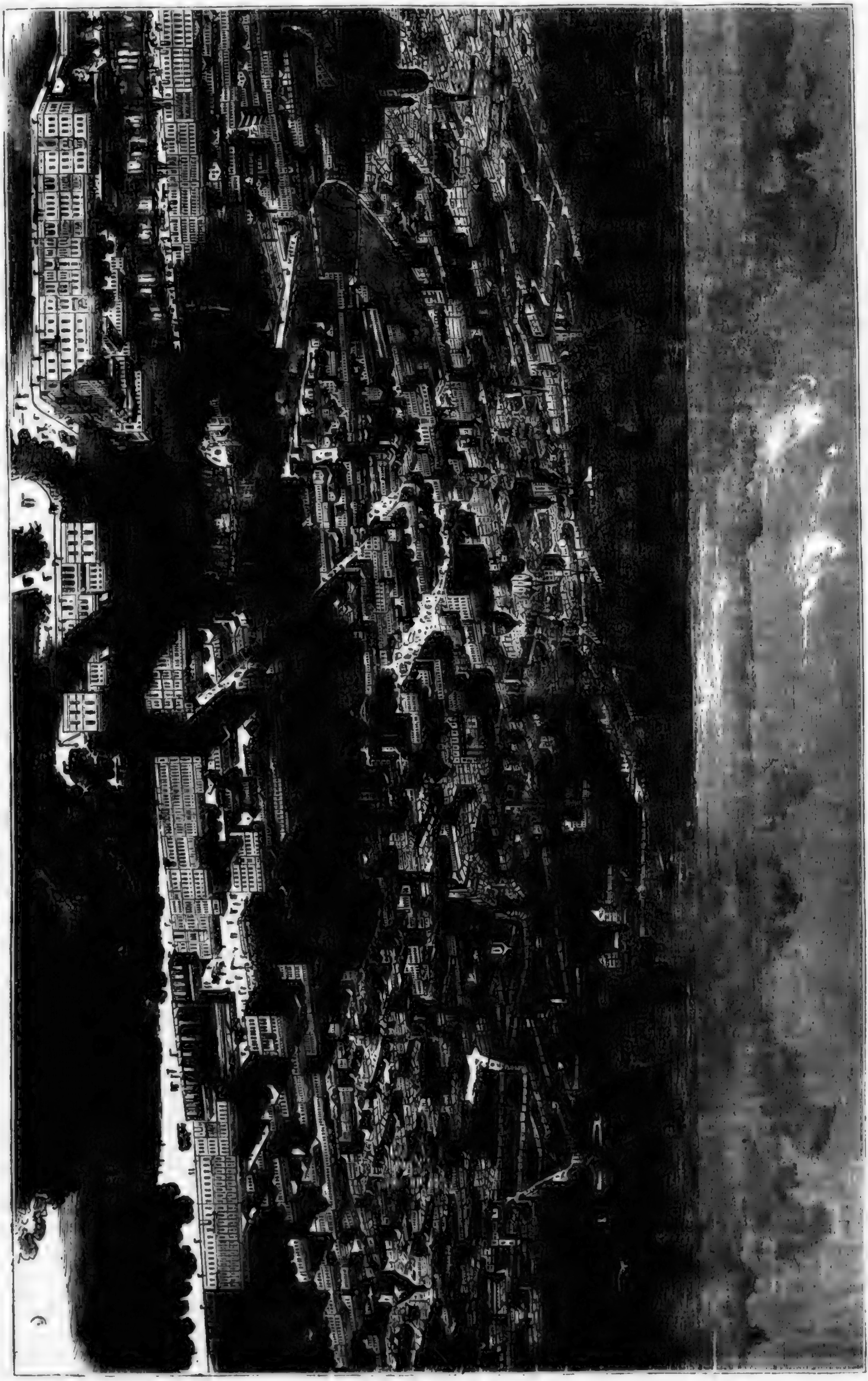
"I do not understand you."

"Well, I'll be plainer. I'm Maggie Blake's natural protector—her father. Do you see?"

"What! her father! It is not true! He is——"

"He was in

THE STONELESS GRAVE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 674.



BERLIN AND THE BERLINESE.—GENERAL VIEW OF BERLIN.—SEE PAGE 675.

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the I—— Penitentiary; but he escaped, and is here now, ready to balance accounts. But there's another item—the breastpin and ticker."

Victor drew a long breath, and stepped back.

"So, then, you were also concealed in Miss Smithwick's conservatory to-night?" he exclaimed.

"I was. I secretly followed Maggie there. It was I who blew out the light and grabbed the jewelry; but you, curse you, made me drop 'em again in the darkness; and now I'm going to get even with you for it!"

Victor saw all now. Margaret innocent—and how cruelly he had wronged her!

The scoundrel before him tossed away his cigar, and advanced.

"Stand back, or you'll be sorry!"

"We shall see," said the escaped robber.

With the bound of a tiger, he sprang upon Victor, and fastened his iron fingers at the young man's throat. Their limbs locked, and they paused, staring with deadly fury into each other's face. Then a fierce tussle began, each striving for the mastery.

But Blake was the more skillful at wrestling, and, by a sudden movement, overthrew his antagonist, falling upon him with all his weight. Liquor and the excitement of the contest seemed to have wrought the man up to a fury that forgot everything but a frightful vengeance. He drew a long, two-edged knife, and Victor felt that his hour had come.

But this was not to be. In the noise of the battle neither had heard the approach of strangers; but now a sharp, decided voice rang out:

"Pull them apart, or they will tear each other to pieces!"

Blake rose quickly, and started to run; but he was seized, and a revolver placed at his head.

"Move, Bill Blake—stir but a finger—and it's all up with you!"

Blake evidently knew his man, and accepted the situation quietly. He laughed.

"Why, sheriff, is it you?"

"Yes. You've given me a long chase; but I've caught up with you at last. On with the gloves!" and by this the sheriff, who was a sort of humorist, meant a pair of handcuffs, which he now produced.

Blake was taken back to the Penitentiary, and soon Victor and Margaret met again.

The true story of the robbery was not long a secret. Mr. Smithwick was not the man to be much discomposed over the strange deception Victor had practiced upon him; but he viewed it rather as a romantic joke; and, when Victor and Margaret were married, no one except themselves was so well satisfied at the *dénouement* as he.

THE STONELESS GRAVE.

By Ernest Trevor.

I stood beside a nameless grave,
Amid a churchyard's gloom,
And mused what poor world-wearied slave
Was resting in that tomb.
Perchance his feet had often trod
With thoughtless step that very sod,
At morning's opening bloom,
And little deeming he one day
Would 'neath that quiet sod decay.

Perchance some bard beneath thee sleeps!
Are thus his dreams repaid?
No tributary marble keeps
Guard where his dust is laid!
His thoughts which breathed, and words which burned,
His mind which time and limit spurned,
Rest they beneath this shade?
Vain thought! the poet's glowing mind
He gives a dower to humankind.

Some hunted patriot here may rest
Safe from the tyrant's blow;
For he is now a monarch's guest
Who guards from every foe.
No wanderer ever came, O Death!
Thy gentle wing to rest beneath,
Who felt another woe.
Thy greeting bids at once depart
Sorrow and suffering from the heart.

Some banished exile here may find
At last a quiet home;
His hungry heart, his yearning mind
Destined no more to roam.
No brooding care to gloom his day,
No night in which his soul might stray
Far o'er the ocean's foam,
When, rapt in some delicious dream,
He stands beside his village stream.

A sadder man than all may rest
In this his welcome bed:
A man who felt for every breast—
One who in silence bled;
Who could not heal the grief he saw;
To whom sweet love alone was law,
Not what the cold world said;
Until he only saw the rod,
And not the gracious face of God.

A Christian here may wait awhile
The coming of his Lord;
His dying bed lit with His smile,
And solaced by His word.
He needs no stone to mark the tomb;
Around there breathes the flowers' perfume
His virtues to record—
For gentle Nature ever keeps
Vigil where pious merit sleeps.

A MECHANICAL WATCH-DOG.

That the greatest ingenuity should be displayed in the invention of machinery to economize manual labor is at once natural and creditable, but we did not anticipate that the builder of the future would be called upon to fit a mechanical watch-dog to the street-door so as to guard the house he may be required to construct. Most persons are aware that, by introducing a flame of gas into an open tube, whether of metal or glass, the tube will sound—in fact, we might easily produce singing flames. There are silent speaking-tubes—that is to say, tubes that, under ordinary circumstances, do not utter a sound, but if a door be opened, a draught is created, then the glass vibrates, and the most startling noises result. A glass of this description has been contrived in which, when a jet of gas burns, the sound of a dog barking is produced, should the street-door be opened.

BERLIN AND THE BERLINESE.

THE CITY OF THE NEW EMPIRE.

ENTHUSIASTIC Berlinese speak of their city as the "City of Intelligence," the "Athens of the Spree," while the cynical Austrians vaunt the superior beauties of Vienna, and contemptuously term the capital of Prussia the "Sandbox of Germany." That splenetic wit, Heinrich Heine, calls Prussia the "Tartuffe among nations." Certainly the "*Schœnen blauen Donau*" is a more beautiful river than the sluggish Spree, but the Prater of Vienna cannot claim superiority over the Unter den Linden of Berlin.

When Berlin was a small town, Vienna was already an old and famous city. The Emperors of the Holy Roman Empire gave a glamour of romance to the Austrian capital, with which the insignificant margraves of Brandenburg utterly failed to invest Berlin. But, while Vienna has for years been standing still, Berlin has been advancing. The Holy Roman Empire is no more, but the Empire of Germany has arisen, and Vienna is not its capital.

I visited this city some years ago, and could not fail to notice, above all else, its cleanliness. This, to a New Yorker, was a remarkable sight. We are so used to dirty streets and filthy sidewalks in this metropolis of the New World, that we have almost come to consider mud an indispensable adjunct to any city. But Berlin is clean.

I arrived at the railway station at half-past five A. M., after a night of travel, having left Hamburg at eleven P.M. My first experience was to have a little brass check bearing a number placed in my hand by the guard. This was the number of the cab which I could have at my disposal. Outside the station was a long line of cabs, each cab having the driver seated on his box. No hurry-scurry, no bustle, no confusion. I handed my check to an attendant. He looked at it, and in a loud tone called out the number. Instantly a cab left the line and drove up to the door, the driver, after politely saluting me, asking me whither I wished to be taken.

Certainly, this was a pleasant introduction to the home of the Kaiser Wilhelm, and my sojourn in Berlin was as pleasant as this beginning.

When a stranger visits Berlin for the first time, of course the first objective point is that famous avenue, Unter den Linden. Even the name itself is attractive, pretty and euphonious. The Berlinese compare this street with the Champs Elysées and Boulevards of Paris, the Corso of Milan, and the Prado of Madrid. It leads from the Brandenburg Gate to the centre of the city, a distance of about three-quarters of a mile. It is a double avenue of lime-trees, mingled with chestnuts and maples, which form a shady walk in the centre, while on either side runs a carriage-road. The Brandenburg Gate, which limits its western extent, was built in 1779–82, and is an imitation of the Propylæum at Athens, only on a larger scale, being some sixty feet high and two hundred feet wide. It is surmounted by a colossal chariot of Victory, harnessed to four prancing steeds. This chariot was carried to Paris as a trophy by Napoleon I., but it was recovered by the Prussians after Waterloo, and the goddess received, after her return, the eagle and iron cross which she now bears. This gate cost $395,000.

The walk down the avenue Unter den Linden is one of the finest in Berlin, and on pleasant afternoons everybody who pretends to be anybody may be seen there. It is as fashionable a place for equestrians as Rotten Row is in London, and carriage-riders and pedestrians enjoy the beautiful avenue.

We cross, on our journey along the avenue, that long, wide and straight street, Friedrich Strasse, extending for over two miles from the Oranienburg Gate, on the north, to La Belle Alliance Platz, on the south. Soon we come to the Academy of Fine Arts, on the left—that is, the north—side of the avenue. This was placed by Frederick the Great over the royal stables. Some wag suggested that an appropriate inscription for the entrance would be, "*Musis et Mulis.*" An exhibition is held here between September and December. The National Gallery of Painting is in this academy; it contains chiefly works by artists of the Munich and Dusseldorf schools. Here also is the clock which regulates the time for Berlin. The Academy of Sciences, founded by the Electress Sophia, also holds its meetings in this building. During the reign of Frederick William I., the King proposed as a subject for discussion, "Why champagne foamed?" and the witty academicians replied that they needed the requisite material to experiment with; but the parsimonious King sent them only a dozen bottles.

Immediately adjoining the academy is the university. The building itself was formerly the palace of Prince Henry, brother of Frederick the Great. Fichte was the one to whom is due the establishment of the university. He advocated, in impassioned speeches, the regeneration of the fatherland by means of education. In 1809 the Government founded and endowed the Berlin University. It was at first intended to be located at Potsdam, but Von Humboldt, Müller, the historian, and Wolff, formerly a professor at Halle, prevailed on the King to establish it in the city itself. The building had been erected in 1754, from the designs of Knobelsdorf, and had remained unoccupied after the death of the former possessor.

The new university rapidly gained celebrity, and very quickly caught up with and surpassed many of the older German universities, at present being only exceeded in the number of students by that of Leipzig.

Next to the university is the Guard House, or König's Wache, designed in severely classical style by Scheubel. The Guard House is flanked by Rauch's statues of Bülow von Dennowitz and Scharnhorst, the Hanoverians who organized the Prussian army under Frederick William III. Cannon captured from the French adorn the grounds, and in front of the building, at eleven o'clock daily, the guard is paraded and the band of the regiment on duty plays for the edification of the listeners. And the music of a Prussian military band is worth listening to, which is more than can be said of some of our military bands.

Still further eastward, and on the same side of the avenue, is the Zeughaus, or Arsenal, which is a magnificent building. Berlin art connoisseurs pronounce it a *chef d'œuvre*, and the handsomest edifice in the city. Be this so or not, it is certainly a striking structure. The original design was made by a Dutch architect named Nerung, but was somewhat modified by the one who completed it—De Bodt. The principal entrance is flanked by four allegorical figures by Hulot, and above the entrance is a gilt bronze medallion of Frederick I., by the same sculptor, with a Latin inscription telling us that "Frederick, the terror of his enemies and protector of his subjects and allies, built the present armory and stored it with ammunition, war trophies and booty of all kinds, in the year 1706." Ornamenting the exterior portions of the building are groups sculptured by Schlüter, representing in various

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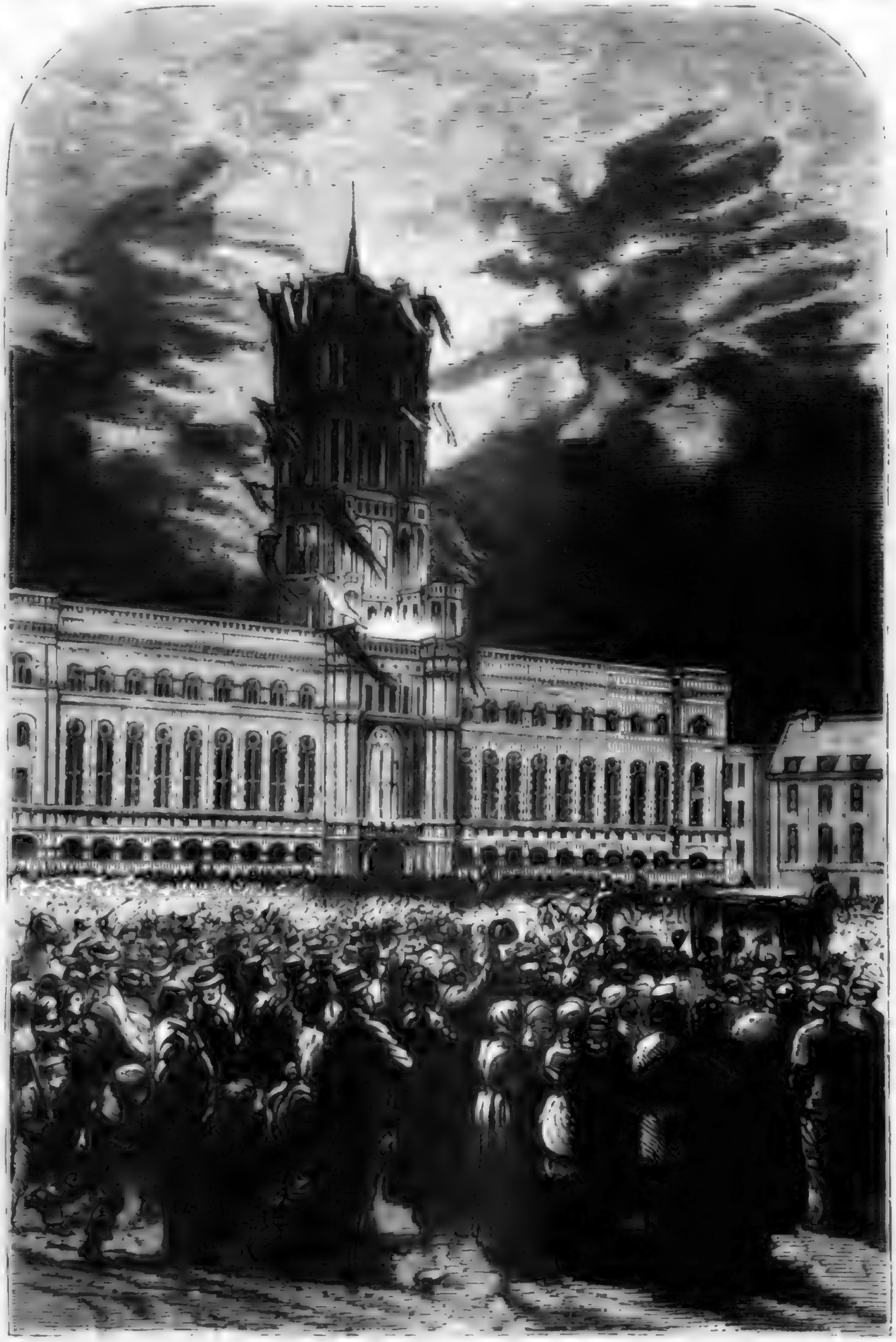
allegorical forms the glories of war; while inside are twenty-one bas-reliefs, or masks, as they are called, consisting of the heads of dying warriors, youthful and aged, in the various phases of agony, convulsion, faintness and death, aptly depicting the horrors of strife, and affording the antidote to the "glory" groups outside.

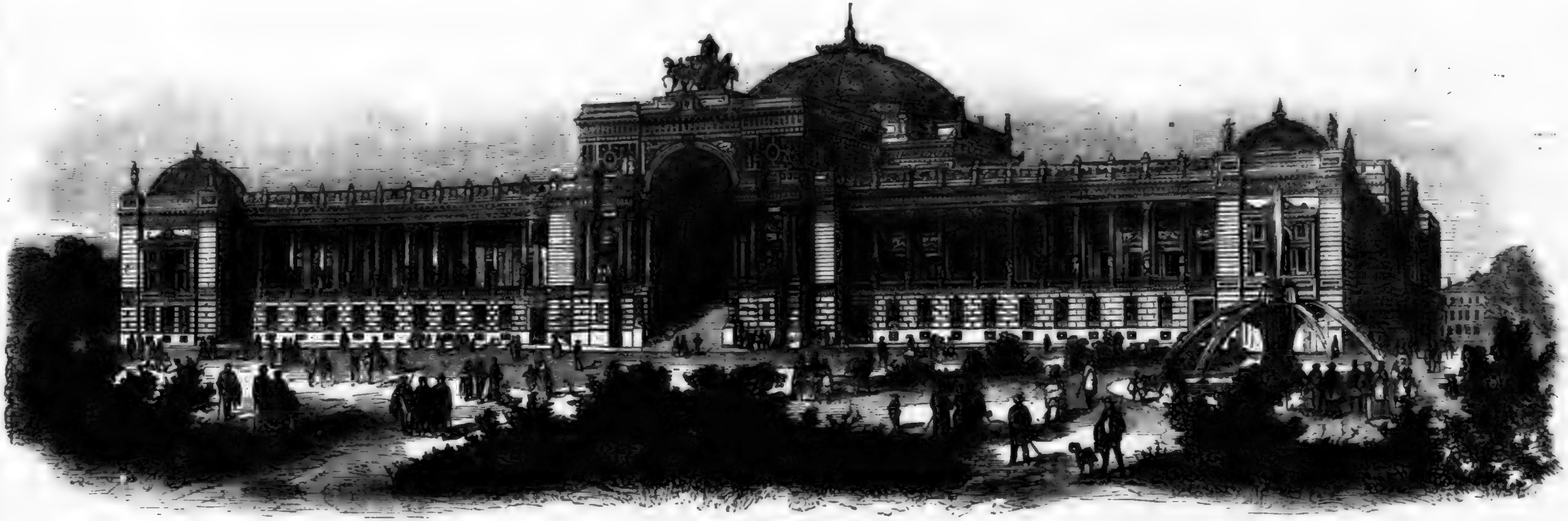
In addition to the arms, ammunition, etc., which the arsenal contains, it has a complete military museum. The guns and cannon of all ages, including the two leathern cannon used by Gustavus Adolphus, the "Lion of the North," in the Thirty Years' War, may be seen; and, among others, a very curious twelve-pounder, founded at Freiberg in 1546, bearing on it the head of the Pope vomiting forth toads and serpents. The famous bronze lion, which the Prussians carried off from the cemetery of Flensburg after the capture of Schleswig-Holstein, is also here. But the most important collection to the modern Berliner is that of the trophies gained from France in the late war. French flags, swords, keys of captured fortresses, chandeliers which once decorated the *salle* of the Metz Cercle des Officiers, and many miscellaneous objects, attest that bloody war.

This building is the last on the northern side of the avenue. On the other side, about opposite the university, is the King's Palace. In comparison with some other royal residences, this is a modest and unassuming building. It was occupied by King William when heir-apparent to the Prussian throne; and though he is now the Emperor of Germany, it is still sufficient for his modest needs. The grand Schloss is only used on state occasions, but the King's Palace is the Emperor's home. Whenever his Majesty is absent from Berlin, the visitor may gain admission to the palace and inspect it to his heart's content. One of the inevitable accompaniments of high rank is the utter lack of that domesticity and privacy which we in this country prize so highly. In this regard, the humblest American citizen is more the master of his own house than is the great King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany.

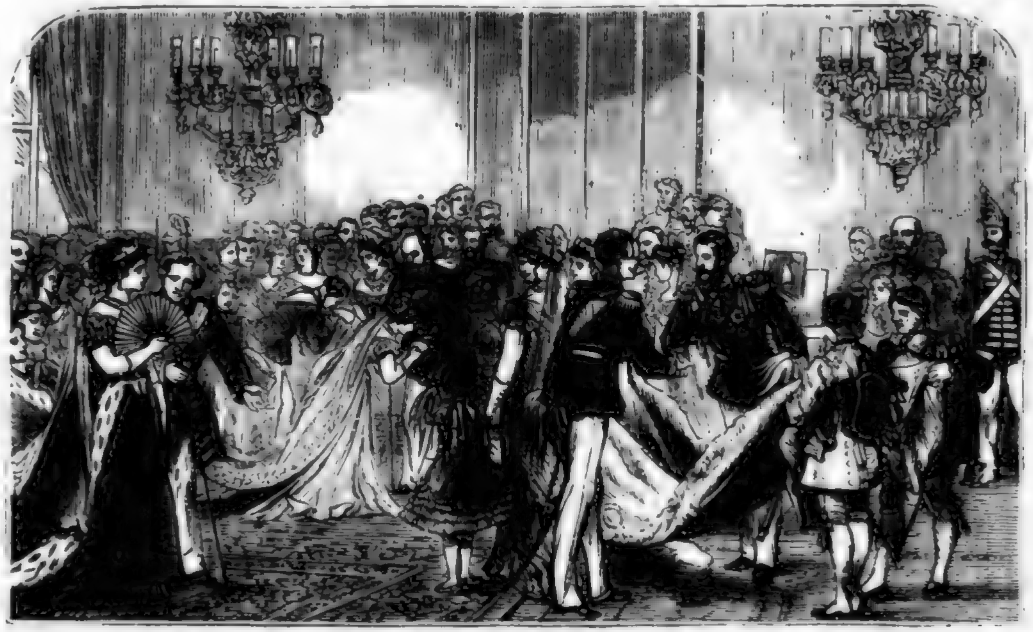
The vestibule of this palace leads into a small but handsome saloon, in which the adjutant, in his usual spiked helmet, is on duty. The walls of this saloon are decorated with paintings illustrative of the military history of Brandenburg and Prussia; and noticeable among these are the famous sledge-journey of the Great Elector and his troops in midwinter along the shores of the Hass, which resulted in the routing and retreat of the Swedes from Prussia. Other paintings show many of the principal events in the reign of Frederick the Great, and others depict scenes in the Revolution of 1848. There are also in this saloon, ranged on shelves, models of Prussian steel artillery, and statuettes of German, French, Russian and Austrian soldiers, and the window recesses are ornamented with busts of the Electors of Brandenburg and the Kings of Prussia. In this saloon the Emperor grants audiences to his ministers, generals and councilors, as well as to humbler individuals.

Next we visit the "color-room," connected with the saloon by a short passage. Here the members of the diplomatic corps are received. Here, also, are paintings

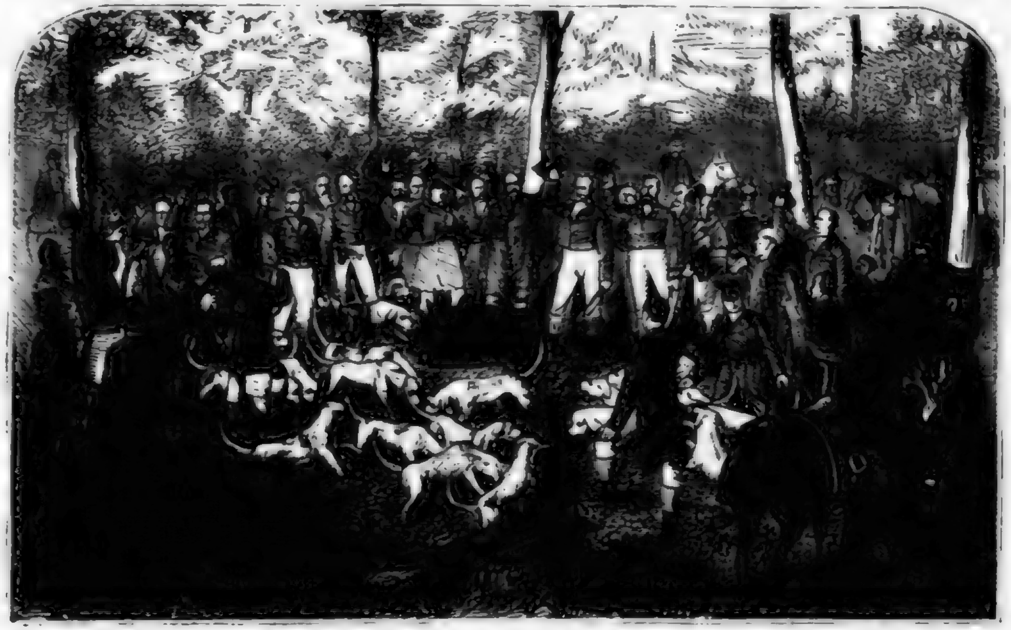

THE RATHHAUS (TOWN-HALL) OF BERLIN.



ROYAL CASTLE, BERLIN.



THE WHITE SALOON IN THE CASTLE DURING A ROYAL WEDDING RECEPTION.



THE ROYAL HUNT IN THE GRUNEWALD, NEAR BERLIN.

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by Berlin artists, both originals and copies from the masters. At one end of the room is a sort of pyramid used to receive the flags of the guard regiments quartered in Berlin; and between the two windows looking out on the Linden are some handsome porcelain vases filled with Easter eggs, the gift of the Emperor's nephew, the Czar of Russia.

From the color-room we go to the "Blue Report-room," in which the ministerial council assembles. The most prominent object in this room is a large relief-plan of the battlefield of Königgratz, extending from the heights of Dub, where the King mounted his horse and where the first shots fell, to the fortification of the town. It shows at a single glance the entire space, and the on-looker is enabled to thoroughly realize the movements executed by the King and his army on that eventful day. Round the table are six chairs for the members of the council; and the Emperor's seat is higher than the rest, and so arranged that he can see the Königgratz battlefield plan, or, by casting his eye out of the window, can rest his gaze on the monumental statue of Frederick the Great—or, looking beyond that, behold the arsenal in all its glory. This apartment will be long famous, from the fact that here the Emperor, many years before, when he was Prince Regent, pronounced before the ministry there, for the first time assembled under his authority, that memorable speech which gave the keynote to the Prussian monarchy; and at this table, in the years 1866 and 1870, he signed the orders for the mobilizing of the Prussian army, which resulted, in the one case, in the humiliation of the Austrian Empire at Sadowa, and in the other, in the demolition of the French Empire at Sedan. The walls are filled with maps, plans, books and paintings, one of the latter representing the ancestral fortress of the Hohenzollerns at Hechingen before its restoration.

From this room a door leads to the Emperor's study, which contains many of the presents received from time to time, and his most used books and plans. Full-length portraits of the Empress, and the Czar of Russia, hang on the walls, and on a shelf are ranged miniatures and photographs of his children and grandchildren. At one end stands a bronze statue of the gallant sergeant-major who planted the Prussian standard in the Düppel redoubt; and around the room are marble busts of Frederick the Great, Frederick William III., the Emperor's sister, the Czarina Alexandra Feodorowna, and the Princess Charlotte of Prussia. There are also statuettes of the Czars Nicholas and Alexander II., in Cossack and Hussar uniforms, in the window recesses.

Near the study is the palace library. It is a dark, narrow apartment, with an iron staircase at one end, leading to the Empress's suite of rooms. The library contains, principally, military works, and plans and maps of many different countries and cities. It also contains the Emperor's manuscripts, and several portfolios of engravings, lithographs, photographs and caricatures, among the latter being several hundred of Napoleon III. These portfolios also contain drawings of the uniforms of all the European armies.

Close to the King's Palace is the Royal Library, which contrasts strangely with the beautiful buildings by which it is surrounded. It is said to have been a whim of Frederick the Great, who directed his architect to take a chest of drawers for his model. But, however unattractive the outside may be, the contents of this building are interesting and valuable. It contains about 500,000 volumes and nearly 5,000 MSS. Wednesdays and Saturdays are the days on which it is shown to strangers. Among its curiosities are: Luther's Hebrew Bible, the copy from which he made his translation, with the marginal notes in his own writing; the MS. of Luther's translation of the Psalms, with his corrections in red ink; the Bible and Prayerbook which King Charles I. of England carried to the scaffold, and gave, before his death, to Bishop Juxon; Guttenberg's Bible of forty-two lines to the page, printed on parchment, date 1450–55, being the first printed book on which movable types were used; a consular diptych of ivory, one of the earliest known; the Codex Wittekindii, a manuscript of the four Gospels, given, it is said, by Charlemagne to Duke Wittekind of Saxony (this codex is of the ninth or tenth century); several ivories (diptychs) of the earliest Christian times, and also of Roman work; an album containing miniature portraits by Luke Cranach, of Luther, Melanchthon, the Elector John Frederick of Saxony, and others; thirty-six volumes of engraved portraits of distinguished men of various times and countries, accompanied by autographs in alphabetical order; and many others. The two hemispheres of metal, known as the Magdeburg hemispheres, with which Otto Guericke made the experiments which led him to the discovery of the air-pump, are also preserved in this building. There is a reading-room, open daily, which contains the principal journals and newspapers of Europe.

The next building to the Royal Library is the Opera House. This is a building of great splendor. It was originally erected by Baron Von Knobelsdorf, under the especial directions of Frederick the Great, who supervised the work during the turmoil of the Silesian campaign. It was modeled after the Pantheon at Rome, and on its front was the inscription, "Fredericus Rex Apollini et Musis." The house was opened December 7th, 1742, five months after the signing of the Treaty of Berlin, with Graun's opera, "Cæsar and Cleopatra." But it was occasionally devoted to other things than music. From its stage the victories of Frederick II. were announced, and the birth of Frederick William II. was told to the people in this place. Here was celebrated the splendid festival instituted in honor of Queen Louisa by Prince Ferdinand and Prince Augustus; here the Russians were welcomed as the deliverers of Berlin, and the victories of the allies were read out to the audience; and here, also, a brilliant *fête* was held, after the ceremony of homage, on the accession of Frederick William IV. in 1840.

This famous house was burned down on the 19th of August, 1843, but within fourteen months a new building sprang, Phœnix-like, from its ashes, and on the opening night Meyerbeer's "Camp in Silesia" was given.

The principal façade of the new house is decorated with a Corinthian portico, surmounted by the statues of Apollo, Euterpe and Terpsichore. The interior, while not as magnificent in marble, bronze and tapestry as that of the former house, is brighter and gayer in color.

The best singers of Europe have appeared before the public in this house, and here that celebrated rivalry between Frau Lucca and Fräulein Mallinger was enacted, which culminated in the first visit of the fair but willful Pauline to this country. She was the idol of the Berlinese, and for a long time filled the *rôle* of *prima donna*. But, like all other great singers, she was capricious, and, with her head full of whims, often indulged in that convenient malady, a sore throat. At last the public grew tired, and one night hissed her.

It was in February, 1872, that the rivalry between Lucca and Mallinger came to a crisis. The two ladies were to appear conjointly in Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro." Each had her partisans, and each had made great success in Gounod's *Marguerite*, which occasioned the rivalry. On the eventful evening, cheers and counter-cheers, hisses

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and counter-hisses were given with persistence and fierceness. Lucca boldly stepped to the front, and gave the public a sound lecture for this rudeness, but Mallinger sank into a chair and shed tears copiously.

This quieted the audience for a time, but after the performance was concluded, a dispute arose in the street concerning the two ladies, with such ardor that the police were directed to clear the streets.

Lucca, however, appeared to be triumphant, for she obtained a life engagement at 8,000 thalers a year and a four months' annual leave of absence. But her next exploit was to organize a series of fainting-fits on the stage. At last, tired of her caprices, the Berlin papers expressed their disapprobation so strongly that the great singer threw her contract overboard, and left Berlin for New York. For a time she was greatly missed, but when our American girl, Minnie Hauk, was engaged, she completely filled Lucca's vacant place in the hearts of the Berlinese.

In this house the best operas are given in a magnificent manner. Wagner is the great favorite, and representations of his works far outnumber those of all other composers. Novelties are always quickly produced, and Verdi's "Aïda" was heard in Berlin before either Paris or London had heard it.

The best and most cultured people attend the opera, and it is, perhaps, on a securer basis in Berlin than anywhere else. The Opera House receives annually a large subvention from the Government.

Next to the Opera House, and opposite the Arsenal, is the palace of the Crown Prince, Frederick William. Previous to its occupation by its present tenants, for whom it was fitted up in 1857, it had been the residence of King Frederick William III., in which he lived and died, and one hundred years earlier, Frederick the Great, when Crown Prince, occupied it. The palace is entered by a noble portico, rising above the first-floor windows, and contains pictures, statuettes, vases and the other usual concomitants of princely homes.

In front of the King's Palace is Rauch's admirable monument to Frederick the Great. This is a colossal equestrian statue of Frederick, "in his habit as he lived." It was erected in 1851, and is cast in bronze. The statue itself is seventeen feet three inches high, and stands on a granite pedestal twenty-five feet high, presenting on each face bronze groups of the great military commanders of the Seven Years' War, on foot and on horseback, all life-size, and all portraits in high relief. The most prominent of these statues are those of the Duke of Brunswick, Prince Heinrich of Prussia, General Seydlitz and General Ziethen. Among the other portrait statues around this pedestal are those of Count Frick von Fruchenstein, Frederick's Minister of Foreign Affairs; Von Schlabern-dorf, Minister of Finance; Count von Carmer, State Chancellor; Graun, the composer; Lessing, the *litterateur;* and Kant, the philosopher. In all, there are thirty-one of these portrait-statues, all life-size.

Beneath the figures are two tablets, inscribed with the names of eighty distinguished soldiers of the time of the King, whose portraits could not be given. On the third side are the names of sixteen statesmen, artists and men of science of the epoch. The fourth side, which is the front, bears the following inscription:

"To Frederick the Great, Frederick William III., 1850; completed by Frederick William IV., 1851."

On the upper portion of the pedestal are four seated female figures, one at each corner, representing the cardinal virtues, Prudence, Justice, Fortitude and Temperance. Between them, on the four sides of the upper portion, are bas-reliefs emblematic of different periods of the monarch's life, including his birth, education, and his civil and military career before he became King. In one a nurse is teaching him history, pointing out to him the names of the commanders he most admired—Alexander, Cæsar and Gustavus Adolphus. In another, Minerva is giving him a sword; and another represents him after the battle of Kolin, seated on a waterpipe, drawing a plan on the ground with his cane. Other tablets depict various phases of his character, his flute-playing not being forgotten, and the last contains his apotheosis.

The statue itself, perched on a horse, is copied strictly after the relics preserved of the great King. The queue, the three-cornered hat, the stick carried by a band from the right wrist, and the pistol-holsters, are all there.

This monument illustrates an important chapter in the history of Prussia, and the sculptor has made a noble work, reconciling historic truth with ideal beauty, and successfully overcoming the difficulty presented by an undignified style of costume.

I have been thus particular in detailing the features of this monument, not only because it is probably the grandest in all Europe, but also because I stood many hours before it, studying its minutiæ, and endeavoring to identify the portrait-statues. As I gazed on them, my thoughts went back to the old college days, and I ransacked my brain to recall to memory those stirring events in which the great King took so active a part. Day after day found me before the pedestal, and it was with difficulty that I could leave it.

It impressed me vividly, and I am sure it will also impress any who will devote to it a little time and thought. Frederick the Great was the greatest King Prussia ever had, though even he had probably never a thought that a successor to his throne would be crowned Emperor of Germany, and that Berlin, his Berlin, the capital of Prussia, would also be the capital of the new-created German Empire.

Slowly walking up and down the shady pathway on the famous avenue, I daily saw pass by, on one side or the other, the wealth and aristocracy of Berlin. It was not uncommon to see the aged Emperor out in his carriage, being driven slowly by, and it was touching to mark the degree of respect and affection that was everywhere accorded him. I was not in Berlin at the time of the dastardly attempts on the life of the old Kaiser by Hoedel and Nobeling, but I can easily appreciate the vengeful feeling that at once filled the people—a feeling that would be satisfied with nothing less than the lives of these two miscreants.

This particular spot is an excellent starting-point from which to ramble over Berlin. Let the reader therefore do in imagination what I did in fact, and if he finds my company interesting and profitable, we will tramp over the old Kaiserstadt, until we shall have thoroughly covered it. Let us first cross the bridge over the southern arm of the River Spree, known as the Schloss-Brücke. This will take us to the smaller of the two islands on which the old city was built. But in crossing the bridge we must stop to admire the eight groups of marble statues which adorn it. These are "Minerva," by Schievelheine; "Minerva Arming a Warrior," by Möller; "Minerva Exciting to Combat," by A. Wolff; "Minerva Protecting a Combatant," by Bläser; "Victory," by E. Wolff; "Victory Crowning the Victor," by Drake; "Victory Supporting a Wounded Warrior," by Weihman; and "Iris Conveying to Olympus a Fallen Warrior," by Vredow. These groups stand on high pedestals over the piers of the bridge and on each side.

After we have crossed this bridge, we find ourselves in a

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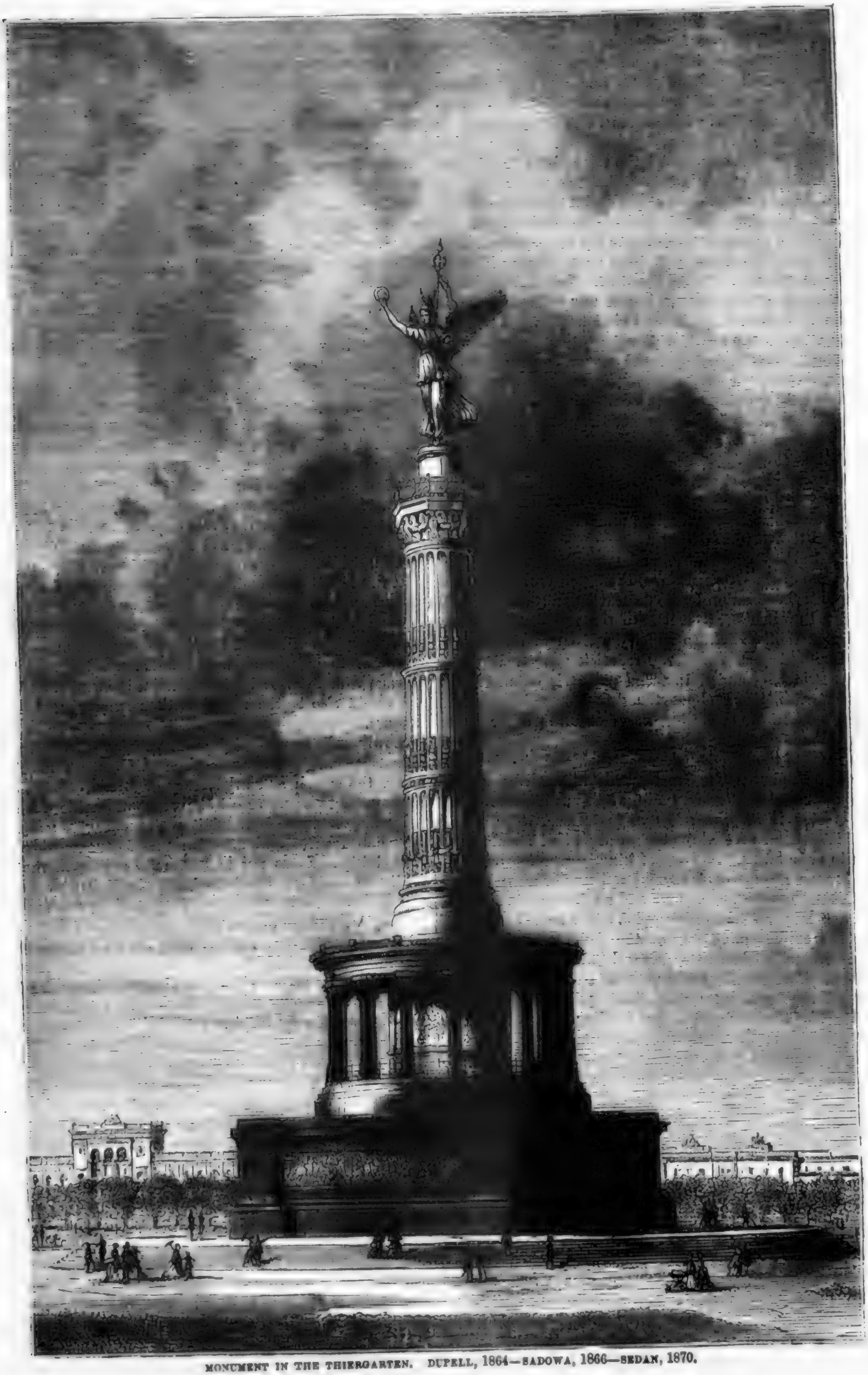
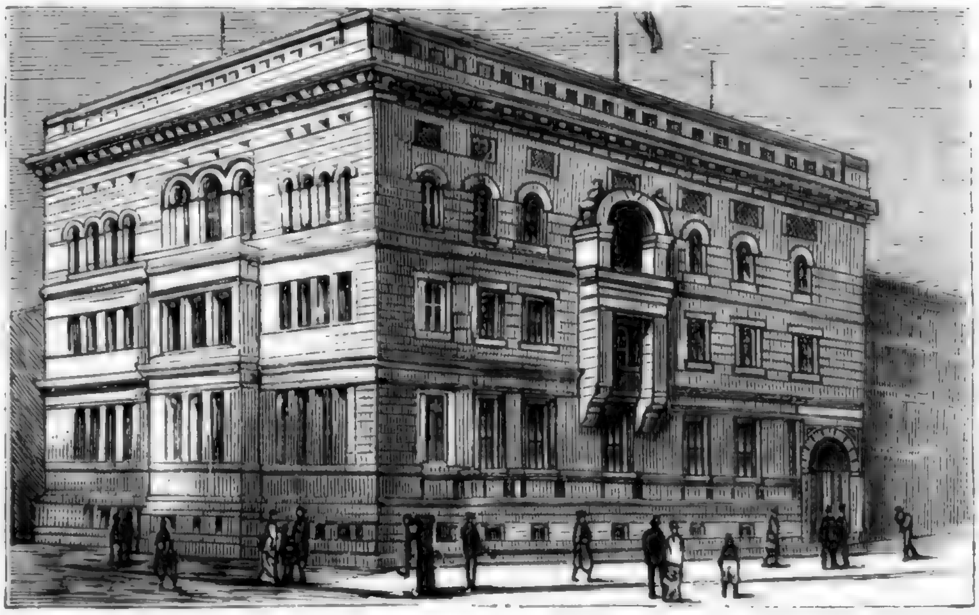
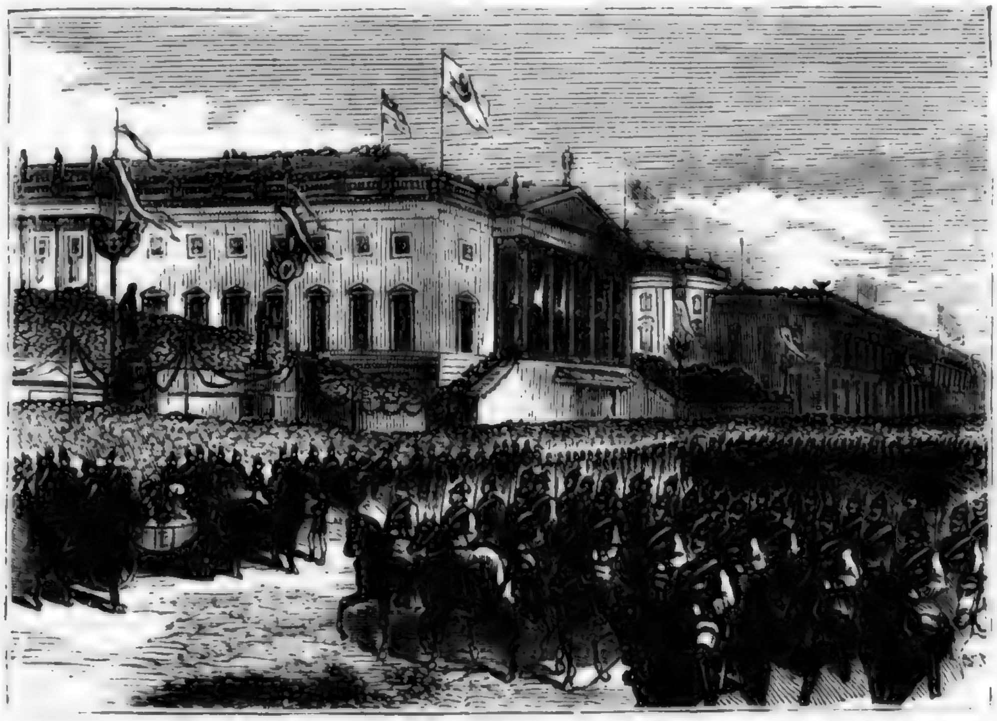


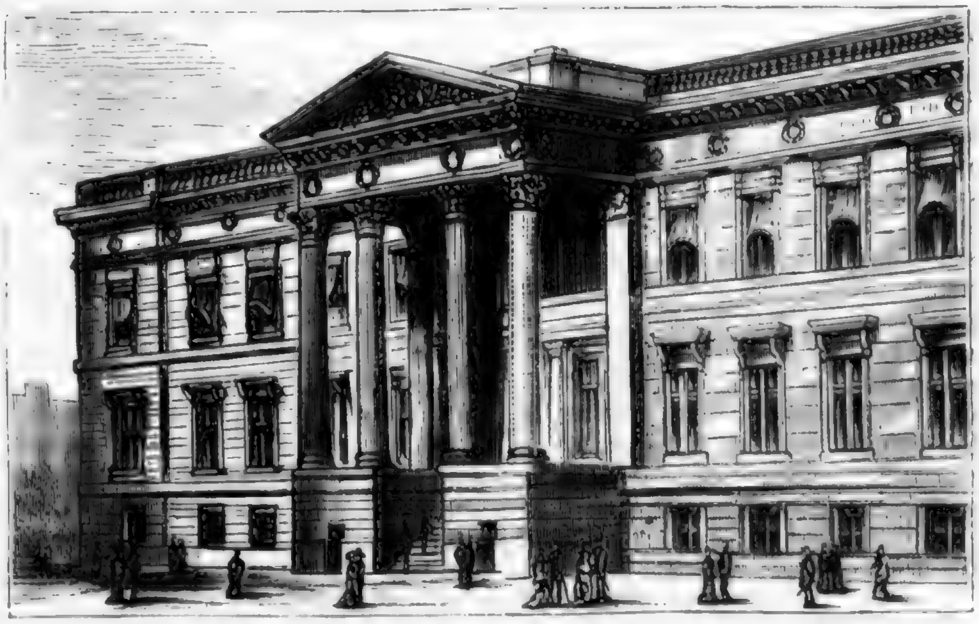
MONUMENT IN THE THIERGARTEN. DUPELL, 1864—SADOWA, 1866—SEDAN, 1870.

large open court. On our right hand is the Schloss, as it is simply termed, but which brings forward memories of the earliest days of the city. It dates far back to the time of the Margraves of Brandenburg, when Friedrich Ironteeth, the son and successor of the first Kurfürst, profited by a quarrel among the citizens to deprive the city of many of its ancient liberties; and in order to render its subjection complete, began, in 1442, to build a castle, with strong walls and high towers, on the banks of the Spree. The city at that early date was entirely confined to the small island on which this castle and some other of the public buildings now stand.


TURKISH EMBASSY, BERLIN.


THE OPERA PLACE DURING A REVIEW.

How long this little island was occupied by people as a residence is not certainly known, but records show that it was so occupied at the beginning of the twelfth century. Here old Friedrich Ironteeth built his castle. He made it very strong and massive, and one of the towers was constructed with a winding ascent, without steps, so that heavy ordnance might be transported to its summit, and from that advantageous height discharged with terrible effect on the enemy without. This tower, called Wendelstein (Winding Stone), together with another portion of the old castle, nicknamed the Green Hat, are incorporated in the modern Schloss.


BRITISH EMBASSY, BERLIN.

The castle thus remained the residence of the Kurfürsts until Joachim II., the "Hector of Germany," chose to alter it. A young architect named Kaspar Theiss was bidden by Joachim to erect a wing, which was known as the Zweite Haus. This was begun in 1538. The Dritte Haus was planned by Count Rochus of Lynar, under the reign of Johann Georg, and the Duchess's House was also built and occupied by the widowed sisters of this ruler. His successors, up to the beginning of the seventeenth century, made numerous alterations and additions, and the Laboratory Wing, Lange Haus, Mint Tower and New Corridor came into being. But the religious strife under Johann Sigismund and the Thirty Years' War put an end

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to all building operations, and in 1665 a disastrous fire made reconstruction necessary, upon which the Alabaster Hall, and the wing toward the river, were built.

Berlin had grown, but it was still a small city, containing, in 1688, only about 20,000 inhabitants. Nevertheless, it had spread across the river and outgrown its ancient home, the little island in the Spree.

Frederick I., the Elector of Brandenburg, who was smart enough to get himself crowned King, and erected his electorate into the Kingdom of Prussia, on coming to his throne found the home of his ancestors consisting of a number of halls and separate buildings, and conceived the idea that a homogeneous whole might be made of these *disjecta membra*. He therefore commissioned Andreas Schlüter, a then famous sculptor-architect, to remodel, pull down and build up the old Schloss. Schlüter did his work well, but after the coronation of Frederick, in 1701, much more was done, and more magnificence added. Schlüter fell into disgrace and had to resign, because he differed with the King in some of the plans. Eosander von Gœthe was appointed court architect in his place, and further alterations and extensions were introduced into the plan of the renovated Schloss. But the King died before the work was completed, and Friedrich Wilhelm I. appointed a new architect, Bœhm, who completed the edifice in 1716. Under him the famous Weiss Saal was erected, and a balcony of solid silver made for the Ritter Saal. When Friedrich Wilhelm IV. came to the throne, he devoted one million thalers to the completion and adornment of the interior, and the erection of the chapel, with its octagonal cupola rising above the surrounding buildings.

A small fee to the castellan, who lives in the second court on the second floor of the Schloss, will gain us admittance, and he will accompany us through the halls and corridors, explaining all that comes in our way.

In Berlin, I may here remark, as in other German cities, the public buildings are almost always open to visitors who properly conduct themselves, and Americans are especially welcome. Throughout Germany I found a friendly feeling toward Americans far beyond that exhibited for Englishmen.

But let us ramble through the Schloss. As we go through the gate, we see on the side of the Lustgarten two bronze horses, with their grooms, imitated from those on the Monte Cavallo, Rome, by Cloot. These were the gift of the Czar Nicholas. The Berlinese have nicknamed them *Gehemmter Fortschrift* (Progress Checked), and *Beförderter Rückschrifft* (Retrogression Encouraged).

Going into the Schloss, we first enter the chapel under the dome. This was fitted up in 1848-54, and contains many paintings by modern artists, including portraits of princes of the royal House and a number of noted Germans. The Weiss Saal (White Hall) was sumptuously furnished, at a cost of $600,000. Here are twelve statues of the old Brandenburg Electors, and eight allegorical figures representing the Prussian provinces. The first meeting of the Prussian Parliament was held in this hall, in April, 1847, and in this hall the old Kaiser received the congratulations of his friends on the occasion of the recent celebration of his golden wedding. The Ritter Saal (Knights' Hall) contains the throne, and a sideboard covered with massive old plate of gold and silver. The rooms at the corner of the building facing the Schloss Platz, and nearest to the long bridge, on the first floor, are those which were inhabited by Frederick the Great.

The whole building is full of paintings, among which the most noticeable are a portrait of Charles I. of England and his Queen, Henrietta Maria, by Van Dyke; the "Marriage of St. Catherine," by Giulio Romano; "Virtue Quitting the Earth," "Mars and Venus," by Rubens; "Napoleon Crossing the Great St. Bernard," by David; "Leonore" (Bürger's), by Lessing; a portrait of Frederick William III., by Sir Thomas Lawrence, a present from George IV. of England; and a portrait of Queen Victoria, by Hayter. The last two are in the Weiss Saal.

The superstitious beliefs of the Middle Ages, which die so hard in modern Europe, have tenanted this old palace with a phantom. The White Lady of Hohenzollern is supposed to appear whenever any calamity is about to befall a member of the royal family. The common people thoroughly believe in this apparition, and perhaps many of the upper classes also. At any rate, the castellan did, for he told me with serious unction the story as he had heard it from his father. It was the ghost of the Countess of Orlamunda. She was named Kunigunda, and lived a widow in her castle at Plassenberg, not far from Bayreuth, in the thirteenth century. She fell in love with a young and handsome knight, the Burgrave Albert of Nuremberg, who, it is said, was inclined to reciprocate her affection; but when the countess expressed a wish for marriage, he replied that he could not enter the holy bonds of matrimony "so long as four eyes existed." This the widowed countess imagined to refer to her two children, and so she killed them both by running one of her golden hairpins into their brains through their skulls. But the effect of this was not as the countess had supposed. Suspicions of foul play got abroad, and it was whispered that the countess was the murderer of her two children. These reports came to the ears of the Burgrave Albert, and he became disgusted with the unfortunate Kunigunda, and refused to have anything to do with her. He then told her that it was his own parents to whom he referred when he alluded to the four eyes, and at this revelation the grief of the countess became so intense that she made a pilgrimage on her knees to the graves of her children; but not finding rest there, she journeyed to Rome, where she received absolution from the Pope, on the condition that on her return to Germany she should build a cloister. Consequently she built the Convent of Himmelsthron, in Gründlack, for Cistercian nuns, and herself became the abbess, living there the remainder of her life. Her portrait is still preserved in the cloister. She is clad in the white dress of the Cistercian nuns, and holds in her right hand the staff of the abbess, and in her left a book. How it came that the South German countess became the White Lady of the Hohenzollerns the castellan did not make very clear to me, but her appearance is always deemed to forebode misfortune and death to one of that House or its near kindred.

George Sand, in her novel "Consuelo," speaks of the White Lady, and claims her as one of the princesses of the Prussian royal family. This royal ghost, it is said, has frequently appeared of late years, and the castellan, with eyes open and mouth agape, told me the following instances: in October, 1872, just before the death of Prince Albrecht; the next Spring, preceding that of Prince Adalbert; and again as the widow of Friedrich Wilhelm IV. lay on her deathbed. And later still, the New York papers have added another instance.

When the young Prince Waldemar, of Prussia, the third son of the Crown Prince, died last year, the White Lady was, of course, on hand. A correspondent of one of the New York daily papers wrote: "It may interest those who happen to be learned in Berlin legends to know that, according to report, the White Lady whose visits always precede the death of some member of the

Prussian royal family, was seen on the eve of Prince Waldemar's death. A soldier on guard at the old palace was the witness of the apparition, and he, in his fright, fled to the guardhouse, when he was at once arrested for deserting his post."

The story is told that as the old King Friedrich I. sat one morning, in the chill February days of the year 1713, in his apartment, as usual, suddenly, with a great noise, the glass door of his room was burst into pieces, and, bleeding and disheveled, the fatal White Lady rushed in. But this time it was certainly not the royal ghost, but the mad queen of Friedrich, who had broken out from her own room and rushed headlong, in her scanty dress, through the glass door. The old King believed that he had seen the traditional warning apparition of his race, and laid down and died in that belief.

The belief in the White Lady is so firmly rooted in the popular mind, that some ten years ago the present Emperor William had a careful search made through the seven hundred rooms of the Schloss, in order to solve the mystery. Of course, no ghost was found, and the instances already given of its subsequent appearance have only more firmly grounded the belief in its actuality.

The Hohenzollerns have castles at Bayreuth and Ausback, as well as at Berlin, and the apparition is claimed to have appeared at all of them. She is said to have appeared at the Berlin Schloss frequently in the years 1652 and 1653; and Stillwell, the mystic, and friend of Goethe, was a firm believer in the phantom.

In front of the Schloss is an open space, laid out with walks and flower-beds, called the Lustgarten. On its northeastern side is the cathedral, by the bank of the central arm of the Spree. The cathedral cannot lay claim to antiquity, having been built as late as 1747; nor is it very beautiful. Nevertheless, it is well worth a visit, for it is the burial-place of some ancestors of the royal family, of the Great Elector, and of Frederick I., King of Prussia, and their spouses, Dorothea and Sophia Charlotte, who repose in gilded coffins. It also contains a bronze effigy of the Elector Johann, cast by a Burgundian artist in 1540; one of the Elector Joachim, made by Adam Vischer, of Nuremberg; and a beautiful mosaic of St. Peter, given by Pope Leo XII. to Frederick William III., and now placed at one side of the altar. The altar-piece, by Begas, representing the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, and the white-marble fonts, by Rauch, are very beautiful.

When the remains of the Great Elector, King Frederick I., and their wives, were transferred to this cathedral in 1750, Frederick II. had his great grandsire's coffin opened. The features were perfectly recognizable, and the living King laid his hand on the hand of the dead one, saying, "This did great things."

The celebrated Berlin Choir is to be heard here every Sunday morning at ten o'clock. For this choir, Mendelssohn wrote some of his finest compositions. To hear his Psalms sung by the choir, unaccompanied by instruments, is alone worth a visit.

Passing around the cathedral, we come to the Old Museum, which is connected by a bridge to the New Museum. The Old Museum was erected in 1830. The two buildings are filled with statuary, collections of vases, bronzes, gems, coins, majolica, paintings, antiquities of all kinds, drawings and engravings, carvings in wood, and many other curiosities. In the picture-galleries, which contain about twelve hundred paintings, are specimens of all schools of painting, but it is particularly rich in the Flemish and Dutch schools. In the Italian school are specimens of Titian, Andrea Mantegna, Moroni, Correggio, Piuturicchio, Giovanni Santi (the father of Raphael), Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, Fra Bartolomeo, Guido, Tintoretti, and many others. Murillo, Caravaggio and Sassaferrato, among others, represent the Spanish School; and Lesueur and Nicolas Poussin, the French. But in the Flemish and Dutch, almost every name of note is to be found there. Some of the choicest works of Van Dyke, Holbein, Rubens, Rembrandt, Jacob Ruysdael and others are contained in this gallery.

The New Museum, in architectural beauty and interior decoration, far surpasses the Old. This building contains, principally, the antiquities—Northern, ethnological and Egyptian. Also, the drawings, engravings, wood-carvings and models are here—the latter include a model of a windmill, made by Peter the Great while he was working as a ship-carpenter in Holland. It would take many days to thoroughly inspect the beauties of these two museums.

Before we proceed to enjoy ourselves in the Thiergarten or aquarium, let us take a glance at the churches. Berlin is a Protestant city, but there are many Catholics and a very large number of Jews also resident there. The city has many churches, the majority being perfectly commonplace and not worthy of note, but there are a few still upon which it is worth while to devote some time.

The Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung*, in an enumeration of the churches in Berlin, gives the following:

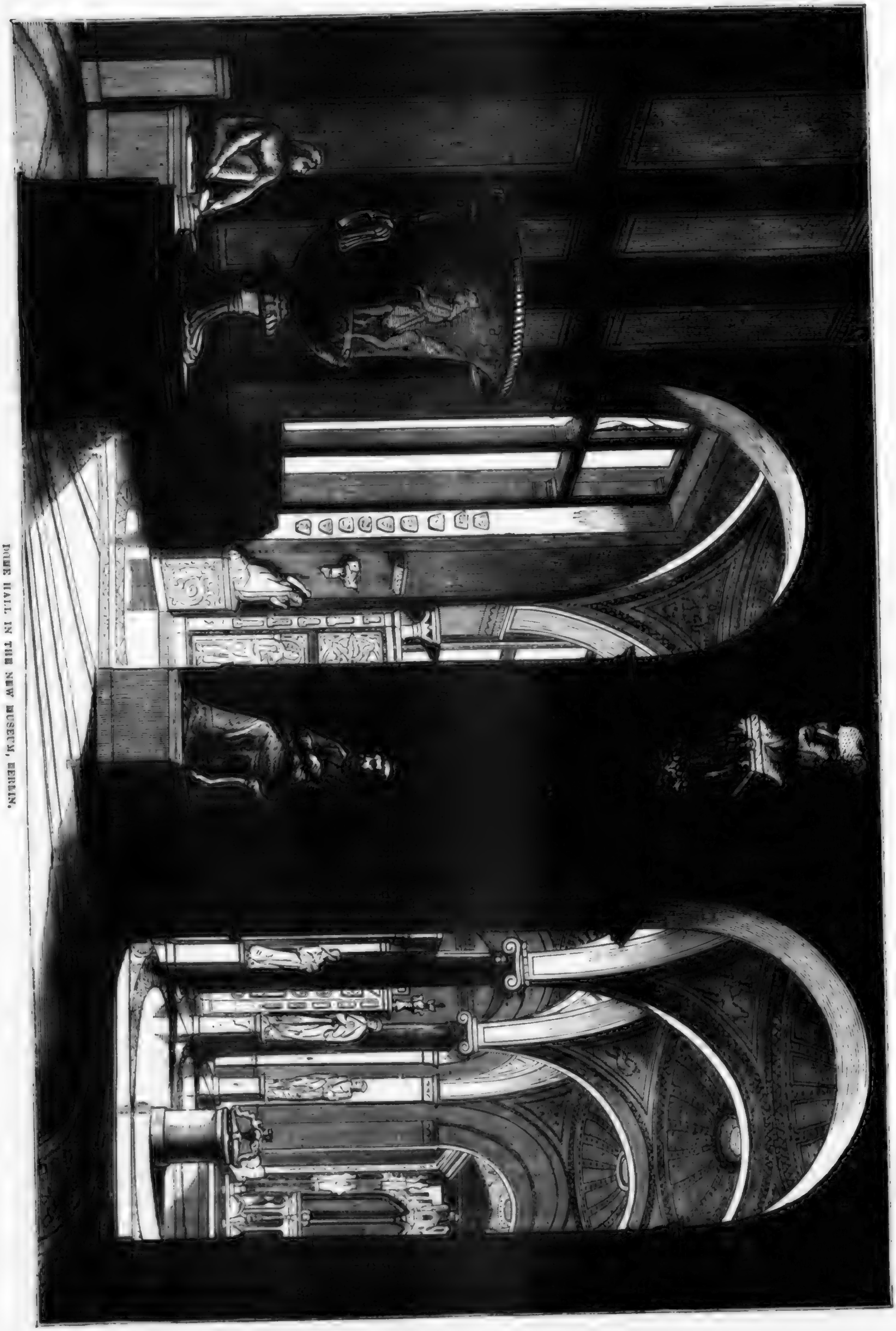
Protestant	58
Roman Catholic	4
Jewish Synagogues	2
Number of Protestant Clergymen	109

The *Volks Zeitung* estimates the proportion of churchgoers in Berlin at one-half of one per cent.

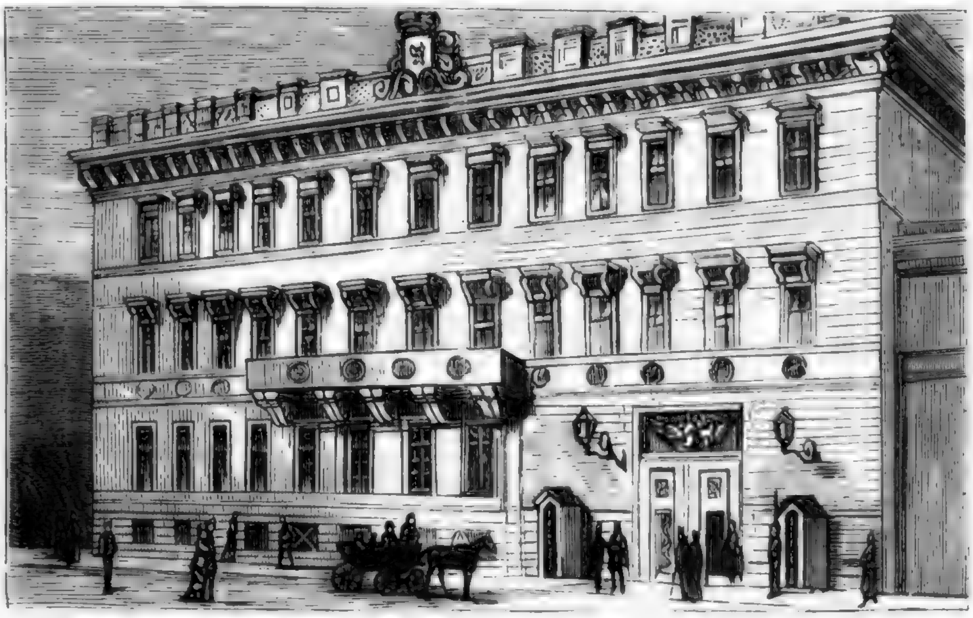
Perhaps the most noticeable church in Berlin is St. Hedwig's (Roman Catholic). St. Hedwig was the patron saint of Silesia, and the church named after her is situated immediately back of the Grand Opera House, on Behren Street. It was built in imitation of the Pantheon at Rome, but Carlyle compared it to "a huge washbowl set bottom-uppermost on the top of a narrowish tub."

The oldest church in Berlin is that of St. Nicholas. It is situated on the island in the centre of the city, formed by the northern and central arms of the Spree, near the Molken Market, right in the heart of the ancient city. It is a gloomy, gray stone structure, and records exist of its restoration in 1223. It was partially destroyed by fire in 1380, and so carelessly rebuilt that by the middle of the next century much of it had to be pulled down, and Bishop Friedrich of Brandenburg issued a special dispensation to all who would contribute to its rebuilding. Since then it has suffered very little change.

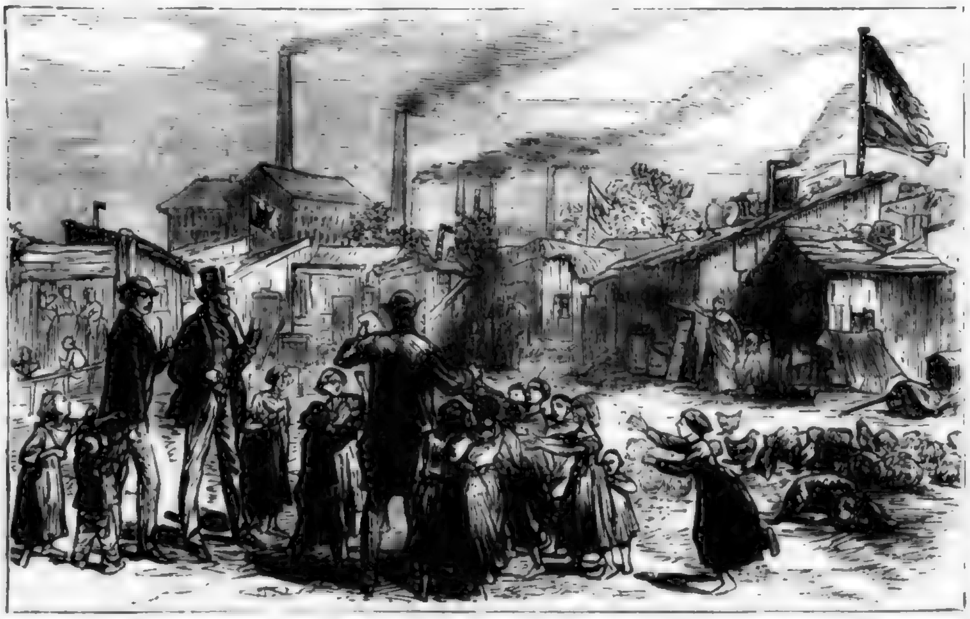
Another old church in the Marien-Kirche, in the New Market. The spire was destroyed by fire in 1514, and by lightning in 1661. On this latter occasion, when the whole spire was in flames, Field Marshal Sparre hit on the happy expedient of ordering cannon to be turned on the burning spire, which was so skillfully battered down that the rest of the church was saved. A new spire was built, but it in turn was destroyed by lightning five years later, and in 1790 the present spire was erected, being of wood and in the Gothic style. The church was completely renovated at the beginning of the present century, but retains its ancient aspect. From its altar, in 1323, Prior Nicholas of Bernau advocated the cause of Rudolph of Saxony, which so enraged the burghers of Berlin, that they slew him as he emerged from the church. In 1355, a stone cross was set up in front of the church, on the very spot where the prior breathed his last. This cross still stands in the same place.



DOME HALL IN THE NEW MUSEUM, BERLIN.



RUSSIAN EMBASSY, BERLIN.



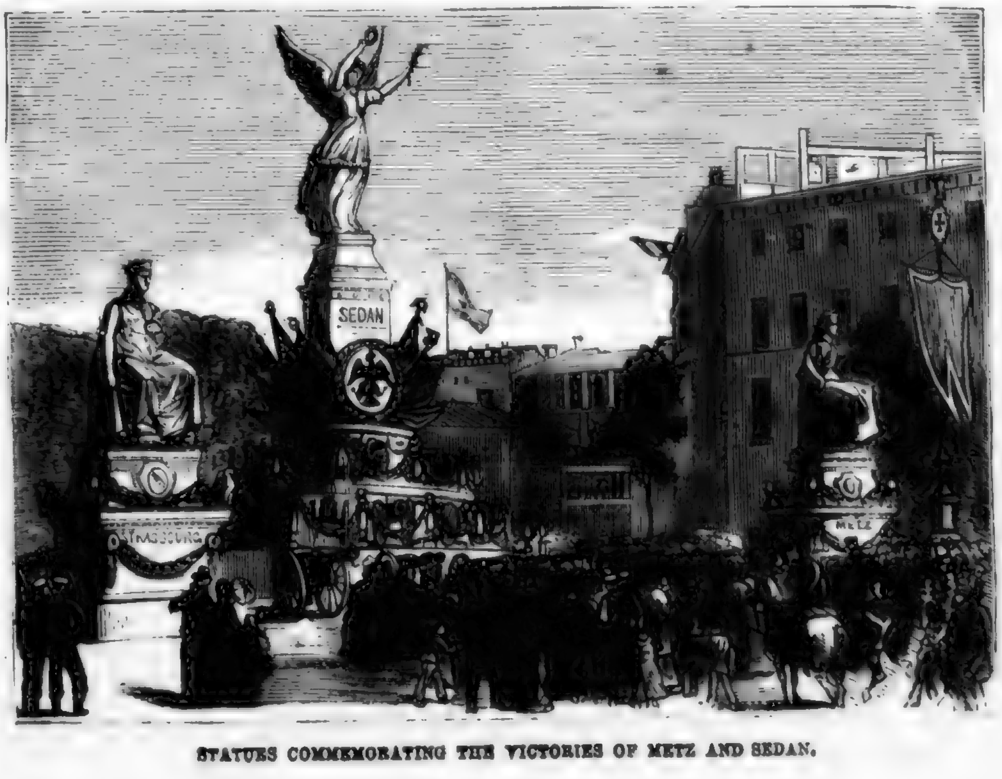
SQUATTER VILLAGE, BERLIN.

The Cloister Church, standing in front of the Cadets' College, also in the same part of the city, is another medieval edifice. It belongs to the North German Gothic order of architecture, and is a perfect specimen of its kind. An inscription on the stalls in the choir sets forth that, in the year 1727, the Margraves Otto and Albert, of Brandenburg, transferred to the brethren of the Order of St. Francis, as a possession for ever, the ground on which the monastery used to stand.

The monks' stalls of this church date from the end of the fifteenth century, and are simple but beautiful specimens of wood-carving. The pulpit is also finely carved, and figures of saints, carved in wood and painted — Mary and John at the foot of the cross, and a colossal group over the entrance to the choir—are especially noticeable. The monument in effigy of Count John of Hohenlohe, who was a captain in the Burgrave of Nuremberg, afterward the Elector Frederick I., and fell mortally wounded, in 1412, near the Dyke of Kremmer, whilst fighting against the nobles of the Mark, is also an object of interest.

The Parochial Church is situated near the Cloister Church, and dates from the end of the seventeenth century. It is popularly known as the "Sing-Uhr," from the Dutch chimes presented to it by Frederick William I. This church dates only from the close of the seventeenth century.

Of course the religious welfare of the army must be looked after, especially in such a military city as Berlin, and during the reign of the first King of Prussia the Garrison Church was erected. In 1721 it was blown up by the explosion of a powder-magazine close by, but the King, Frederick William I., promptly re-erected it. The morals of the soldiers must not be allowed to suffer for the want of religious accommodation. The new edifice was consecrated with great pomp and splendor. It is of oblong shape, with neither tower nor spire, and, to afford ample opportunity for the supposed



STATUES COMMEMORATING THE VICTORIES OF METZ AND SEDAN.

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crowds of soldiers which would enter to worship there, eight doors were provided, over each of which may be seen the Prussian black eagle. The nave is supported by eight Doric columns, and the interior of the church is adorned by a number of paintings by Röhde, allegorically commemorating the career of Schwerin, Winterfeldt, Keith, Kleist and Ziethen, the famous generals of the Seven Years' War.

The French Church and the New Church are ecclesiastical twins. They are in the Gendarme Market, and on either side of the theatre. A military architect, Major Von Goutard, designed the twin towers, in imitation of those on the Piazza del Popolo at Rome, and superintended their construction until the tower of the New Church fell with a fearful crash, and with it fell the fame and hopes of the military architect, who immediately departed from Berlin, to escape the kingly wrath, and did not consider himself safe till he was beyond the Prussian frontier. Frederick the Great, however, when he was informed that no one was injured, commissioned Unger to complete the towers.

When Berlin is not at church on Sunday—and as a rule Berlin does not go to church—it is enjoying itself in the Thiergarten, the Aquarium, or on the Linden Avenue. The Thiergarten is an immense park, about the same size as Hyde Park, London, situated at the western extremity of the city, just outside of the Brandenburg Gate, through which it is entered. It takes its name from the fact that two or three hundred years ago animals ran wild there, and it formed the hunting-ground of the Electors. It was fenced in, to keep the game from escaping, and also to keep out poachers. The first regular roads were laid out in it by the first King of Prussia, and each succeeding sovereign added to its attractions. But especially under Frederick the Great was it beautified. Knobelsdorf, his favorite architect, laid out many walks, basins and flower-beds.

The Thiergarten is divided into two unequal parts by a broad roadway, leading directly from the Brandenburg Gate, bordered by trees that have reached a century in age, and occupied on one side by a horse railway, which runs to Charlottesburg, one of the pleasant suburbs of Berlin.

The New York visitor, accustomed to the winding and undulating walks and drives of our Central Park, will be unpleasantly struck with the fact that all the avenues in the Thiergarten are perfectly straight. The architects who laid out this park seem to have gone on the rule that the shortest distance between any two points is in a straight line. In this we find a cropping-out of the military spirit which has always dominated Berlin. Aside from this uniform straightness, however, the Thiergarten is a delightful place. It is full of large and old trees, umbrageous shrubbery, sombre glades where the sun never penetrates, and sequestered nooks where errant footsteps rarely stray. It is full of little so-called "places," and there are a number of little streams and lakes, mostly artificial, one of which, known as the "Goldfisch-teich," is ornamented with statues, floral parterres and clipped hedges, and hemmed in by shrubberies and forest-trees.

The shady drives, rides and walks with which this park abounds are at all times more or less thronged with the rank and fashion of Berlin, and made especially brilliant by the frequency with which one meets the gay uniform of the Prussian Guard. The gayest period of the day is from two to four or six o'clock, when the *beau monde* is out in force. Handsome private carriages and the better class droskies are found in abundance, and very frequently the Emperor and Empress are driven in semi-state through the avenues. The Emperor generally rode alone, and before the attempt on his life in the Linden, used to appear in the Thiergarten almost every day at about three P.M. Prince Bismarck and Count Von Moltke are also frequent visitors to the Thiergarten.

On the north of the central dividing avenue, the most famous places are the Raczinsky Palace and Picture Gallery, the König-Platz and Krolls Winter Garden. The Raczinsky Palace is at the eastern extremity of the park, and its art gallery contains sculptures by Thorwaldsen, paintings by Cornelius, Kaulbach, Leopold Robert, Paul Delaroche and other modern artists, together with a liberal sprinkling of specimens of the old masters. The König-Platz is directly west of the palace, and separates it from Krolls Garden. In the centre of this place rises the monument commemorating the triple victory of Prussia in 1864, 1866 and 1870. The description of this monument I copy from a recently published work:

"A fluted column bound round with brass, encircled with cannon cast out of captured artillery, dividing it into three sections, and crowned by a huge gilt bronze figure of Victory, rises from the centre of a circular colonnade of granite. This colonnade is raised on a lofty pedestal, also of granite, ornamented at its four sides with large bas-reliefs; the one on the eastern side, facing Berlin, referring to the Danish war and the storming of the Düppell redoubt, while that on the north depicts the battle of Sadowa, with the King embracing the Crown Prince, whose action had decided the fortune of the day. On the western side is a representation of the battle and capitulation of Sedan, with the King receiving the Emperor Napoleon's letter; the southern panel being devoted to the triumphal entry of the German army into Berlin, after the capitulation of Paris. Calandrelli, Schutz, Keill and Wolff are the designers of these bas-reliefs.

"The capital of the column is encompassed by spread eagles, and surmounted by a winged figure of Victory. In her right hand she holds a laurel wreath above her head, and in her left a spear or sceptre. This statue, modeled by Professor Drake, is upward of thirty feet in height.

"The inner wall of the circular hall encompassed by the circular colonnade is decorated with a colossal composition designed by Anton von Werner, and representing the struggle with France for German unity. In this gigantic picture we are presented with a figure of Germany, rising in a threatening attitude on the eastern side of the Rhine, while on the bank a fisherman is anxiously drawing his nets. From the clouds on the other side floats a pale figure of the Cæsars, who has in his train Pestilence, Famine and Death. From this side rush the German youth, on foot and on horseback; in front is a figure that can be no other than the bold cavalry leader, Prince Frederick Charles. In the next scene the Rhine is gone. On the battlefield, among corpses and ruins, North and South Germany shake hands, in token of brotherly union, under the guise of two men on horseback, of whom one is 'unser Fritz' and the other the Bavarian General Von Hartmann. Next we are in the Palace of Versailles, indicated by two columns. The German Princes and the paladins of the empire, Bismarck, Moltke, etc., salute William I. as German Emperor, January 18th, 1871, exactly 170 years after Frederick I. made himself King of Prussia. Old Barbarossa wakes in his Kyffhaeuser, and the ravens which for centuries have hung round the hill fly away."

Krolls Garden is that, and more. It is a garden, a restaurant, a theatre, a concert-hall, all in one. It is the Mecca of the Berlinese on Sundays. It is universally regarded as one of the institutions of the capital, and on occasion the members of the imperial family have deigned

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to visit it. Upon entering the garden the visitor is confronted by a large and stately-looking stucco building, some four hundred feet long by upward of a hundred feet in width, with two lofty central towers and pavilions at the extremities of its two wings. The interior of this spacious building comprises covered corridors and vestibules, a spacious theatre, the so-called Roman dining-saloon, and a "tunnel," which itself comprises a beer-hall, underground restaurant and billiard-room. The grounds of the garden are laid out in the customary terraces, arcades and walks, with trees and fountains, artificial rockwork, colored lights, and the usual attractions of such places. The entertainments begin with a *table d'hôte* at two o'clock, and in the Summer sometimes as many as two thousand persons will be found at the tables in the dining-saloon and in the garden pavilions. The outdoor orchestra plays after the dinner, and continues playing, with occasional intervals, until late at night. This band was formerly conducted by Rudolph Bial, who now is in New York doing a similar work. In the evening the theatre is opened, and some amusing piece or comic opera is performed. Payment at the entrance of the garden admits one to all the attractions of the interior. The price is about fifty cents.

The other great resort of the Berlinese is the Zoological Garden. This is southwest of the Thiergarten, and close by a branch of the Spree. It occupies a space of about ninety acres, and is not excelled by any similar institution in Europe, either as regards its picturesque laying out or the general perfection of its arrangements. The nucleus of its present grandeur was formed about thirty-five years ago, by the transfer of the menagerie which had been established on Peacock Island, at Potsdam, to Berlin. Some ten or more years ago the management of the garden was intrusted to Dr. Bodimas, who had proved his capacity while at the head of a similar institution founded by him at Cologne. He introduced great changes: laid out walks, drives, and transformed the whole into a charming landscape of hills, lakes, rivulets, islets, grottoes, cascades, fountains and groves. For the animals he introduced new cages constructed on scientific principles, and infused new life into the institution.

Animals from every quarter of the globe are found here. Each variety has its own specially designed quarters, and here they breed and successfully rear their young, in a much greater degree than in any other similar institution.

The house erected for the accommodation of the elephants is a gorgeous-looking building, in the Hindoo style of architecture, constructed of colored bricks and painted tiles, and surmounted by tall domes and corner towers, and great golden suns. The home of the zebras, giraffes and antelopes is a Moorish structure, with the regular Mohammedan minaret. The bears reside in a castellated stone structure, while special parks are devoted to the oxen, deers, kangaroos and monkeys.

The aviary for the birds of prey is upward of 200 feet in length, and includes a central cage thirty feet in height, surmounted by the Prussian eagle. In the lake, endless varieties of waterfowls may be seen; the ostriches and cassowaries have their especial places, the pheasants their glass house, and, indeed, every variety of the feathered tribe is comfortably and appropriately quartered.

Summing up the contents of the garden, it is found that about 1,500 animals, comprising nearly four hundred different species, and including lions, tigers, leopards, pumas, bisons, camels, antelopes, kangaroos, ostriches, and numerous varieties of birds, have been born and reared here.

Of course in the Zoological Garden, as elsewhere, the orchestra and the restaurant—those two indispensable adjuncts to every place of public resort in Berlin—are widely patronized and well appointed.

Though one hundred and twenty miles from the sea, in Berlin there is the finest fresh and salt water aquarium in the world. This aquarium is more than its name indicates, for in addition to its wonderful collection of animal life from the depths of the ocean, to which the aquarium owes its name, it comprises a gigantic aviary, inhabited by thousands of strange and beautiful birds, a fine collection of reptiles, and many interesting specimens of mammalia.

The founder says, in relation to it, "The visitor is enabled to take a short and attractive stroll across the desert, and thence through the primeval forest to the seashore, where the mysteries of the ocean are revealed to his gaze."

The first introduction is to the denizens of the desert, amongst whom may be seen, admired and feared, the python and boa constrictor, the rattlesnake and Egyptian horned viper, the deadly lance-head and the moccasin-snake, besides numerous non-venomous snakes, black, green, ringed and spotted, from the Old and New Worlds; lizards from Southern Europe; the chameleon, the iguana, and other curious inhabitants of tropical climes; the American alligator, and the scaly crocodile from the Nile.

Here, also, are the scorpion, and the enormous bird-catching spider, together with the lazy double-toed sloth. At the end of the desert-region is a lofty cave, sixty feet high, known as the Geological Grotto, the walls displaying sections of the chief strata of the earth's crust. Around the spray of a waterfall flutter numerous gayly-plumed birds, and several gigantic tortoises lazily repose in the background.

We pass now from the desert to the primeval forest, and the first thing we observe is the immense aviary containing some 1,500 members of the feathered tribe, singing, whistling, chattering and talking. These are surrounded by creeping plants and the luxurious and gorgeous vegetation of the tropics. The central cage in this aviary is octagonal, around which are grouped fourteen other cages, which contain those quarrelsome birds whose nature will not permit them to associate happily with the milder and gentler species.

One of the most interesting specimens in this aviary is a stork, who, in a fight with a fellow-bird, broke off a portion of the upper half of his bill. As the stork lives on lizards and frogs, this misfortune deprived the poor bird of the power to snatch his prey. Although surrounded by his favorite morsels, he would have died of hunger, but for an ingenious expedient of a Berlin surgeon, who provided the bird with a new jaw, made out of tin. This bit of ornithological surgery was eminently successful, and the happy stork now gobbles up his frogs and lizards with the same gusto as before his accident.

Leaving the aviary, we now go to the aquarium proper, and inspect the various tanks filled with every conceivable variety of fish and watery inhabitants. Little fish and big fish, scaly fish and smooth-skinned fish, the whale, the walrus, the seahorse, the sea-scorpion, seals, corals, sea-urchins, starfish, polypi, sabellæ, sea-anemones, sponges—indeed, every variety that human ingenuity can capture and bring from its native water, may here be found. The tanks are artistically arranged in the forms of lakes, grottoes and seas.

The gorilla, Pongo, the first ever brought to Europe, was for a long time domiciled here. He was found in a

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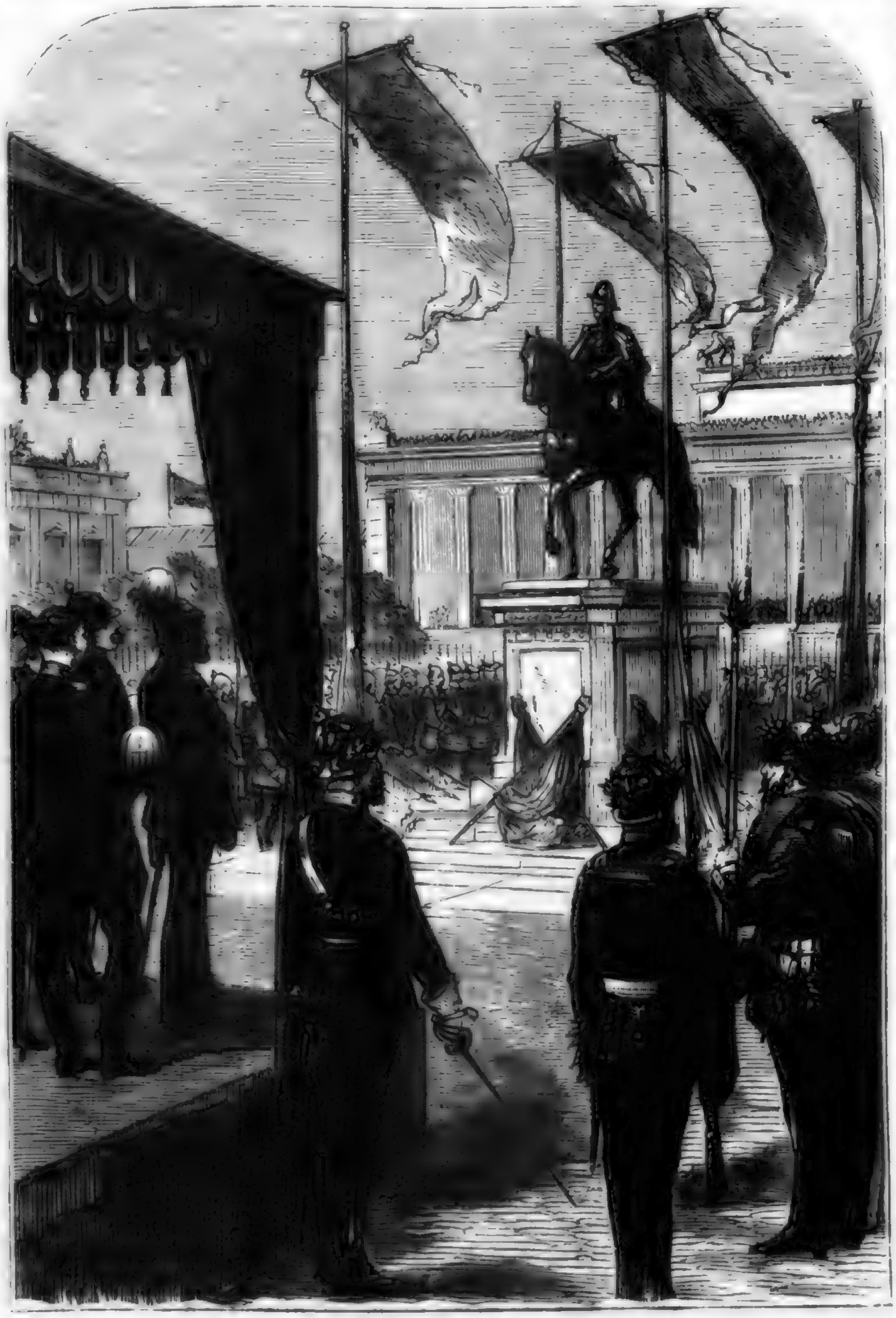
village on the Gaboon, Africa, by Dr. Falkenstein, and sold to the Berlin Aquarium in June, 1876, for 20,000 marks—about $5,000. Pongo was exhibited for about a year, and then taken to England, where the cold, damp climate killed him.

The traveler who visits Berlin should certainly devote one day to inspecting the wonders of the Aquarium.

The Berlinese are fond of amusement, and so, in addition to the Zoological Garden and Aquarium, which combine amusement and instruction, and the Grand Opera House and Royal Theatre, there are numerous other theatres, which are well frequented and prosperous. Prior to the year 1848, there were only three theatres—the two above mentioned, and the Königstadt Theatre. These three belong to the Court, and are supported by an annual subsidy of about $150,000; but the others depend entirely on the popular favor. Among them are the Wallner Theatre, the Frederick-William Theatre, the Victoria Theatre—a very fine building—the Residenz Theatre, the National Theatre, the Stadt Theatre, the Belle-Alliance Theatre, the Lindenstadt Theatre, the Reunion Theatre, the Variety Theatre, the Walhalla, the American Theatre, the Vorstadt Theatre, and many others, besides numerous concert-halls and smaller places of resort.



STATUE OF FREDERICK WILLIAM III.

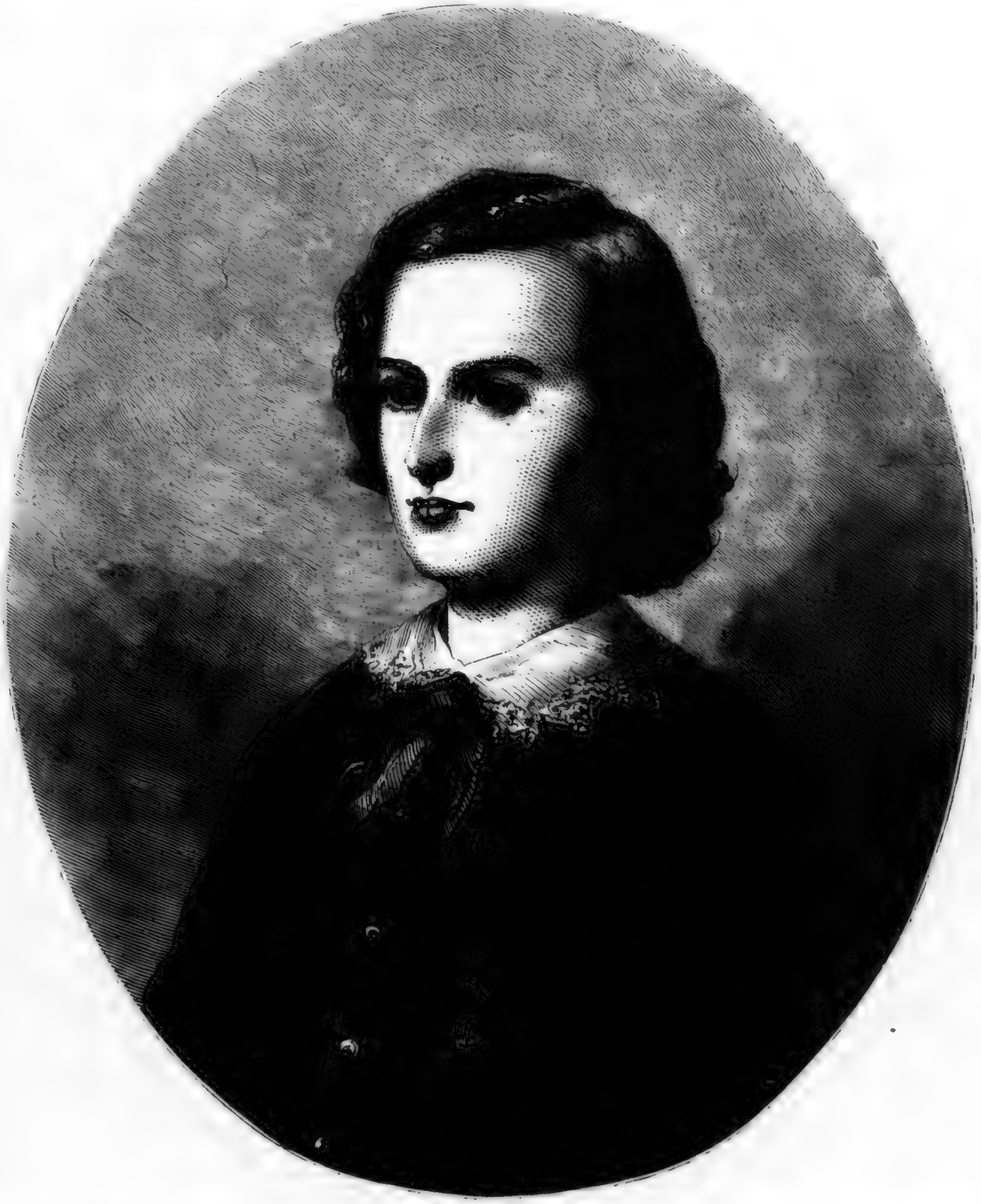
Among the public buildings of this capital, the Rathhaus is the most prominent. It is a vast structure in brick, with a clock-tower in the same material, reaching a height above the loftiest church-steeples. The corner-stone was laid in 1860, and the building was completed in 1869, at a cost of four million thalers. It is 310 feet long, 275 wide and 85 high, exclusive of the towers, and is built in the early Renaissance style. Both exterior and interior are richly decorated, and, true to the Berlinese fondness for statuary, it contains many compositions in alto-relievo, and statues of different kinds and sizes, by Virchow, Wolff, Calandrelli and other sculptors.

The municipal government of Berlin is in the hands of a burgomaster and his councilors. The city is divided into thirty-six electoral districts, each returning three members to the council. Every Prussian twenty-four years old, established on his own account in Berlin, and paying an annual tax of four thalers or more, is entitled to vote at all municipal elections. The councilors are elected for six years, one-third retiring every two years. The council elects the burgomaster.

With an enumeration of the gates of this famous city, by which, in olden times, it was alone possible to enter or leave it, we will conclude this rather guide-bookish article on Berlin. Beginning with the Brandenburg Gate, at the entrance to the Thiergarten, we will name them in order, going around the city—east, south, west and north. They are: Brandenburg, New, Oranienburg, Hamburg, Rosenthal, Schœnhaus, Prenzlauer, König's, Landsberg, Frankfurt, Silesian, Kœpenich, Cotbus, Water, Halle, Anhalt and Potsdam—in all, seventeen. There is no longer a wall round the city, and the gates are now merely remembrancers of the old times, when the only safety for any city was in the strength of its walls and the courage of its garrison.

ROSA BONHEUR.

THOMERY is a country retreat, and the retreat of one who has tried the first of cities, and found it wanting. Though born at Bordeaux, Rosa Bonheur is almost Parisian by origin. She was brought up in the capital from her seventh year. She left it voluntarily in the maturity of her fame for this pleasant rural exile near Fontainebleau, where her genius finds what it loves above all things—repose, and the contemplation of nature. Thomery is next door to nature, instead of being a two hours' ride from it by rail. There is a tradition that when the artist lived in Paris, in her student-days, she kept a sheep, her only model, on a fifth floor, and made her brother take him out every night for a run on the ramparts, lest he should forget the color of grass. Now, although the discovery of traces of the sheep at such an altitude was well known to science, it was almost without example in art, and there could have been absolutely no hope of finding traces of the ox. A bull in a garret would be more embarrassing than even a bull in a china-shop. So, as animated nature would not follow Rosa within the fortifications, she had to follow animated nature to the country beyond. She has lived at Thomery over twenty years.



ROSA BONHEUR.

She is as shy as a wild bird there. You must have the best of introductions, or the status of old intimacy, to obtain a sight of Rosa Bonheur at home. Tourists will persist in treating her as one of the views of the district. They drive to the Chateau of Fontainebleau for the curiosities, then to the forest for the glades, finally to

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Thomery, some five or six miles from their starting-point, for Rosa Bonheur. Her time is worth about $100 a day, yet they see no presumption in demanding an hour of it. "To Thomery, then." The provincial cabman grins when he gets the order. He foresees the failure, but feels that the effort will swell the fare. He amuses his customer on the way, so that the latter may have something for his money.

Crossing the courtyard, and avoiding the old house—now under repairs to improve it as a dwelling—you enter the new one, which, for the moment, is studio and home. The combination is dear to the *châtelaine,* and it is her way of signifying that she lives in her work.

When she dwelt in Paris, long after the student-days, it was hard to say whether her *atelier* was her boudoir, or her boudoir her *atelier,* so tastefully was the furniture of her workroom compounded of feminine frippery and the apparatus of her art. Here it is scarcely the same thing. You pass up a spiral stairway hung with the antlered crowns of dead monarchs of the herd, and you stand in a large studio that wants but a touch or two to make it like a banqueting-room of an old chateau. Where the fifteenth-century gentleman would have feasted, Rosa Bonheur paints; and she is now painting on a scale which, in its amplitude, reminds one of his dinners.

Her scene, "Horses Trampling out Wheat in the South of France," occupies a whole side of the room, and is, beyond all question, the largest thing she has done. It should, however, be spoken of rather in the future than in the present tense. As yet, it is only to be seen in its beginnings, though a French paper—perhaps finding prophecy catching in the almanac season—announced it last Winter as a finished work.

This picture is about three times as large as the famous "Horse Fair," and there are many signs that it is intended to be the artist's *magnum opus,* in the figurative as in the literal sense. The animals have all the vigor of action of those at the fair, with more purity of form. They are of high breed; and if drawn by any one but this determined student of nature, they would be open to the suspicion of being copied from the Elgin marbles. They are threshing out the wheat with their hoofs, according to the local custom, and a sturdy fellow has just turned them loose for the labor, and started them with a crack of the whip.

This picture must be a work of years, and when finished it will probably be sent to make the tour of the world, as a proof that the artist is still in the plenitude of her powers. Every form and figure in it, every detail of the landscape, will be studied from the natural object. This is the painter's way, and we may have a proof of it if we leave the studio and extend our walk through the house and grounds. The latter are like a section of the Zoo. Here are the cages for the birds used as models, kennels for the dogs, and a spacious paddock for the cattle.

Well stored as her memory must be in regard to all the details of animal form, Rosa Bonheur never by any chance trusts to it in the composition of a picture. She first ascertains what she wants, and then goes out to look for it, or has it brought to her. There is a constant change of occupancy at this grand hotel of the brute creation. When an animal has served its purpose, it is packed off to make room for another, after leaving something better than its photograph in the portfolio, which is the "visitors' book" of the place.

In the large studio, or in the smaller one up-stairs, are animal portraits in oil by the thousand—sheep of most of the breeds known in Europe, in every imaginable pose; oxen from afar and near. One of these, in particular—a slobbering youth, neither calf nor full-grown bull—must have come every foot of the way from Rob Roy's country to sit for his full-length to the Vandyke of the animal world.

But we are neglecting the painter for the sitters, and that would be a grave mistake on every ground. In all contemporary art there is no personality half so interesting. Rosa Bonheur's home-life has the simplicity of her genius. She is one of the happy women who have no history. She began to paint as a young girl to help support herself and a father, from whom she received her first and only lessons; she is painting now, a woman a little advanced beyond the middle period of life. She was never married—she has lived in and for her art. Her devotion is scarcely to be praised, for it has cost her no effort. Everything has been governed by this sole, dominant idea. There came a time when Paris, with its manifold pleasures, threatened to distract her from her great pursuit—she left Paris. A large hospitality in the country would have the same effect; so, leaving out of account her close intimacy with relations, she leads the life of a recluse. She has created a new type—the type of the country lady, the analogue and equal of the country gentleman, though not his mate.

She looks eminently healthy; the red on her cheeks is no momentary glow of excitement, but a fast color that tells of good appetite, sound digestion, abundant exercise—a life, in short, lived under the best physical conditions. She is rather short and very squarely built, and her looks do not belie her in respect of her vigor and endurance. Her gray hair is cut and parted like a man's; but, as it nearly touches her shoulders, Truefitt would no doubt call it long for the fashion of the day. Her dress, even when she is receiving visitors, carries out this suggestion of manliness. She wears a short loose velvet jacket, buttoned up nearly to the throat, where it opens to show just a speck of linen; and a shortish skirt absolutely innocent of train, polonaise, and every other contrivance for impeding freedom of feminine movement. The face restores a perfect womanliness to the whole figure—small, regular features, soft hazel eyes, and a dignified benignity of expression. The manner matches the face. She has a low, pleasant voice, and a direct sincerity of speech most agreeably free from the artifices of compliment.

Everything suggests the healthful and beautiful strength of mind that results from the devotion of a life to a great and worthy end—a strength necessarily tempered by feeling and high imaginative sympathy where the end is art. This devotion to one pursuit may be taken as the *mot d'explication* to Rosa Bonheur's career. It accounts perfectly for her one apparent eccentricity, her custom of wearing masculine dress—an eccentricity, as we have just shown, not to be noted to its full extent at times when strangers are in the way. When she visits Paris, or expects visitors at home, Rosa Bonheur appears in the uniform of her own sex; in her painting-room and in her walks in the forest, in the uniform of the other. The practice dates from the time of her girlhood. As an animal-painter, she had to go wholly out of the beaten track to find her subjects—sometimes to the great stables of Paris, sometimes to the abattoirs.

The brutes at those places were exceedingly well-behaved; but the superior beings in charge of them, the slaughtermen and horseboys, did not always imitate their example. The young girl, while she was dressed as a girl, found herself exposed to frequent, if not to very serious, annoyance. There was besides the very positive hindrance of public curiosity; the crowd of staring idlers formed round her the moment she took her sketchbook in hand.

She soon saw that there was but one way to avoid all these inconveniences—by appearing as a youth; so she shortened her hair, exchanged the bodice for the blouse, and perhaps for the first time in feminine history wore the breeches for culture and not for control.

Her work went on in peace and quietness from that time forth. From studying out-of-doors in this style she took to studying indoors. The dress gave her greater freedom of movement for modeling and painting. Sarah Bernhardt, in her quality of an amateur of plastic art, has discovered the same thing. The like considerations dictate the present use of it at Fontainebleau. It would be idle to set out in flowing skirts for a tramp in the forest after deer. The country people who recognize her in these excursions know the motive of her disguise, and take no notice; the tourists never once suspect that the strong, well-knit figure, costumed in a shooting-suit of velveteen cords, is one of the most distinguished, and, it may be added, one of the most womanly, women of the age. Rosa Bonheur is no masquerader; her man's attire is not for the public eye, but strictly for her own convenience. Sometimes she is abroad in this guise for pleasure, and sometimes for business; and she as often has the gun on her shoulder as the sketchbook by her side. It is only because she is so great an artist that it does not seem worth while to celebrate her as a good shot. She is out early and in all seasons, but especially in Summertime. "The fly does not worry the cattle in the morning, so you can get them to stand quiet for a sketch." Her first and last reason is always derived from the practice of her art.

Art is, indeed, all in all to her. It is her recreation as well as her pursuit. When it is too dark to paint she is sketching and composing—thinking out; and she is capable of passing weeks and months in this way without *ennui*. She is not absolutely alone, but she lives only in the companionship of those who share her tastes. She is the eldest of a family, one might say of a race, of artists. Of her brothers, Auguste works on canvas, Isidore in marble; and her sister Juliette (Madame Peyrol) would be about the first of contemporary animal-painters if there was no Rosa Bonheur. These are often at Thomery; and when they leave there are generally some of Madame Peyrol's children, who share the family gift, to take their places. Apart from these, Rosa Bonheur has an unfailing resource against solitude, in the society of a lady, who has lived with her for many years as a sister, and as a substitute in all matters touching the care of the house. Thanks to her, the artist knows no domestic hindrance of her work. She produces much, and if she has exhibited but little of late, it is chiefly because she contemplates forming a collective show of her works. It is to be hoped that she will include in it the capital study of a pair of rabbits which figured in the Salon of 1840 as her first picture. She will not have far to seek for it; it hangs in the studio of Madame Peyrol, in Paris. The exhibition will necessarily include some pieces of statuary, as Rosa Bonheur models with only less facility than she paints. She has, however, won no successes in this branch of art. Her modeling renders the forms of animals with accuracy, but it cannot give the sentiment of the scene in which they are placed, nor even the perfect expression of the animals themselves. Without color, a brute in effigy has the sightless want of animation of a portrait bust. The modeling-tool, therefore, is now chiefly used at Thomery as an aid to the pencil.

Only a woman of the strongest determination could have triumphed over the difficulties of the student-life of Rosa Bonheur. Her choice of a line in art led her, as we have seen, into places where the petticoat was no protection for the wearer, but rather the reverse. A courteous respect for women may be penetrating through all the *couches sociales*, but it has not yet reached the stratum of the shambles. Rosa Bonheur thinks there might be more of it with advantage in every class, and that the young women of her own country would be the gainers if they enjoyed a little more of the social freedom of their sisters of England and America. One must know France to understand her full meaning, and she leaves it to be understood.

The Frenchman feels himself justified, almost called upon, to be importunately attentive to a solitary woman; and it is very difficult to make him comprehend that she may occasionally be as seriously bent on one purpose of study as a man, and quite as much disposed to resent the impertinence of uncalled-for compliment. All this naturally is but so much obstacle to a clear course, and the woman who has to qualify herself for the professions has yet to desire, as a direct means to her end, the toleration of indifference on the part of her fellow-workers of the other sex. Custom will do much as a remedy, and it is already doing it. You have only to make a Frenchman perceive that under certain circumstances inattention itself is a civility, to have him appear as serenely oblivious of your presence as if you were a spirit of the air. It must always be remembered, to the credit of the nation, that women, most of them from our side of the sea, have found their best opportunity for studying medicine, without risk of offense or molestation, in the Paris schools.

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES.

FILIBUSTERING IN GUATEMALA.

A REVOLUTION is as common an occurrence in the tropics of the Western Continent as a hurricane, and everybody knows that the latter agreeable, but somewhat inconvenient, eccentricity of the weather-bureau is a frequent event in warm latitudes. How many denizens of the cold North, however, comprehend what a revolution in the tropics really is? Very few, certainly, and it is for their enlightenment that the writer, who has had the doubtful honor of sharing in a number of them, proposes to detail a phase or two of his experience.

His first direct connection with any of the aforesaid revolutionary movements dates from early in July, 1873. He happened at that time to be a temporary resident of Port Limon, Costa Rica, where he met the leader of a filibustering expedition which had been organized by certain disaffected citizens of the sovereign State of Guatemala, who had arrived at that place in a ramshackle coasting schooner, for the purpose of purchasing a steamer which the Costa Rica Railroad Company had for sale.

That purpose they effected, as well as another, of enlisting a crew from among the adventurers always to be found about the coast settlements of Central America. Among these latter was the writer, or, to descend to personalities for the conveniences of description, I, myself, who, in a desperate and reckless moment, shipped as purser.

The *Sherman* was a venerable iron steamer, which, having been worn out and become of no earthly use to her owners in the coasting service between Philadelphia and Norfolk, had been sold, to the mutual profit of proprietors and resident agent, to the New York representative of the Costa Rica Railroad. A little tinkering of the hull, to keep her from foundering *en route*, and a coat of paint to hide the rust, she had been sent out to Limon,

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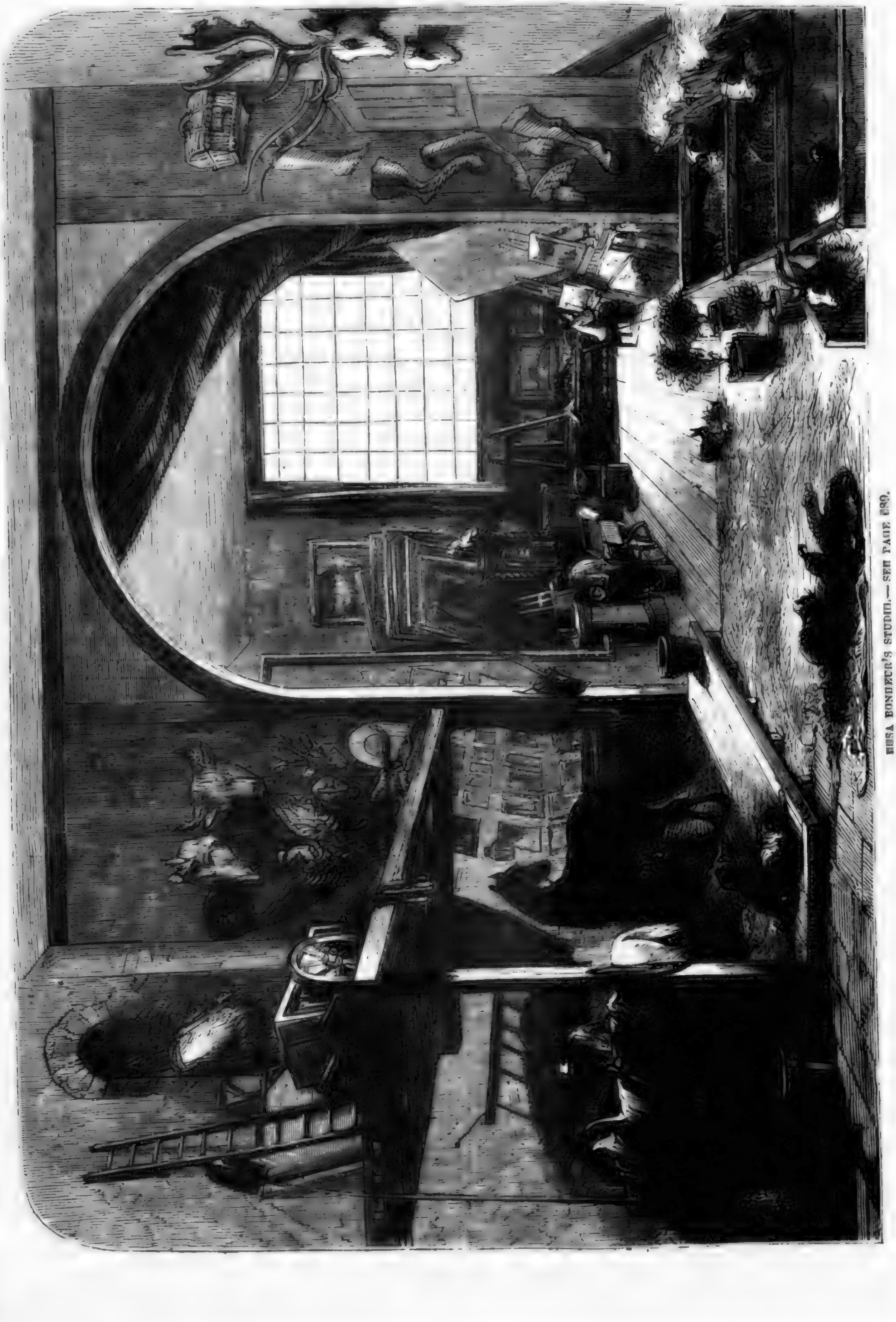
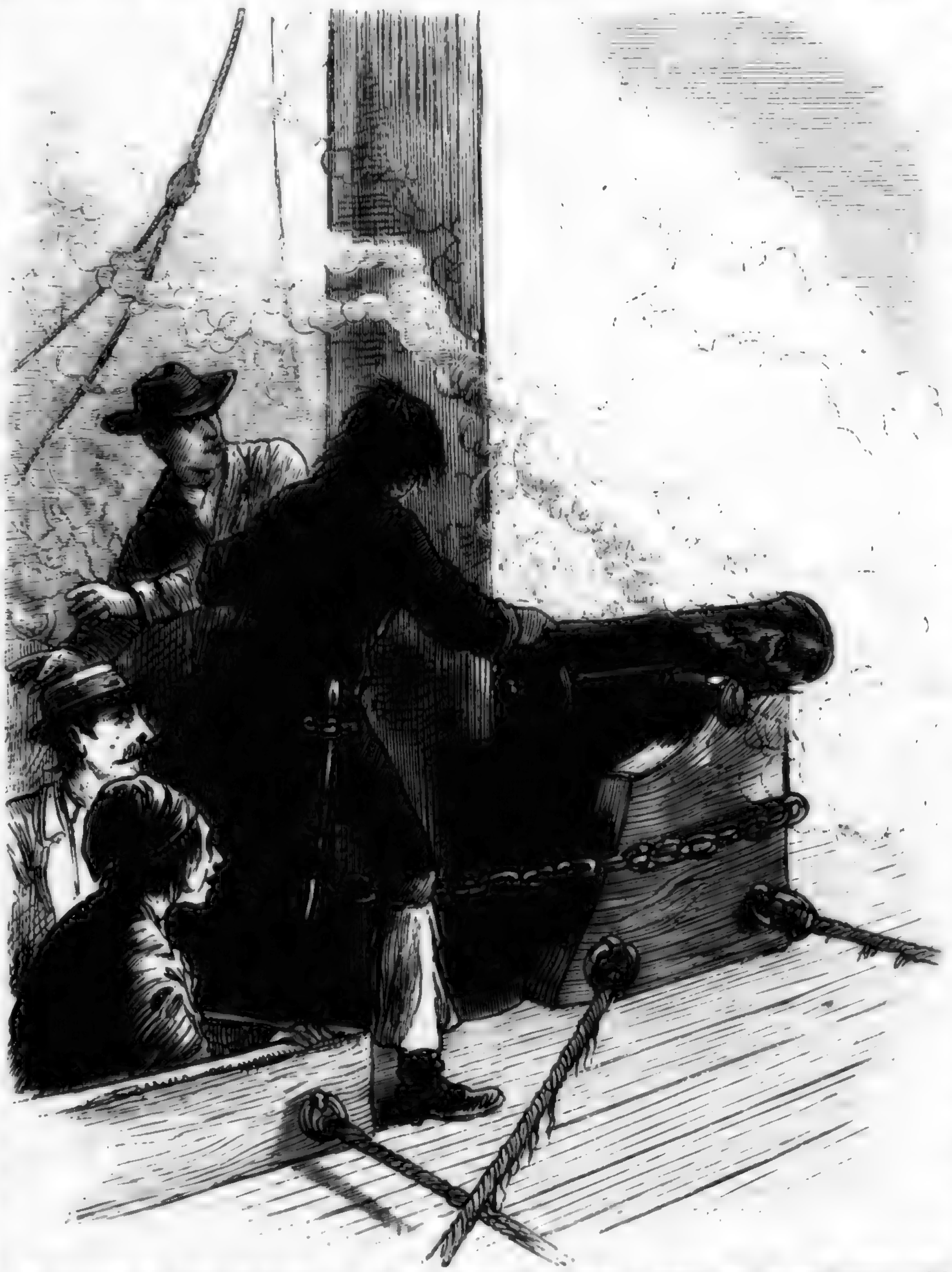


ROSA BONHEUR'S STUDIO.—SEE PAGE 599.

where, by a fortuitous combination of good luck and fair weather, she arrived in safety.

A couple of trips to New Orleans effectually demonstrating her utter uselessness for anything but a sepulchre for those daring spirits who ventured to sea in her, she was laid up in one corner of the little harbor, and given over to a negro shipkeeper and the spiders, until the agent of the insurgent party effected the trade in old iron which elected her to the dignity of flagship of the "Guatemalan Patriot Navy"—the rest of that formidable force being represented by the schooner already alluded to.



REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES.—"AS SHE ROUNDED THE REEF, A DISCHARGE OF THE FORECASTLE GUN SCARED THE BOOBIES AND GULLS FROM THEIR ROOSTS."— SEE PAGE 691.

An old iron twelve-pounder, which had been brought from somewhere in the hold of the "navy," was mounted on a wooden carriage on the topgallant forecastle of the new man-of-war, where it was lashed with grass-rope and an ox-chain just forward of the foremast—an arrangement combining stability with safety for the gunners, as they could stand behind the mast and touch the dreaded engine of destruction off with the galley poker at a minimum of risk to themselves.

A brass carronade, which broke its breechings and went overboard along with a portion of the skylight at the third discharge, was mounted on the roof of the cabin aft, and completed the armament of the "Generalissimo Conquistador," as the *Sherman* had been proudly christened by her new owners.

To add, however, to her imposing character, a row of enormous, painted ports was executed on her sides by the deft hands of the car-shop painter and his assistants. Thanks to these preparations, the Conquering General was certainly one of the most unique specimens of naval architecture that ever floated.

Nearly a month was spent in these preliminaries, and it was not until the fifth of August that her engines were started, and the Generalissimo Conquistador steamed out of the harbor on her errand of devastation.

As she rounded the reef, a discharge of the forecastle gun scared the boobies and gulls from their roosts on the outlying rocks of Grape Cay, and shattered every one of the few panes of glass left in the cabin windows. The voyage was begun.

The crew of the new-born terror of the seas consisted of two engineers, Englishmen, who had been discharged from the railroad for drunkenness; three stranded sailors, not untainted with a suspicion of having broached cargo on their deserted ships; a Jamaican named Porson, who, on the strength of his service on one of the numerous coast-traders, aspired to the dignity of navigator; a Louisianian named Miller, who had owned a brick-schooner on Bayou Bœuf before the war; the writer; and fourteen Jamaica negroes, not forgetting the cook.

The latter was a master in his line, especially strong in the matter of fish-chowder and meat-stews. Like every other good thing of this earth, however, he was not without a flaw. One phase of this drawback consisted in his devotion to tobacco as a subject of mastication; the other, that he was very insufficiently provided with anything to cook.

To come at once to Hecuba, the Generalissimo Conquistador was blessed with nearly as many captains as she boasted seamen, and, as a consequence, was about as badly off as a kettle of soup in charge of a superfluity of cooks.

No earthly provision had been made to victual the ship, beyond such few as had been thought of by the railroad-supply men from whom she was bought.

When the crew were hired, each man received two twenty-dollar pieces, as an advance; the rest of his pay

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was contingent on the success of the expedition and the amount of plunder gained. The officers had received three months' full pay in advance, and a similar lien on the loot.

On the second day out from Limon, the starboard boiler of the steamer began to leak very badly, and, after circling about like a top for a few hours, she was successfully brought to an anchor in Turtle Bogue Inlet, close on the Nicaragua line.

Meat having given out—there had been only two barrels of very ancient salt pork on board for a crew and passengers of seventy-eight in all—a foraging expedition was detailed and sent ashore. Within three hours, by which time the boiler had been after a fashion repaired, there was nothing edible within ten miles of Turtle Bogue, save what lay on our decks as we steamed out of the harbor.

Next morning we passed the United States man-of-war *Kansas*, on her way to Aspinwall, and exchanged courtesies in the shape of flag-dippings and salutes.

This was the opportunity taken by our brass gun to perform its fantasia over the lee-rail. One of our captains had his thumb smashed by the eccentricity, and went on the sick-list.

Another noble commander, Vincentio de la Vera Cruz Salazar by name, stepped bravely into the breach and directed our movements into Blewfields to procure medicine for the wounded hero.

We shipped there two bottles of arnica, a jar of leeches, eighteen Mosquito men as volunteers in the great cause, and thirteen six-gallon demijohns of white rum.

The sub-terminal addition to our numbers created sad havoc with the supplies. If the army of liberation had possessed half the appetite for glory that it evinced for plantains and jerked turtle-meat, all Central America would have been conquered long ago.

When we put into the Wauks River we had fasted for twelve hours. So starved were we, indeed, that the advisability of cooking the leeches had been several times very earnestly discussed, and a shark, which had been caught and cooked for the "army," we refusing to partake of it on grounds of non-cannibalic civilization—was now reverted to with envy.

From the amount of comestibles brought aboard by our diligent foraging parties on the territory of the Mosquito King, I fancy that the shore people fasted for a much longer period afterward.

Our men, indeed, were gifted in the matter of confiscation. Nothing, from a gourd-bowl to a crawl full of turtle, came amiss to them. Donkeys, mules and cows would be towed off and hoisted over the side by them. If the animals were drowned, so much the better. It saved the trouble and mess of killing them, and we had no prejudice against abnormal meat.

Once, when our coal was running short, the foragers stole a horse, bringing it aboard body and bones, and turning it over to the cook for firewood; and our engines were kept going latterly with the plunder of the native cedar-cuttings, which would be towed off in rafts.

From the Wauks River we steamed merrily away, past Cape Gracios a Dios and along the Honduras coast, now running ashore on a sandbank, and then getting lost seaward and steaming straight in shore again.

How we ever blundered to our goal is a mystery to me to this day. No one aboard—among the officers, at least—understood navigation. Miller and Porson claimed to be adepts at that art; but, when the delicate test arrived, the page of logarithms necessary was always wanting from the ragged epitome which formed the ship's library; and finally, while the cabin-boy was rubbing the sextant up he dropped it overboard, and definitely settled all further trouble.

When we required supplies, we put in and got them. Now and then we burned a hut as a beacon, by whose light we could steam out to sea again. No attempt was made to clean the vessel. The "army" pigged in obscene filth and odorous and insective nastiness in the hold and 'tween decks. We Americans slept on deck.

The heroic leaders of the liberation occupied the cabin, where they slumbered, ate, drank, smoked, quarreled (every hour), divided their plunder and apportioned their offices beforehand, and were seasick at will. Any attempt to purify their kennel they resented as an insult. All they asked was to be let alone, and to listen to the noisy discharge of our gun, with which they wasted powder enough to blow a navy up every day.

It was after this fashion that we rounded Punta Izabal, and ran into the Bay of San Tomas to get a supply of fuel. We entered the bay at early morning, with the thin mist drifting seaward and curling into wreaths before the light wind, and every aspect of sea and shore glorified by the pure, clear freshness of the lumined dawn, in the face of which our foul craft seemed a floating curse.

The bay is an immense basin, with a clear, semi-circular sweep of coral beach and black rocks of over twenty miles. Down to the very water's edge the land is wooded densely, and the forest rises boldly on the mountain-sides inland until it tops a range of towering peaks and ends in filmy edges against the sunset.

Of course we plundered San Tomas, a miserable town of fifty houses in a little cove. It is the only port of importance on the narrow segment of Caribbean coast which Guatemala possesses between Balize on the north and Honduras on the south, and our heroes were there at home. They went ashore in a body, brilliant in new blue uniforms as far as the generals were concerned, and followed in divisions by our ragged army, bristling with rusty muskets, warped and saw-edged bayonets, and machetes.

The booty from San Tomas was quite considerable, for the little place does a thriving trade with foreign traders, and, in the absence of any other means of disposing of it, the merchants keep their money in their own houses. We lay in the bay four days, until the "navy" arrived, when we took her in tow, and bore away one evening for the Izabal River.

We anchored off the river at daylight, and tumbled the twenty odd canoes, stolen on our voyage up the coast, into the water. In these, and in our own boats, the expedition into the interior was begun. The steamer and the schooner, manned by their crews and a guard, were left at anchor to await developments.

The army camped over night at the ruinous settlement of Old Izabal, at the mouth of the river, where the generals made friends with the lean commandant, and the army fraternized with the *peons*. A party of forty men, for the most part Indians, who had been recruited from the interior, were awaiting us at this place. The joint shore force now amounted to nearly one hundred. In the woods some miles away I found a settlement of Caribbs, in a village of thirty or forty houses, where I got a good dinner of baked fish and fowl, and slept in a hammock free of the fleas and jiggers indoors. At daylight, next day, I once more sought the coast and joined the invading party, which I found afoot and eager for scenes of blood and devastation.

From my office on the steamer, I was exempt from any active share in the "campaign," but curiosity and unwillingness to lie idle for an indefinite period prompted me to take part in it. Accordingly, I had applied to General Cruzos and obtained *quasi* command of the supply-boats, three in number, loaded principally with powder and rum, and manned by our Mosquito men. These formed the fag-end of the expedition, and, forty-two canoes and boats in all, we toiled away up the Izabal River like a great, ugly centipede.

Previous to starting, a violent discussion had been had between the generals in regard to our standard, several of them refusing to voyage under the national flag. A compromise had been effected, and a red flag at the van denoted the color of our mission.

After crossing the bar, in very shallow water much haunted by sharks, we paddled through what might almost be called a cañon. For miles upon miles the precipitous banks towered above us, clad in foliage and draped with dense vines to the very water's edge. Every plash of our paddles in the black river, flowing swiftly to the sea, echoed hollowly down the wooded defile, and thousands of forest-fowl woke in terror at the unwonted sound. The air was humid and clammy as that of a tomb, and the water so cold that my hand, dragged through it for a few moments, was chilled and cramped for hours.

A hard day's paddling brought us, as night fell, to the end of the forest. The land fell away into a rolling country, and the river widened into a quite lake-like expanse. On the right bank, as yet some miles ahead, a queer, nondescript structure, planted on a low ridge, loomed up against the sunset. This was Fort San Felipe, and we pulled inshore and landed, to form into an attacking party.

The invaders marched upon the fort in two parties by a couple of half-obliterated cattle-tracks through the low bushes which covered the plain, while a third, of which I formed part, ascended the river, and, landing while the land-force was attacking the rear, stormed the front of the defense. Such, at least, was the programme.

The actual facts of the case were that nine men, most of them too old to fight, formed the sole garrison of the old fort, where they were posted to look out for smugglers. These defenders of the citadel did not make even an attempt to defend it, and were repaid for their wisdom by sharing our supper, on parole.

We slept among the half-dozen dismounted guns, and the one yet capable of being fired on the ruined casemates of San Felipe—a defense dating from the Spanish occupation of Central America—and breakfasted next morning off some of a herd of goats which a poor Indian who lived in the shadow of the fortress-wall was unfortunate enough to possess.

These goats, and a few fowl, of which Miller and I bought a half-dozen, formed the only living things, except the Indian and the garrison about the fort, always excepting fleas, lizards and scorpions, who were much too lively for comfort.

The country about San Felipe is treeless, but very arable, and was at one time fairly settled; but a pestilence, and troubles such as our visit represented, had driven the Indian colonists into their native woods, and the district was given over to desolation and decay.

What followed the capture of San Felipe may be very briefly summed up. A few (twelve) miles above, and fifty miles from the sea, the Rio Izabal joins the Golpo Dulce, a vast fresh-water lake, the country about which is well settled and prosperous.

Previous to reaching the lake, we threaded a devious channel through many beautiful islands, some densely grown with foliage, others simple patches of reeds, haunted by cranes and loons and other waterfowl. We fared like princes in this short journey off game, such as deer, iguana and tapir and wildfowl, and camped for three days at the head of the river, "recuperating" and arranging a plan of action.

It was this plan of action that the expedition split on. After a series of stormy councils, Generals Cuizos, Alfarga, Moriones and Del Tierra decided to put the matter to vote; and, finding the majority there against them, withdrew their valuable support from the cause, and set out up the lake with their adherents on a plundering expedition of their own. Then it was that the genius of Salazar exhibited itself.

Assembling his valiant followers, he addressed them in a few sentences—terse, but pregnant with meaning. Within half a day after the defection of the four unfaithful ones, the new departure had been taken, and I was on my way back to the coast with orders to hold the steamer in readiness in the event of an emergency.

A week passed, during which I spent a glorious series of idle days in the trader's house at Port Livingston, an English trading-post on the north bank of the river, at its mouth. Then our heroes returned, drunk with success and wine. Their political mission had been a failure, for the people of the interior had obstinately refused to countenance the proposed change of government; but they had stolen a march on the other party, gone straight across the lake to its north side, where the old town of Izabal was, sacked and plundered that and several other settlements, and returned with, as I afterward learned, nearly $30,000 booty. Four days later, the other freebooters reached poor Izabal, and, finding nothing left to steal, set fire to the town and fled into Balize.

Dropping our army from time to time along the coast, and selling the schooner for $300 to a Blewfields trader, we at last entered Aspinwall harbor, where the leaders—or leader, for Salazar was about the only one left of the projectors of the raid—proposed to dispose of the steamer and disband what was left of the forces.

Having no papers, clearances, etc., and no flag other than that which had belonged to the steamer previous to her sale to the filibusters, we hoisted the stars and stripes, and within an hour the Generalissimo Conquistador was libeled for illegally flying the American flag. She was afterward, I believe, sold to the Government. At any rate, more than a year later, I went aboard of her, stranded in the mud of Chagres Bay, and populous with spiders, scorpions, cockroaches, and a guard of native soldiers.

No attempt was made to detain us. We who had borne an active part in the expedition had not by any means been losers. Those who had suffered were the misguided politicians of Guatemala who had advanced the means to set the scheme on foot, the poor devils who had been plundered, and eight men who had succumbed to rum and climate—with two exceptions. One of these had been accidentally killed by his own gun; the other had fallen in a fight over his share of a plundered cabin. Of the loot gained by the raid, ten per cent. was equitably distributed among the men who remained faithful to Salazar; twenty per cent. more went to the officers. The rest took its natural course in the way of frilled shirts, French boots and the other necessities of a tropical warrior in the person of the general himself. Whether any of it ever served to organize another scheme similar to that in which it had been gained, I know not.

IGNORANCE is a subject for pity, not for laughter.

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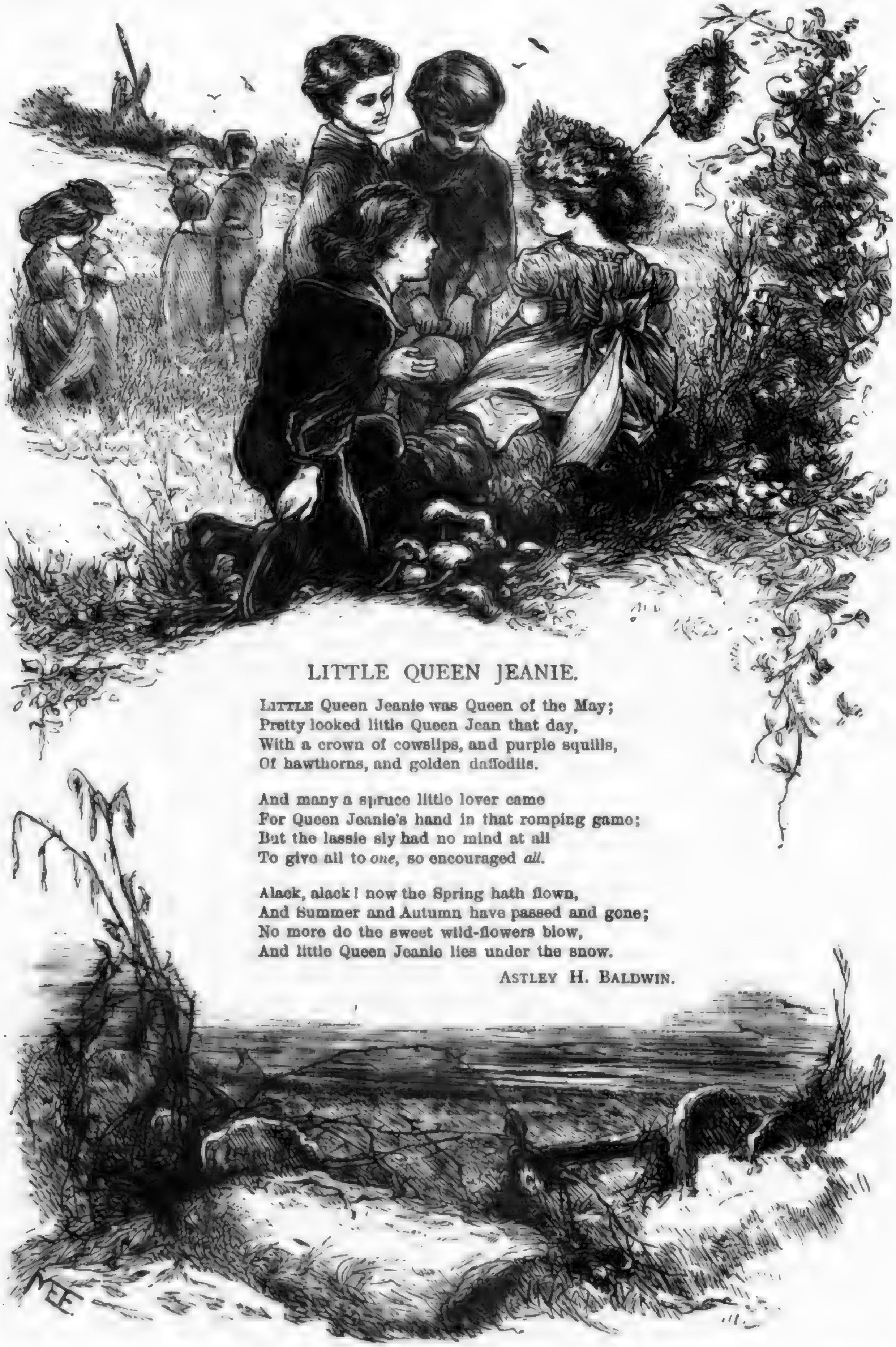


LITTLE QUEEN JEANIE.

Little Queen Jeanie was Queen of the May;
Pretty looked little Queen Jean that day,
With a crown of cowslips, and purple squills,
Of hawthorns, and golden daffodils.

And many a spruce little lover came
For Queen Jeanie's hand in that romping game;
But the lassie sly had no mind at all
To give all to *one*, so encouraged *all*.

Alack, alack! now the Spring hath flown,
And Summer and Autumn have passed and gone;
No more do the sweet wild-flowers blow,
And little Queen Jeanie lies under the snow.

Astley H. Baldwin.

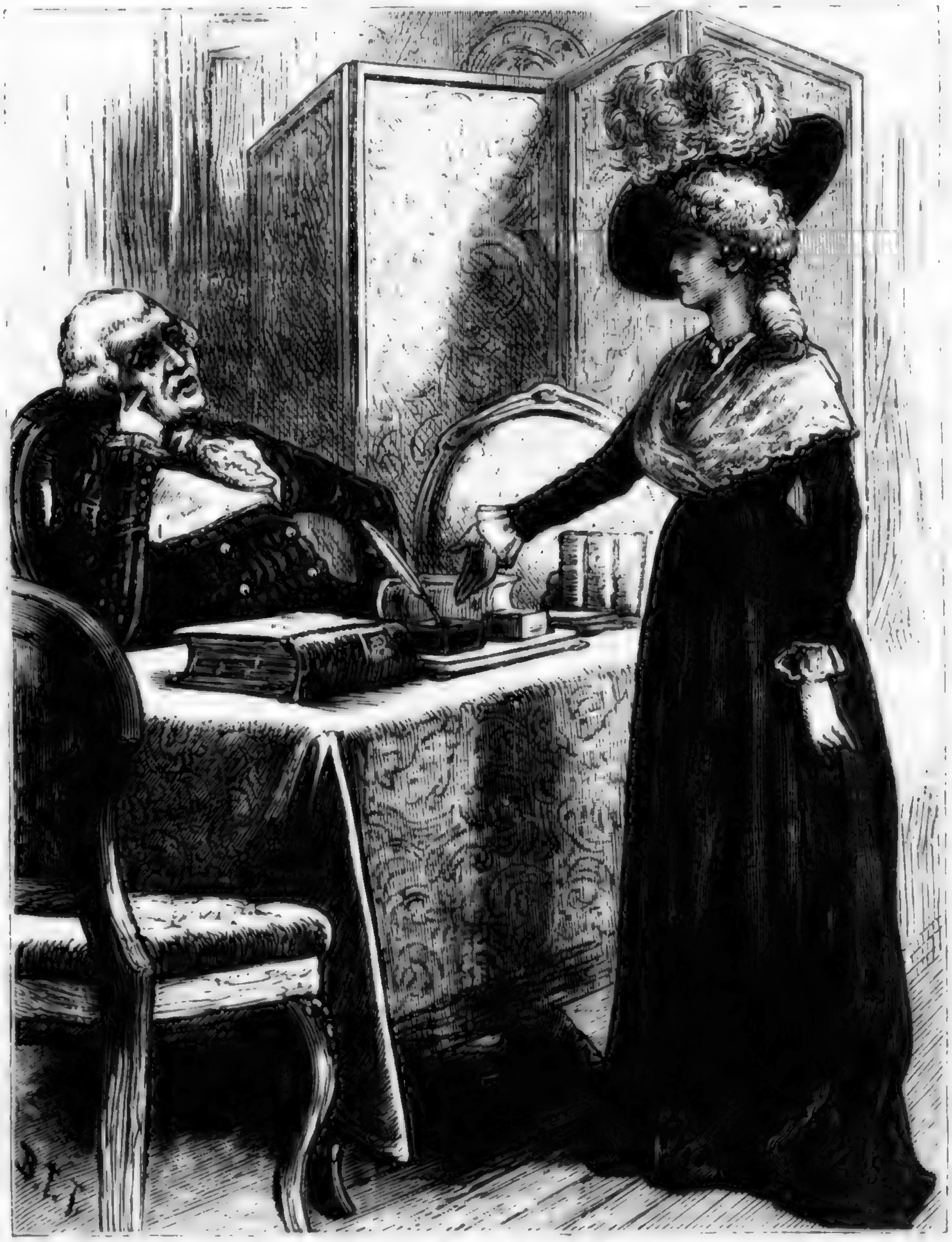
The stately character and royal dimensions of some of the great ducal castles and country-seats in England are suggested by the fact that Alnwick Castle, the seat of the great Percy family (Dukes of Northumberland), was founded by the Romans, and has four distinct architectural periods—the Norman, the Edwardian, the Gothic and the Italian, all of which have left traces upon it. Its last renovation continued through twenty years, some six hundred workmen being constantly employed upon it during that time. There are fifty miles of driveways on the estate, and vast as the place is, it is but one of six owned and occupied by the duke.

A BRAVE LADY.

It is as good as it is pleasant sometimes to contemplate the *ancien régime* from its other side—the side which the literature of the great French Revolution, and the current of French history from the opening of the revolutionary period to the present day, are calculated to hide from us by clouds of turbulence and change.

An opportunity for such contemplation is afforded by the "Life of the Duchesse de Doudeauville," which offers as perfect an example as could be desired of the best kind of greatness of character allied to worldly grandeur, and of the quiet heroism of a woman simply devoted to her duty from early girlhood to advanced age, for whom the brilliant, frivolous court, which came to so dismal an end, had no temptations, and the deprivation of all the habitual surroundings of her princely life had no terror.

There were, doubtless, many such among the French nobility, to whom was allotted, at the end of the last century, the expiation of their forefathers' abuse of all the gifts of fortune and all the privileges of rank; but the records of many of them are lost in the great tragedies whose last scene was the scaffold.



A BRAVE LADY.—"FOUQUIER-TINVILLE LOOKED AT HER WITH SURPRISE, AND LISTENED ATTENTIVELY WHILE SHE TOLD HER STORY."

The very names of the Duchesse de Doudeauville recall whole eras in the history of France. Benigne-Augustine-Françoise le Teillier de Louvois de Montmirail was the eldest daughter of that Marquis de Montmirail who was the *collaborateur* of Buffon in his "Histoire Naturelle," and who died while serving with his regiment, leaving no male heir. A second daughter, born after the father's death, became Madame de Montesquieu, a brilliant queen of society

The mother of these children was as high-born as their father, and the family alliances spread far and wide among the aristocracy of France and Italy. The picture-gallery at the Chateau de Montmirail is now a curious study in genealogy.

The eldest girl became, on her father's death, a personage of great importance. "All the seductions that the world has to offer," says the writer, "gathered around the sweet little child, whose beauty was remarkable from her infancy, whose rank was princely and her fortune vast. Those who loved her might well have trembled for her, had not the favorite of earth been also elect of heaven."

The training of the child was most severe; her mother, though a good, generous, charitable woman, of unblemished reputation amid the corrupt society of the time, and of great social talents, was extraordinarily tyrannical to her children, and especially to Augustine, who dreaded her greatly.

Here is an anecdote of the duchesse's childhood, of an experience which probably helped to inspire some of the gentleness and indulgence characteristic of the educational system of the Society of Nazareth, which Society owes its existence to her:

"Augustine was very timid and silent in her mother's presence, and there was no part of the stern discipline under which she lived so dreaded by her as the marquise's suddenly addressing her in a loud voice, with, 'Speak, mademoiselle; say something instantly!'

"At such an order the child, terrified and confused, would be unable either to speak or think. Its repetition would make her burst into tears. Then came the invariable order: 'Kneel down in the middle of the room, mademoiselle, and remain there until you have spoken.'

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"The little girl would puzzle her head in vain for something to say, and sometimes the punishment would last over an hour, through her sheer nervousness. She used to tell how, one day, after long search, she found nothing more interesting to say than, 'There are three splits in the floor.' Yet, even in her tenderest years, her intelligence was remarkable."

Happily for the child, in her eleventh year she made her terrible mother an inexact answer to a question, in a moment of unusual fright, and was instantly told:

"You have lied to me, mademoiselle, and shall leave my house on the instant;" then bundled into a carriage, and sent to the Convent of the Visitation, with a bad character, which the nuns soon discovered was entirely undeserved.

Here she learned, for the first time, what care, kindness and happiness meant, and formed a friendship, which lasted all their respective lives, with Mademoiselle de Sinetti, afterward the celebrated Duchesse de Caderousse. She suffered severely on leaving the convent, and the severity with which she was again treated did not lessen her regret. Her mother made her dine at a side-table as a punishment for having courtesied awkwardly on coming into a room, just one week before her marriage, which was arranged, after the fashion of the time, when she was fifteen.

Among the possessions which the heiress of Montmirail brought her husband, was the Duchy of Doudeauville, in the Boulonnais, which carried with it the rank of a grandee of Spain of the first class, a privilege destined afterward to be of great service to the holder of it during his long exile.

All the great world busied itself with the question, in which the court took a vivid interest, of whom should be chosen by the Marquise of Montmirail as her daughter's husband.

The girl had no mind in the matter; she would have been a nun, if she had been permitted; but as she was not, she believed that it was not God's will that she should be, and that He would give her "grace of state" in the way of life which she would not have chosen. So, when her mother sternly rejected her appeal to be allowed to remain with her, unmarried, she submissively said that Monsieur de la Rochefoucauld would suit her as well as any one else, since she must marry; and, in the midst of a scene of the utmost magnificence, splendidly attired, and so beautiful that the tradition of her loveliness on the occasion remained long rife in Paris, found herself in the presence of an undergrown boy of fourteen, with a delicate, childish face, and timid, awkward manners, to whom the position was as distasteful as to herself, and more embarrassing. They did not speak to each other then, or on the future occasions when they met, and immediately after the marriage ceremony, which was extremely magnificent, they parted:

"Ambroise de la Rochefoucauld, thenceforth Duc de Doudeauville, delighted that the day—in which he had found nothing to amuse him except the beating of the drums—was over, set out immediately for Versailles, with his tutor, and the young bride of fifteen was handed over to her mother-in-law, the Vicomtesse de la Rochefoucauld, in whose house she was to live, and whose management of her, though very different from that of her mother, was still less right or wholesome."

Such was the inauspicious beginning of a marriage which lasted fifty-two years, during which the husband and wife experienced almost every grief which can rack human hearts, except that of conjugal disunion; danger, loss, poverty, parting, long separation, fear, bereavement, the desolation of parents whose children and children's children are taken from them by death, involvement in the misfortunes of the royal family and the political miseries of France, betrayal by the trusted, the violent death of relatives and friends—all these and other woes were theirs; but never were marriage vows more sacredly kept, never did two human beings live, in the midst of ungodliness, more godly lives.

"The awkward boy," says the writer, "at whom the spectators of that imposing ceremony smiled that day, grew up to be in all respects worthy of his high fortune, his great name and the lofty offices he was afterward called to fill. Upright, brave, kindly, loyal, generous and firm, he made his noble wife as happy as any mortal can render a heart which aspires to nothing less than the divine union."

During the years of their only nominal marriage, the boy was exposed to infidel influences; the girl lived in the "philosophical centre" of the Hotel de la Rochefoucauld, and was a star of the first magnitude at the court; but neither of them lost the faith which was speedily to become their sole support in a time of great and terrible trial.

When the young pair met again, and began their brilliant life at the court of Louis XVI., young like themselves, a true and deep attachment sprang up in each for the other, and the strongest link in it was the ardent and practical piety of both.

The author, whose simple and elegant style is worthy of the ancient fame of the French writers of memoirs, divides the life of the Duchesse de Doudeauville into epochs of moral action, showing her to us first as the "Christian woman in the world," then in her "apostolate in the family," when the flood of the Revolution broke in upon the stately homes of France, and overwhelmed alike the innocent and the guilty.

She had so brought up her son and daughter, that these children were as strong to meet the trouble as she was, and could not feel fear while by their mother's side; she had trained them to perfect confidence in the love and the judgment of their parents, to simple habits (their only luxury was the power of giving largely to the poor), to study of the Holy Scriptures and reverence for the precepts of the Catholic Church, to loyalty to the King, and to a just comprehension of the value and the insufficiency of fortune.

The storm burst, but did not sweep them before it; the duchesse began to reap her harvest of reward. Her husband's father died a Christian death, converted by her; his mother and his sister also yielded to her influence; and the latter, who, with her uncle, M. de l'Aigle, was guillotined in 1794, testified in her last moments to the debt they all owed to the saintly woman, who was then imprisoned with her children and the widowed vicomtesse.

The duke, who had foreseen the course of the Revolution from the first, had secured his wife's property to herself, apart from his, and by this wise step the family ruin was in part averted; for, when he joined the princes and "the Army of the Rhine," and the separation began whose duration they had so little foreseen, the duchesse was able to preserve some of her possessions. Her imprisonment did not last long, and her release affords a characteristic little story. Being brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal, she was closely interrogated respecting her husband:

"She replied with the most perfect frankness, defending him against every accusation, notwithstanding the signs which her mother-in-law, who trembled at her boldness, made to her.'

"'You are, then, grieved by his absence?' she was asked.

"'Yes, assuredly I am.'

"'You regret him, really?'

"'Very, very much.'

"'Well, then, citizeness, I see you are a good woman, and you shall come to no harm.'

"And, in fact, the next day, when the section heard the report of the examination, they loudly applauded her for her candor and devotion."

The released "aristocrate" devoted herself to the poor, the sick and the sorrowing during that terrible time; she tended her bereaved mother-in-law, lived with the strictest economy (in after days her grandchildren used to talk with wonder of the time when *bonne maman* had not a *femme de chambre*), waiting on, teaching, working for her children, praying for and loving her absent husband, of whom she heard only at long intervals. Here is a dramatic incident of that time:

"The Abbé d'Etyola was arrested at Bordeaux, on his way to England, and the duchesse was informed of his detention, and that it was contemplated to 'deport' him to Guiana. She wrote to a person whom she knew, entreating him to aid the abbé, and to hand him 3,000 francs on her behalf. Her letter, unsigned, was found during a domiciliary visit to the Hotel de Mouchy. She was informed of this, and at once presented herself at the audience-chamber of the terrible Fouquier-Tinville. He took no notice of her, and she stood patiently for two hours, until all the other persons had been attended to, and she was alone with the Public Accuser. Then she said:

"'I have an important matter to communicate to you.'

"'My only business is to punish the enemies of the Republic. What have you to say? Nothing but denunciations are taken here.'

"'It is a denunciation which brings me here.'

"'Very well, then, citizeness; you may speak.'

"'The denunciation I am about to make is an unusual one. It is myself, myself only, whom I have to denounce.'

"'Then, you have come here to find your death!'

"'I know that, but I am fulfilling a duty.'

"He looked at her with surprise, and listened attentively while she told her story, with full details, but without mentioning any names, and ended by saying, simply:

"'If any one is to be punished, it is I.'

"Fouquier-Tinville replied, with evident amazement:

"'Do you know, I am a man of feeling, too? Why are you interested in this priest?'

"'Because he is unfortunate.'

"'Oh, yes, I understand that, for I, also, have a tender heart, and have saved many people.'

"He then assured her that nothing should happen to the abbé, and, seeing that she looked pale and tired, offered her his arm to take her down the staircase. It cost the duchesse a great effort to accept the courtesy, and she could never recall without a shudder the few moments during which her hand had rested on the bare arm of Fouquier-Tinville."

She bravely defended her rights when an attempt was made to confiscate her property, together with that of her *émigré* husband, and succeeded in saving all, even the furniture of the Chateau de Montmirail, which may be seen to this day, in the old-fashioned, stately array of the period.

Once she saw her husband, but only for a few days, and their separation did not come to an end until after the fall of the Directoire.

From this point, the story of the life of the noble and saintly duchesse is deeply affecting. Her daughter, Ernestine, married the Marquis de Rastignac, and died, after a brief, happy union, at Montmirail, bequeathing her children to her mother's care. One of her last utterances was, "How happy my daughter will be! She will be brought up by my mother."

The story of the daughter's death, and the mother's grief, courage, faith and resignation, forms a chapter of this beautiful book never to be forgotten.

From that time, the bereaved father and mother led a life of active and far-extending charity, and the duchesse began to meditate the establishment of a religious society, which should be devoted to the education of girls for the useful, practical and dutiful home-life for which she had trained her own daughter and destined her grandchildren. She outlived most of her beloved ones, among them her son's wife; she outlived her eyesight and her bodily powers; but her faith, hope and charity abode with her to the end; and the Society of Nazareth, which has now three flourishing establishments in France, and four struggling schools in the Holy Land, had taken vigorous root before the vault under the chapel of the Convent of Nazareth at Montmirail, whose walls adjoin the park in which the ancient chateau stands, received the body of the venerable duchesse.

She died in Paris, January 24th, 1849, sitting in her armchair, and surrounded by her grandchildren. One of them, the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld, asked her one or two questions, without receiving any reply. At length she said:

"Mother, do you love God perfectly?"

In a strong voice the blind and motionless old lady answered, "Yes," and, in another moment, ceased to breathe.

Monseigneur de Prilly, Bishop of Châlons, writing to the chaplain of Montmirail on the occasion of the duchesse's death, says, "It is a great and inestimable favor when it pleases God to give such examples to the world. We ought to profit by them as far as we can, and, at least, to learn to what a point it is possible to advance in the way of God by constant effort, and making it the steady business of every day."

LONDON CLUBS.

"WHITAKER'S ALMANAC" for 1880 contains a list of upward of seventy London clubs, with the date of their establishment, number of members, amount of subscription, etc. Of these, five date from the last century, and are well known to readers of English history and literature. They are, White's (1730), the Cocoa Tree (1746), Boodle's (1752), Brook's—the famous Whig Club—(1764), and Arthur's (1765). These are all situated in St. James's Street, and the number of members is limited in each of them to 600, except the Cocoa Tree Club, which has a limit of 350. They are all very choice.

Besides these, the Travelers' Club, established in 1819, with 750 members; the Turf Club, established in 1868, with 550; and the Marlborough Club, established in 1869, with 450 members, are very exclusive clubs, election to which is attended with much difficulty. The professional and political clubs are much larger than these, having from 1,000 to 1,500 members each.

The principal literary clubs are the Athenæum, the United University, the Oxford and Cambridge, the New University, the Junior Athenæum and the Garrick. The political clubs are the Carlton, Conservative, Junior Carlton and St. Stephen's Clubs, belonging to the Conservative

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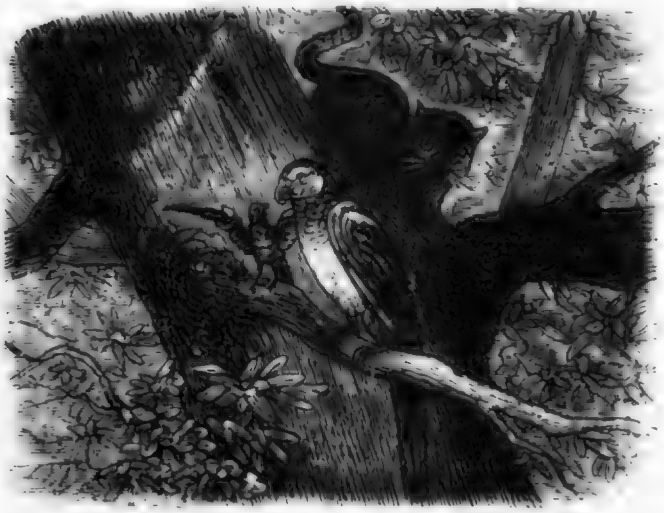


A PARROT'S FRIENDSHIP.

party, and, besides, Brook's, the Reform, Devonshire and City Liberal Clubs, connected with the Liberal party.

Two clubs, the Albemarle and the Russell, are for both ladies and gentlemen.

The highest entrance fee is that charged at the Travelers'—forty guineas—and the highest assessment is fifteen guineas, charged at the Turf Club. The usual admission fee is from twenty to thirty guineas, and the usual assessment ten guineas.

A PARROT'S FRIENDSHIP.

Birds and animals often form friendships for other animals not of their own family, and show a deep and sincere attachment. Mr. Adolphus Saxe, a celebrated inventor of military musical instruments, had a little green parrot, sickly, weak, and almost featherless. His workroom was full of brass-filings and unhealthy odors. Accordingly he placed his old favorite's cage in a large Judas-tree that grew near; the parrot was adroit enough to open her cage, and would fly to the upper branches to enjoy her liberty, returning from time to time to her cage for food.

As the cage was often open and untenanted, a sparrow, with the usual modesty of its kind, used to enter and help itself. He got so much at home that even when the parrot returned he would not fly off, but keep on eating as though he were the owner, not an uninvited guest. The parrot not only did not resent the intrusion, but formed a strong friendship for the sparrow, which was evidently reciprocated. When the parrot felt lonely and wanted company, she imitated the sparrow's chirp to invite her friend to pay her a visit, and, unless he was beyond hearing distance, the sparrow always came. On his part, the sparrow, in rainy or Winter weather, allowed himself to be shut up in the parrot's cage, utterly disregarding the bolts shut upon him, which he knew would be drawn back in the morning.

But one fine—or, rather, one fatal—day, a cat belonging to the neighborhood pounced upon and devoured the sparrow, who, from his familiarity with the house, had not learnt to be upon his guard. The parrot, not seeing him return, passed day and night thenceforth in calling upon him whom she was never more to see, and a week afterward she was found lying dead under the tree, whither, by a supreme effort, she had contrived to drag herself.

The best sort of revenge is not to be like him who does the injury.

A PRIE-DIEU—STYLE LOUIS XIII.

We are reviving styles of other days in furniture and household ornament, the design being to make the house beautiful, but sometimes the result is rather odd than harmonious. There are articles which served their part well enough in Continental churches, or in the houses of gentlemen, in other times and countries, which are scarcely in place in an American house, except where one is found whose old-time faith can give it harmonious surroundings.

A confessional and screen may be charming in design and carving, but what is a gentleman to do with it in his house? It is too large by far to put in any room, much less in a cabinet or on a shelf.

The *prie-dieu*, or praying-stand, which we illustrate, though not quite as cumbersome, is scarcely more manageable. The private chapel is scarcely a part of our modern home—we have no chapels, chaplains, altars and *prie-dieus*.

The one here engraved was an elaborate and charming piece of work, made of carved oak, and was probably the great piece of furniture in the private room of some French noble or prelate, prince, perhaps, who had but to draw a slide as he knelt here in order to join in the service in the chapel below.

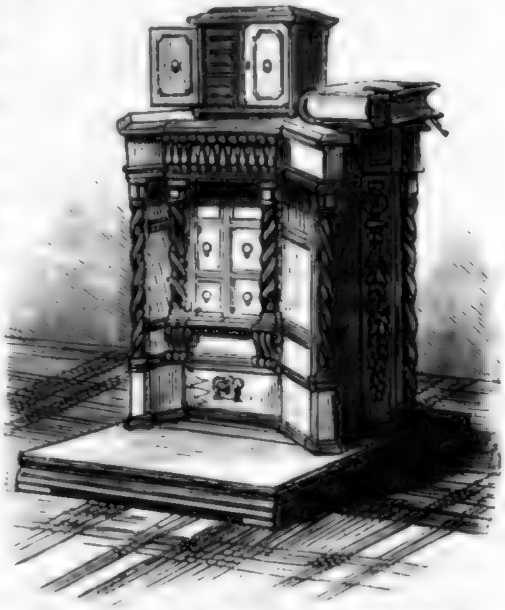
When not in actual use as a place where he knelt at his devotions, the owner seems to have used it as a sort of secretary, for it contains several secret drawers, where, doubtless, in other times papers lay on which great events depended. What stories it could reveal!

Now it will be a cabinet prized for its exquisite work, the drawers turned to use to hold smaller waifs and strays of other days; the charming lace worn by some queen, a rare Lucia della Robbia plate, some jewelry from Mycenæ and Pompeii, miniatures of fair women and gallant gentlemen of two hundred years ago. Thus it will be full of life still, telling stories of many a land and time.

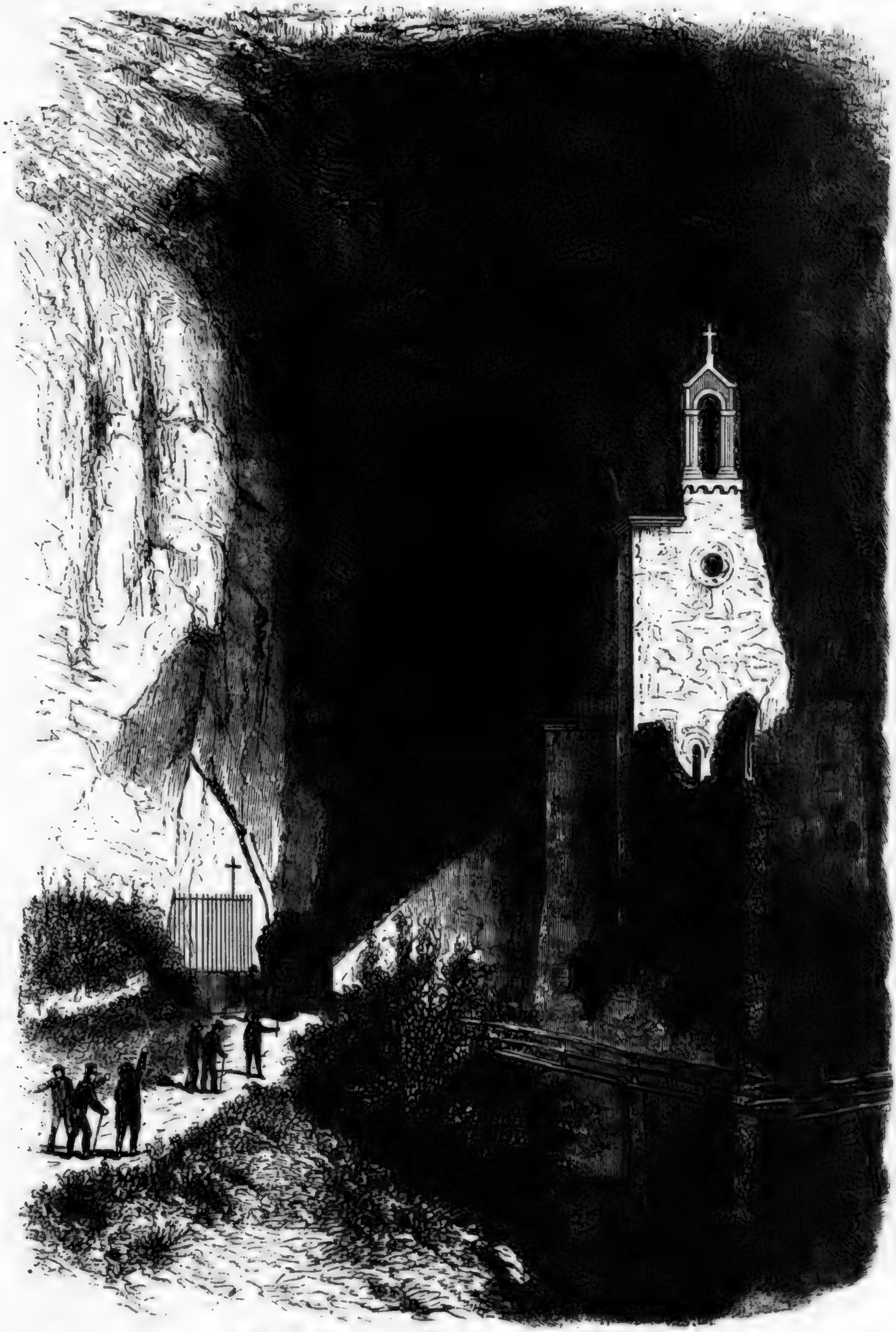
THE CHAPEL OF LA SAINTE BAUME.

About twenty miles north of Toulon, in France, the traveler who seeks the spot comes on a rugged mountain district on a high tableland, with a dense forest beyond, out of which rises a solid rock, stark and grim, with no vegetation to relieve its austere lines. "Half-way," says a pilgrim who visited it last year—"half-way up we could see, like a nest on a perilous crag, the white hermitage of the Dominicans, that stands on the terrace beside the Sainte Baume, and, on the very top of the ridge, against the clear heavens, the tiny chapel of the Saint Pilon."

The way to the cave, which has for centuries been



PRIE-DIEU OF CARVED OAK IN THE COGNTA COLLECTION.



THE CHAPEL OF LA SAINTE BAUME, NEAR TOULON, FRANCE.

a famous pilgrimage, being honored as the spot where the repentant Mary Magdalene passed the last years of her life, lies through a wood of oak, yew and holly. Steps in the rock now assist the pilgrim. On a terrace by a yawning precipice are waiting-rooms for pilgrims, and opposite a small house for the clergy who attend the chapel-cave. Here all is gloom and silence, save the drip of water. The altar, before which five kingly pilgrims once knelt together, has a canopy above to protect it from the water; but the tomblike rock behind, where Magdalene prayed, is never wet, and, under the name of the Sainte Pénitence, is the spot to which pilgrims repair. Then you toil up to the Pilon, a half-ruined chapel, hundreds of feet above the cave, with the precipice yawning around you, to enjoy the view that does not repay the toil.

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COME HOME.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

COME home.
Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
With these unwearying words of melody,
Brother, come home.

Come home.
Come to the hearts that love thee, to the eyes
That beam in brightness but to gladden thine;
Come where fond thoughts like holiest incense rise,
Where cherished Memory rears her altar's shrine.
Brother, come home.

Come home.
Come to the hearthstone of thy earlier days,
Come to the ark, like the o'erwearied dove,
Come with the sunlight of thy heart's warm rays,
Come to the fireside circle of thy love.
Brother, come home.

Come home.
It is not home without thee; the lone seat
Is still unclaimed where thou wert wont to be;
In every echo of returning feet
In vain we list for what should herald thee.
Brother, come home.

Come home.
We've nursed for thee the sunny buds of Spring,
Watch'd every germ a full-blown flow'ret rear,
Saw o'er their bloom the chilly Winter bring
Its icy garlands, and thou art not here.
Brother, come home.

Come home.
Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
With these unwearying words of melody,
Brother, come home.

AN ANTIQUARY'S GHOST STORY.

BY AUGUSTUS JESSOPP, D.D.

LITTLE more than two months have passed since my own personal experience of mental phenomena was strikingly enlarged by the occurrence with which the following narrative deals. Yet already I find that round the original story there has gathered a surprising accumulation of the mythical element, and that I, myself, am in danger of becoming a hero of romance in more senses than one. As I object to be looked upon as a kind of medium to whom supernatural visitations are vouchsafed, and, on the other hand, do not wish to be set down as a crazy dreamer, whose disorganized nervous system renders him abnormally liable to fantastic delusions, I have yielded to the earnest request of some who have begged me to make public the following paper. I am told that there are those who busy themselves in collecting similar stories, and if it be so, it is better they should hear the facts from me than after they have passed through other channels. The narrative was written, at the request of a friend, not many days after the event, when all the circumstances were fresh in my recollection.

On the 10th of October, 1879, I drove over from Norwich to Mannington Hall, to spend the night at Lord Orford's. Though I was in perfect health and high spirits, it is fair to state that for some weeks previously I had had a great deal to think about, some little anxiety, and some considerable mental strain of one kind or another. I was not, however, conscious of anything approaching weariness, irritability or "fag." I arrived at four P.M., and was engaged in pleasant and animated conversation till it was time to dress for dinner. We dined at seven; our party numbered six persons. Of these, four at least had been great travelers. I, myself, was rather a listener; the talk was general and discursive, and amused and interested me greatly. Not for a single moment did it turn upon the supernatural; it was chiefly concerned with questions of art and the experiences of men who had seen a great deal of the world, and could describe intelligently what they had seen and comment upon it suggestively. I have very rarely been at a more pleasant party. After dinner we played a rubber. We "left off as we began," and as two of the guests had some distance to drive, we broke up at half-past ten.

The main object of my going over to Mannington was to examine and take notes upon some very rare books in Lord Orford's library, which I had been anxiously wishing to get a sight of for some years, but had never been fortunate enough to meet with up to this time. I asked leave to sit up for some hours and make transcripts. His lordship at first wished me to let his valet remain in attendance to see all lights put out, but as this would have embarrassed me, and compelled me to go to bed earlier than I wished, and as it seemed likely that I should be occupied till two or three in the morning, it was agreed that I should be left to my own devices, and the servants should be allowed to retire.

By eleven o'clock I was the only person down-stairs, and I was very soon busily at work and absorbed in my occupation.

The room in which I was writing is a large one, with a huge fireplace and a grand old chimney; and it is needless to say that it is furnished with every comfort and luxury. The library opens into this room, and I had to pass out from where I was sitting into this library and get upon a chair to reach the volumes I wanted to examine.

There were six small volumes in all. I took them down and placed them at my right hand in a little pile, and set to work—sometimes reading, sometimes writing. As I finished with a book, I placed it in front of me. There were four silver candlesticks upon the table, the candles all burning, and, as I am a chilly person, I sat myself at one corner of the table, with the fire at my left, and at intervals, as I had finished with a book, I rose, knocked the fire together, and stood up to warm my feet.

I continued in this way at my task till nearly one o'clock. I had got on better than I expected, and I had only one more book to occupy me. I rose, wound up my watch, and opened a bottle of seltzer-water, and I remember thinking to myself that I should get to bed by two, after all.

I set to work at the last little book. I had been engaged upon it about half an hour, and was just beginning to think that my work was drawing to a close, when, *as I was actually writing*, I saw a large white hand within a foot of my elbow!

Turning my head, there sat a figure of a somewhat large man, with his back to the fire, bending slightly over the table, and apparently examining the pile of books that I had been at work upon. The man's face was turned away from me, but I saw his closely cut reddish-brown hair, his ear and shaved cheek, the eyebrow, the corner of the right eye, the side of the forehead, and the large high cheekbone.

He was dressed in what I can only describe as a kind of ecclesiastical habit of thick corded silk, or some such material, close up to the throat, and a narrow rim or edging, of about an inch broad, of satin or velvet serving as a stand-up collar, and fitting close to the chin. The right hand, which had first attracted my attention, was clasping, without any great pressure, the left hand; both hands were in perfect repose, and the large blue veins of the right hand were conspicuous. I remember thinking that the hand was like the hand of Velasquez's magnificent "Dead Knight" in the National Gallery.

I looked at my visitor for some seconds, and was perfectly sure that he was not a reality. A thousand thoughts came crowding upon me, but not the least feeling of alarm, or even uneasiness; curiosity and a strong interest were uppermost. For an instant I felt eager to make a sketch of my friend, and I looked at a tray on my right for a pencil; then I thought, "Up-stairs I have a sketchbook—shall I fetch it?"

There he sat, and I was fascinated; afraid, not of his staying, *but lest he should go.* Stopping in my writing, I lifted my left hand from the paper, stretched it out to the pile of books, and moved the top one. I cannot explain why I did this. My arm passed in front of the figure, and it vanished. I was simply disappointed, and nothing more.

I went on with my writing as if nothing had happened, perhaps for another five minutes, and I had actually got to the last few words of what I had determined to extract, when the figure appeared again, exactly in the same place and attitude as before. I saw the hands close to my own; I turned my head again, to examine him more closely, and I was framing a sentence to address to him, when I discovered that I did not dare to speak. *I was afraid of the sound of my own voice!*

There he sat, and there sat I. I turned my head again to my work, and finished writing the two or three words I still had to write. The paper and my notes are at this moment before me, and exhibit not the slightest tremor or nervousness. I could point out the words I was writing when the phantom came and when he disappeared.

Having finished my task, I shut the book and threw it on the table; it made a slight noise as it fell—the figure vanished.

Throwing myself back in my chair, I sat for some seconds looking at the fire with a curious mixture of feeling, and I remember wondering whether my friend would come again, and if he did, whether he would hide the fire from me.

Then first there stole upon me a dread and a suspicion that I was beginning to lose my nerve. I remember yawning; then I rose, lit my bedroom candle, took my books into the inner library, mounted the chair as before, and replaced five of the volumes; the sixth I brought back and laid upon the table where I had been writing when the phantom did me the honor to appear to me.

By this time I had lost all sense of uneasiness. I blew out the four candles and marched off to bed, where I slept the sleep of the just or the guilty, I know not which, but I slept very soundly.

This is a simple and unvarnished narrative of facts. Explanation, theory or inference I leave to others.

A FEW WORDS ON PROSE.

MOLIÈRE makes one of his characters in "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" express his astonishment on being told that he had been writing prose all his life, when he had believed himself to have been only writing letters! It is, however, very doubtful whether his letters were entitled to be called prose, in the superlative degree, but, rather, comparative prosy.

The fact is, that very few writers, in these days at least, will take the trouble to pen a letter that would print properly. Even those courageous people who screw up their courage and write "To the Editor of the *Times*," have many of them forgotten what grammar they may have learned at school.

One of these gentlemen wrote to the said editor, "Allow me to thank you, being the father of an officer in the," etc. And another, correcting the editor as to the age of some one mentioned in the paper, says, "Being the father of the boy, I trust you will insert this."

In each of these instances, the editor of the *Times* is made to appear as the father of a son, who is apparently repudiated by his own parent!

But it is not surprising that ordinary letter-writers should make mistakes, for some of the greatest authors have made blunders as absurd as any "Irish bull." Johnson, in a translation of Addison's Latin poem on "The Battle of the Pigmies and Cranes," wrote the following couplet:

> "Down from the guardian boughs the nests they flung,
> And *killed* the yet *unanimated* young."

This he afterward altered to *crushed.*

When Godwin was writing the Life of Chatham, he was supplied with a striking passage in a speech delivered by Lord Chatham on "General Warrants": "Every man's house is called his castle. Why? Because it is surrounded by a moat, or defended by a wall? No. It may be a straw-built hut; the wind may whistle round it, the rain may enter it, but the King cannot!" The point was plain enough, but Godwin printed, "The rain may enter it, all the winds of heaven may whistle round it, but the King cannot!"

Among the many oddities in Johnson's Dictionary, is a misquotation (doubtless intentionally so) from Judges v. 10; it is a definition of the verb "to sit": "Asses are ye that sit in judgment"—clearly a hit at the critics, if not at higher judges. The actual passage is, "Speak, ye that ride on white asses, ye that sit in judgment." His definition (in the first edition) of daughter is peculiar; it is "The female offspring of a man *or* woman!"

In Goldsmith's "History of England," during the reign of Charles II., no mention is made of the plague, or of the fire of London. And in a geography issued by a certain publishing society, the name of Switzerland was not once mentioned, and many thousands of copies of the work were sold before the omission was detected.

Pope, in a note on "Measure for Measure," says that the story was taken from "Cynthio's Novels, Dec. 8, Nov. 5." Warburton, in his edition of Shakespeare, put the words at length, "December 8, November 5," instead of "Decade 8, Novel 5."

Sir W. Scott, in his "Tales of a Grandfather," describing the uncertain tenure of life in the troublous times in Scotland, says "that no one, when he went to bed, was certain that when he woke in the morning he should not find his throat cut!"

One of the most extraordinary specimens of prose is the account given by Sir T. Urquhart, of a sort of entertainment given by the admirable Crichton, which he describes as "an inestimable olla-podrida of immaterial morsels of divers kinds, suitable to the very ambrosial relish of the Heliconian nymphs, that in the peripetia of this drammatical exercitation, by the enchanted transportation of the eyes and ears of its spectrabundal auditorie, one would have sworn that they all had looked with multiplying glasses; and that (like the angel in the Scriptures, whose voice was said to be like the voice of a multitude) they

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heard in him alone the promiscuous speech of fifteen several actors, by the various ravishments of the excellencies whereof, in the frolickness of a jocund strain, the logofascinated spirits of the beholding hearers and awricularic spectators were so in a sudden seized upon in their risible faculties of the soul, and all their vital motions so universally affected in this extremitie of agitation, that to avoid the inevitable charms of his intoxicating ejaculations, and the accumulative influences of so powerful a transportation, one of my lady Duchess's chief maids of honor, by the vehemence of the shock of those incomprehensible raptures, burst forth in a laughter to the rupture of a vein in her body ; and another young lady, by the irresistible violence of the pleasure unawares infused, where the tender receptability of her too tickled fancie was least able to hold out, so unprovidedly was surprised, that with no less impetuosity of ridibundal passion, then she, not able to support the well-beloved burden of so excessive delight and entrancing joys of such mercurial exhilaration, through the inevitable extasie of an over-mastered apprehension, fell back in a swoon, without any other appearance of any other life into her than what, by the most refined wits of theological speculators, is conceived to be exerced by the purest parts of the separated entelechies of blessed saints in their sublimest conversations with the celestial hierachies. This accident procured the incoming of an apothecarie with restoratives, as the other did that of a surgeon with consolidative mendicaments."

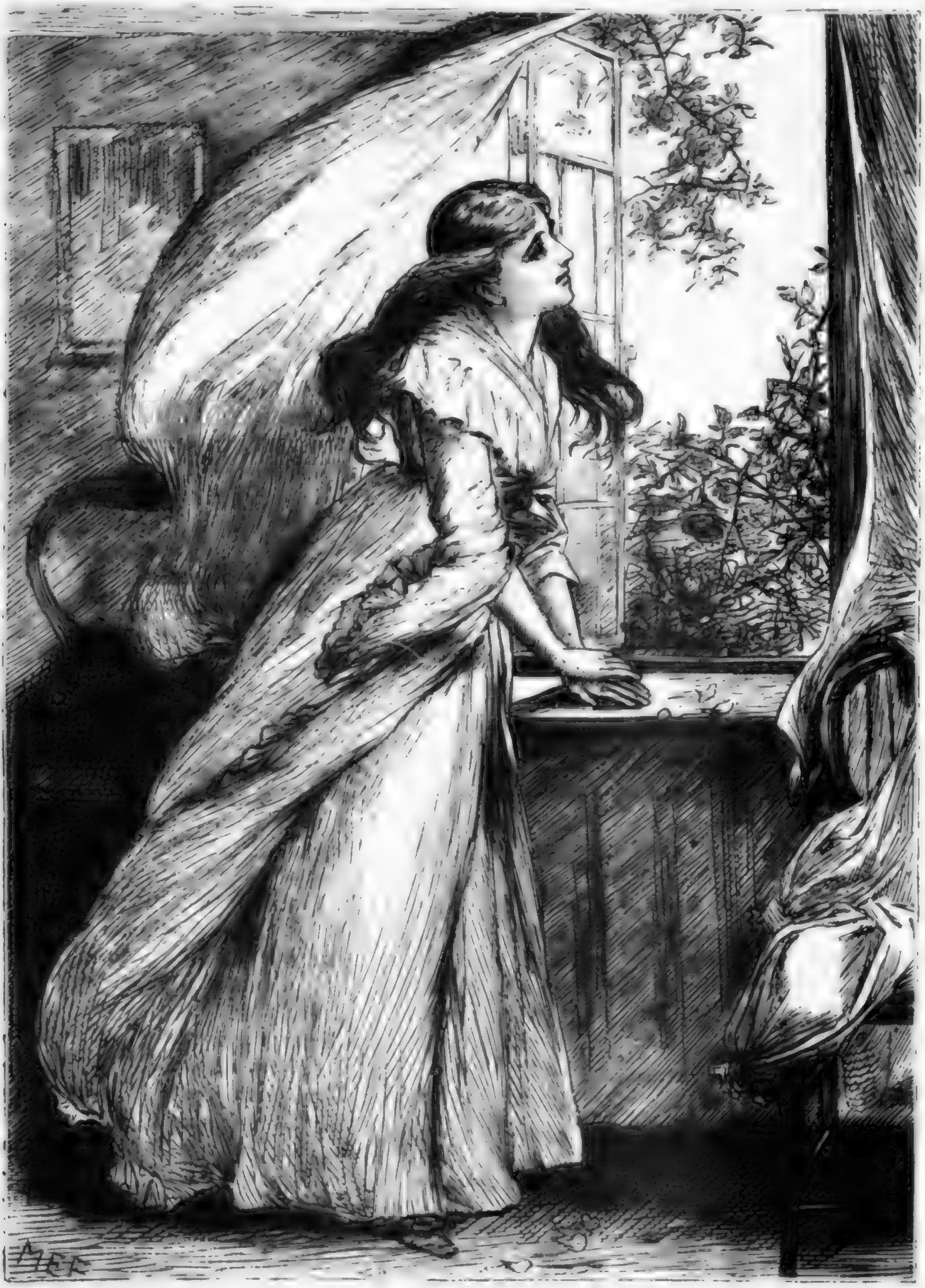
After reading this remarkable specimen of a high-flown style, a little variety in the mendicaments will be a restorative to the over-taxed sensorium of paradigmatical perusers.

Perhaps the most wonderful idea of what prose ought to be, is mentioned by De Quincy, as having been held by one Robert Heron, who, under the name of Pinkerton, actually printed a book in support of his system. He wished to assimilate the English language with the sweet orchestral languages of the South ; and proposed to give it the required grace by adding to the termination of our words, *o* and *a*, *ino* and *ano*, and gives, as a specimen, how he would have written the Vision of Merza, "As I sat on the top of a rock," being translated into, "As I satto on the toppino of a rocko"; but, says De Quincy, "luckilisime this proposalio of the absurdissimo of Pinkertonio was not adoptado by anybodyne whateverano."

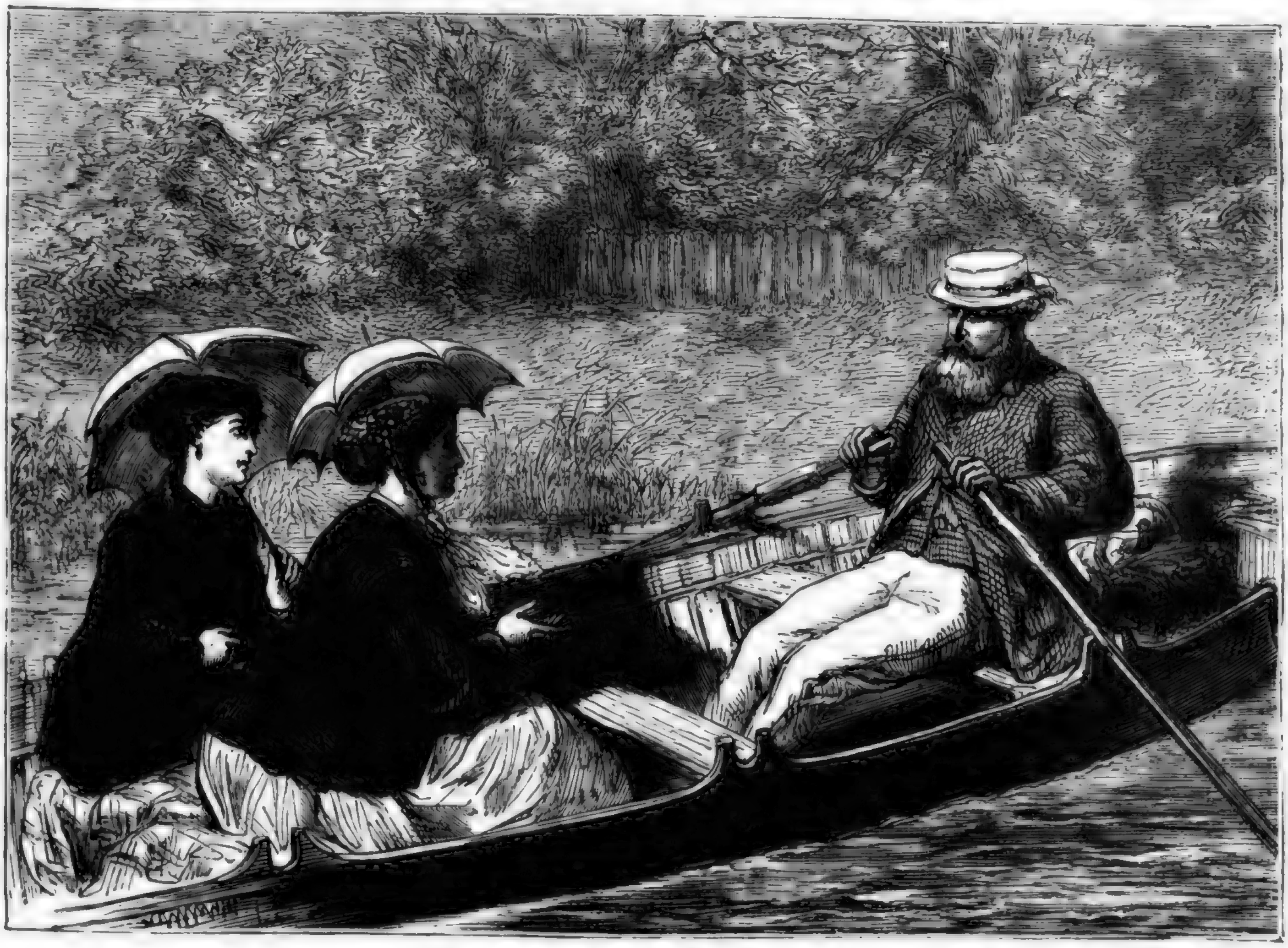
Both Urquhart and Pinkerton may have taken their ideas from the description in Rabelais of the French scholar who addressed Pantagruel in a jargon of Latin words with French translations.

These are the curiosities of prose literature, and are not to be imitated. The model that all should take is best shown in the words of Johnson: "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."

THE more strict and severe and suspicious persons are precisely those who are most often deceived. Suspicion is so rarely directed aright, that cunning is more than a match for it ; and oppression ever begets cunning, which is the dwarfed and deformed cleverness of the slave.



COME HOME.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 702.



ON THE RIVER.

"NOT GUILTY!"

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

Chapter XVII.—The Story Concluded.

"I left the house with Fortescue.

"'They are not a particularly blissful couple, our friend Harmon and his wife,' he sneered; 'I fear their marriage was a sad mistake.'

"'No doubt it seems so to *you*,' I answered; 'I remember that you opposed it long ago in Paris.'

"He gave me an angry glance, and at the next street we separated.

"That scene in the Harmon drawing-room was but the first of many which I witnessed in the next few weeks. The infelicity of the young pair was much talked of in the upper circles of society. Everybody knew that Harmon loved his wife madly, and that both were intensely miserable. An immediate separation seemed inevitable. Mrs. Harmon was a reigning belle. Her beauty and style brought scores of admirers to her shrine. With feverish eagerness she plunged into all sorts of fashionable follies, and wherever she went Gerald Fortescue was sure to hover near her, like an evil shadow. He was a daily visitor at this house; his power over both husband and wife seemed unbounded. Philip was madly jealous of all other men, but of Fortescue—never. I could not understand it then, I cannot understand it now. His friends shrugged their shoulders, and whispered unspeakable things in secret, but no suspicion of the truth ever appeared to disturb my blinded, my unhappy friend.

"At a *recherché* dinner-party, given by a noted leader of fashion, I saw husband and wife together for the last time. Agnes Harmon was magnificent that day, and Philip was in his blackest mood. Gerald Fortescue made one of the company—he always managed to be invited wherever Mrs. Harmon went. After the meal a very unpleasant incident occurred. Agnes Harmon sang, and was overwhelmed with compliments. In the drawing-room a crowd of admirers had gathered about her, and conspicuous among them was a young army officer who seemed to be upon the high road to idiocy.

"Philip bore it for a space, then, with a thunderous face, strode through the group, grasped his wife with such violence that the marks of his fingers were left in livid ridges on her white arm, and hissed out a torrent of fierce reproaches that struck consternation to the hearts of all present. She fainted in his hold, and Harmon carried her, unconscious, to his carriage, and drove away like a whirlwind, and the fashionable world had a fresh subject for scandal.

"At an early hour next morning, Martin, your father's favorite servant, came in wild haste to my hotel.

"'God save us!' he cried, with a white, frightened face; 'my mistress is dead, sir—*murdered!* Come quick to Mr. Harmon—he is mad with grief.'

"In ten minutes I had reached this house. It was crowded, even then, with horrified faces. On a sofa in her dressing-room lay Agnes Harmon, just as her maid

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had discovered her half an hour before, dead—yes, murdered! She was attired in the same rich dress which she had worn at the dinner-party of the previous evening. A long slim dagger of foreign workmanship was buried in her breast.

"I remember well the beautiful face, lying so white and cold among the silken cushions, the trailing hand covered with jewels, the dabbled draperies, the screams of the servants, and, above all, Philip Harmon kneeling by that fair dead shape, straining it to his heart in a stupor of grief, an agony of despair, from which not even my voice could arouse him.

"'This affair has a bad look for our friend,' said a sinister voice in my ear. I turned, and saw Gerald Fortescue. He had a strange, wild appearance, yet his manner was composed. He bent and touched Harmon.

"'Philip, who did this deed?' he demanded.

"'God only knows,' Philip answered.

"'Is it *your* work?' said Fortescue, fiercely.

"With flashing eyes, Harmon started up from his fair dead wife.

"'Mine! How dare you ask such a question? Could I kill the woman I loved better than my life—the mother of my child?'

"'Did you part with her in anger last night?'

"'God forgive me—yes! Of late, I have often done that.'

"'This is bad business,' said Gerald Fortescue.

"There was an inquest, of course. Everybody in the house underwent a rigid examination. Mrs. Harmon's maid was the last person who had seen the unfortunate girl alive. At eleven o'clock on the preceding night, this woman had entered the dressing-room, to find her young mistress walking the floor and weeping bitterly. She had declined her services, and dismissed her at once. The maid slept in an adjoining closet. She heard no disturbance during the night; awoke at seven o'clock, and waited for her mistress's bell. After a while she grew frightened, opened the door, and on the sofa saw Mrs. Harmon lying, cold and dead.

"The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of guilty against Philip Harmon, and he was committed without bail to await his trial for wife-murder.

"My heart grows sick within me when I remember that trial, Meg. The evidence against Harmon was overwhelming. The servants testified to his mad jealousy, to the violent scenes which had constantly occurred betwixt husband and wife—to the unhappiness of their wedded life. The waiting-maid, in particular, gave some damaging testimony. For a long time, she said, Mrs. Harmon had seemed to feel a deadly fear of her husband. She wept a great deal in secret, grew very sad and despondent, and showed no interest in anything. There was a little journal in which she often wrote; witness had seen her tears fall on its pages often. All the household knew that Harmon was madly jealous of his wife. He had once torn a magnificent ball-dress off her fair body just as she was ready to step into her carriage. Again and again witness had heard him threaten to kill both himself and her mistress. The dagger was recognized by all the servants as the property of the prisoner. He kept it as an ornament on his library-table.

"From first to last Harmon's demeanor was strangely calm and dignified. He solemnly swore to me that he was innocent, and I never for a moment doubted his word. He pleaded 'Not guilty,' and while acknowledging that he had lived unhappily with his wife, he declared that he had loved her too well to harm a hair of her head. Diligent search was made among the dead girl's effects for the journal to which the waiting-maid had referred; but it could not be found. The book was described as crimson-covered, and clasped with gold. Doubtless its contents might have thrown some light upon the terrible mystery; but we looked for it in vain. Mark you, it was *never* discovered. Agnes Harmon had probably destroyed it before her death.

"Gerald Fortescue was the prisoner's counsel. To his hands Philip committed his life. I was very sorry for this; but your father would have it so. He *believed* in the man, you see. Perhaps no talent in the land could have saved him, perhaps Fortescue did his best—pleaded the case ably—at least, others thought so; but the evidence was clear, popular feeling ran high against the prisoner; wife-murder is a most revolting crime. Apart from a few personal friends, everybody believed him guilty. After a weary trial, through which he conducted himself with composure and fortitude, Philip Harmon one dreadful day stood up in a densely crowded court-room and received sentence of death.

"I remember well the moment when the terrible words were pronounced. My eyes chanced to wander from the calm pale face of the prisoner to the swarthy, agitated one of his counsel. What did I see there? An infernal gleam of *joy*—joy unmistakable, flashing like lightning over those expressive features, and almost convulsing them. I tried to think that it must be my imagination. I was not prepared to believe, even then, that Fortescue could rejoice in the condemnation of a client and a friend. The idea was too monstrous. Nevertheless, the memory of that look haunted me long after. Philip Harmon was to die upon the gallows. He had just six months of life left to him. His doom was certain. Now I wish to tell you what Fortescue did.

"'Trust me,' he said to the condemned man, 'and I will save you—I will help you to escape from this prison. You must fly abroad. Your fortune and your daughter must be sent before you, to some obscure corner of the Old World, where your safety will be certain. Confide both to me, and I will make all necessary arrangements. It is your only chance—by this way alone can you cheat the gallows.'

"At first your father declared that, being an innocent man, he would not act like a guilty one; but, remember, he was weakened by mental suffering, and agonized with thoughts of you. Fortescue pleaded so well that he at last consented to the plan, and made over his entire fortune to the scoundrel, to invest in foreign securities—gave it to him unreservedly—yes, with full legal power to do with it as he would. Great heaven! my blood boils when I think of it! You were to be sent abroad immediately, with your nurse, to await Philip Harmon on the other side of the Atlantic. From the few friends that remained to him the matter was kept a profound secret. Fortescue alone was to be the executor, even as he had been the originator, of the scheme.

"I was allowed to visit Harmon after his condemnation. I found him composed and cheerful, but he never once hinted at the secret betwixt himself and Fortescue, and I suspected nothing. I had set myself to the task of saving my friend. The public believed him guilty, and was determined that he should hang; but I was rich, I had influence, the highest executive officer of the State was my near relative. I was resolved to move heaven and earth to change Philip Harmon's sentence.

"Now give heed to what I say, Meg. For five long months Fortescue duped your father with his fine plan of escape, postponing from time to time, by one pretext or another, the final hour for action. Every dollar of Harmon's fortune had passed into his hands, and one morning he stepped upon a transatlantic steamer and slipped quietly off to Europe, leaving the doomed man to his fate, and you to the charity of your hired nurse. Just before his departure he wrote these words to me:

> "'Idiot! I learn that you are trying to save Harmon. You cannot do it—he must hang. I have hated him all my life, and the day appointed for him to suffer will be the happiest of my existence.'

"I hurried to Harmon's prison, and there learned the story of the plot and the infamous treachery of Fortescue. Your father was utterly crushed and overwhelmed.

"'He has plundered me!' he said; 'and, thanks to my utter madness, no law can touch him. I *gave* him my fortune to do with as he would, and my child—my innocent, helpless child, is a beggar!'

"'Do not think of her,' I answered; 'she shall be my care.'

"His trust was betrayed, his hope of escape over. Yet he would say very little concerning the man who had so injured him.

"'Let his villainy be a secret 'twixt you and me, Dysart,' he entreated—'I ask it as a personal favor. It is impossible to regain that which I have lost—impossible to bring him to punishment. I now see that he has been seeking my ruin for years. He has fled to Europe in the full hope and expectation of my immediate death on the gallows.'

"True. But in this hope Fortescue was doomed to disappointment. A few days previous to the one which had been named for his execution, Philip Harmon's death-sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life.

"To my care he committed his child.

"'She has no near relatives,' he said; 'take her, Dysart, be kind to her for my sake, but let her be brought up in utter ignorance of her wretched father. God forbid that she should know of my existence!'

"I saw the prison-doors close for ever on my friend. Then I carried you, my adopted niece, down to Beach Hall, left you with some faithful servants, and started for Europe to find Gerald Fortescue.

"We met in a *café* of the Palais Royal. He was cool and insolent—the game was in his own hands, and he knew it.

"'You are a thief and a traitor!' I said to him. 'Where is the money which you have stolen from Harmon and his child?'

"'You quite mistake the situation,' he answered. 'Harmon was the thief, and I the victim. The prospect of impending death awoke in him some pangs of conscience. He made late restitution to me—that is all. It's a thousand pities you worked so hard to rob the gallows of its lawful prey. I assure you, I was greatly disappointed when I heard of that change of sentence.'

"'I know the secret of your hatred!' I cried—'I know your guilty passion for Harmon's wife! Listen, and I will tell you a secret. I, too, loved her, but mine was a love that prompted me to sacrifice, not selfishness—to good, not evil. She never dreamed of it, neither did any other human creature. Gerald Fortescue, I think you could tell something about that girl's murder if you would.'

"He grew as white as ashes.

"'I? What do you mean? It is a lie! I had left the city on that night of her death—I was miles distant from the spot where she suffered.'

"'All the same, you know more about the foul deed than anybody living.'

"My boldness startled him.

"'Do you think *I* killed her?' he demanded, hoarsely.

"'It is more than likely,' I replied, in a fury. 'I believe you to be capable of any crime known to men or devils. Restore to Agnes Harmon's child the money of which you have robbed her. You have left the little thing dependent upon charity—pity her, for her mother's sake!'

"He mocked and defied me, denied that he had taken a penny which was not his own by right, and bade me send the child to a public institution.

"It was plain that I could not wrest from him his ill-gotten gains, so I knocked him senseless to the floor of the *café*, broke my cane over his body, walked out of the place, and never saw his face again till last night at the opera.

"He returned to this city, entered, like Ahab of old, into the possession of Naboth's vineyard—made his home in this very house, where your mother was murdered, rose rapidly in importance and in the esteem of his fellow-men, became a judge—faugh! The rest you know. Gerald Fortescue is enough to make a man doubt the very existence of justice!"

"Wait!" cried Meg, breathlessly. "You have not told me who killed my mother."

"My poor child, that is a secret known only to God. The guilty party has never been discovered—never will be, in all probability. To me, the affair is as much a mystery now as it was nineteen years ago."

"Do you think that Gerald Fortescue was the murderer?"

"No. I took the trouble to ascertain, beyond doubt, that he was out of the city on that fatal night, that he left immediately after the dinner-party. Yet I suspect—I have always suspected—that he possessed information concerning the deed which he never made public—that he allowed Harmon to be tried and condemned for a crime which he knew the unhappy husband never committed. Rest assured your father is innocent. Meg, Meg, if hard or bitter thoughts have ever entered your mind concerning him, go down on your knees and ask Heaven to forgive you. Jealous he might have been, goaded to madness often by his wife's coldness and indifference, but he never lifted his hand against his idol; this I believe to-day as utterly as I believed it two decades ago. For nineteen years he has been shut within the walls of a prison, enduring God only knows what torture. He has worn out youth and strength in that living death, without hope, without solace. In all this time I have never looked upon him—he could not endure to see me; but in his prison there is a turnkey named Martin—a faithful fellow, who was once Harmon's servant. For love of his former master he sought his present situation, and through him I have frequently communicated with Harmon. You remember the man—you overheard a conversation which I once held with him in my library at Beach Hall?"

"Yes," answered Meg.

The colonel sprang up from his chair, his voice swelling with indignation.

"And while your mother lies unavenged in her grave," he cried, "and Philip Harmon drags his miserable, blighted life out in the awful routine of a prison, shut up with men of crime and violence, what has befallen this Gerald Fortescue? He has risen to eminence in his profession, fortune has favored him in every way, men honor him—great God! who is able to comprehend such things?" He turned upon Meg with a stern, set face. "*Now* what do you think of the man who has asked you to marry—the man who robbed your father and left him to the gallows; the man whose guilty love for your mother was at

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the bottom of all her wedded misery; the man who stripped you of everything—abandoned you to charity in your helpless babyhood? His passion for the dead Agnes, it seems, has been transferred to her daughter. Horror! Has he determined to destroy *you*, also?"

Meg, too, was upon her feet, with an ashen cheek, and eyes dilating with strong emotion.

"What do I think of him?" she echoed. "He is a monster, a demon! Remember what my father said to you in my nursery, nunky—that I might some time avenge him, you know. I feel as if I had been raised up for that very purpose!" She tore Fortescue's ring off her hand, and flung it wildly from her. "What fatality! Was there no one to save me from entering this house—from the pollution of that man's touch—from the horrible mockery and profanation of his love? And to him I had determined to sell myself—in a few weeks, at furthest, I should have been his wife!"

"Thank God that I arrived in time to save you from that fate!" said the colonel, sternly; "and now you must leave this house. It is monstrous for you to eat of Fortescue's bread, or breathe the same air with him longer. Gather up your earthly possessions and come with me."

"Whither?"

He drew out his watch.

"To Gull Beach. We shall take the noon train for that place—Mrs. Dysart and I. The house has been put in order for our return. Heaven knows I am anxious to rest once more under my own vine and fig-tree. I have been in exile for nearly four years."

He sighed heavily. Meg did not speak for some moments. She was staring straight out before her, with lips compressed in a red line, and brows knitted over sombre, brooding eyes.

"Go down to Gull Beach with Constance? No, I cannot do that!" she said, at last; "I must remain here for the present."

"*Here?*"

"Judge Fortescue has gone to New York, in quest of his runaway daughter. It is impossible to say when or where he may find her, or whether he will return in a day or a week. But I shall not leave this house until I have seen him again. Would you have me fly like a coward?"

"I would have you act prudently, Meg. You are under the roof of your arch-enemy. I shudder at your position. His new son-in-law will be sure to tell him that you are Philip Harmon's daughter."

"Let him!" she cried, defiantly; "he must know the fact, either from Moultrie's lips or mine. I do not fear Gerald Fortescue, nunky—no; but from this hour I am his sworn foe—ready for any opportunity to avenge my father's wrongs. Here in his house I will remain, and to his face I will accuse him of his crimes, and demand reparation!"

The colonel stared aghast.

"Meg, Meg! Do nothing of the kind! You are but a weak girl. He will find means to crush you at once."

She seemed not to hear him. Her resolute air filled him with dismay.

"I wish to see my father!" she cried. "Who will take me to him?"

"Your father?"

"Yes. I must go to his prison. I can gain admittance, can I not? He will tell me what to do."

"My dear child, everything was done for him that could be done, years ago."

"Nothing was done!" she cried, wildly. "Oh, you cannot keep me—I *will* see him! He who has never known his child, he whom all the world has abandoned—he shall yet find that he is not quite deserted. He shall know that my arms ache to clasp him, and my eyes to look upon him. Will *you* take me to his prison?"

"When?"

"To-day—this very hour!"

"Impossible! To-day I have important business to which I must attend. I must also go down to Gull Beach with Constance."

"To-morrow, then?"

"Very well. I will be at your disposal to-morrow."

"It seems a weary while," she sighed. "I will pray for patience. My dear old friend, I place my whole hope and trust upon *you*—do not forsake me now!"

"Never again!" he answered, clasping her remorsefully to his heart. "But how can I leave you in this house? Come away, Meg. If you will not go down to Gull Beach, I can find you a safe refuge elsewhere."

She shook her head.

"No, no. Here I stay, in the camp of the foe. But give yourself no uneasiness concerning me. Gerald Fortescue will not return till I see you again. I am safe for twenty-four hours, at least."

"God be with you!" murmured the colonel; "I do not like this arrangement."

CHAPTER XVIII.

AT GULL BEACH.

IN long, loud blasts the wintry wind swept the desolate shingle at Gull Beach. Pleasant the gray sands and low marshes might be in the full glow of Summer, but at this season of the year they were unspeakably sombre and lonely. Foam-caps whitened the chill, deserted bay. Overhead lowered a mutinous sky, full of coming storm.

In the dull, threatening afternoon, Colonel Dysart's carriage rolled through the tall gate, under the old fir-trees, that shook their black heads in the shrill gusts, and stopped at the entrance of Beach Hall. The colonel and his wife alighted.

Hasty preparations had been ringing through the house since morning. Once more its windows were opened to the light and air. A few of the old servants had returned to their former posts, and covers had been stripped from the rich furniture; the bustle of life echoed again through the long silent rooms.

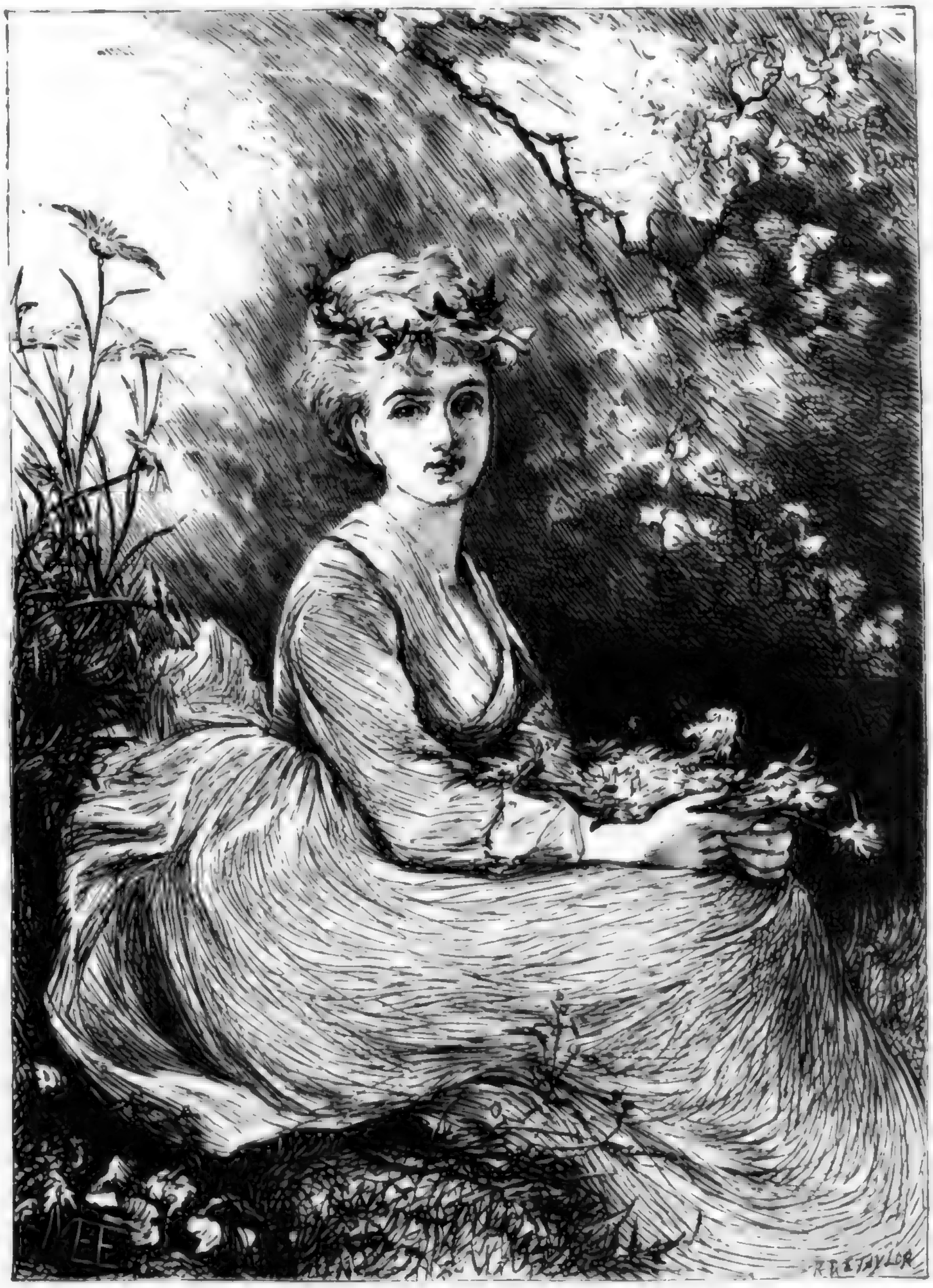
"Thank God!" said the colonel, wearily, as his foot touched his own threshold. Mrs. Dysart did not answer, but her thin lip curled. Beach Hall in Winter was the abomination of desolation. She saw no especial cause for thanksgiving in this cheerless return to its gates. To her the place abounded in unpleasant memories. She had desired to remain abroad for another year, at least—life in the European capitals suited Constance—but the colonel had, for once, asserted his marital authority, and brought her back to the New World against her will.

She sailed up the broad stair to the chamber which had been prepared for her, followed by a smart Swiss maid. The latter began to unpack the luggage, which had arrived in advance of its owners. On the hearth a roaring fire burned away the cold and dampness of the long unused rooms; but outside the boughs of the firs scratched sharply against the windows, the gale roared, and the moaning of the sea was audible, as it swept up the dreary sands of Gull Beach.

Constance walked the floor back and forth, looking about the chamber and out into the funereal firs and the wintry garden below, with a sort of angry disdain.

She had grown stout and imperious in the last four years. In her yellow eyes lurked a shrewish look. Her high nose and thin lips wore a frigid, forbidding expression. Constance had always been a cold-blooded, unscrupulous woman, and time had only intensified these peculiar traits in her character; to this fact her husband could bear ample testimony.

"Mignon," she said to the Swiss maid, "I shall not take the trouble to dress for dinner—it is not worth one's while in a place like this. I cannot understand Colonel Dysart's desire to come down here at this season. The whims of old men are unaccountable. Of one thing he may rest assured—my stay at Beach Hall will be brief."



AMONG THE WILD-FLOWERS.

"Yes, madame," answered the maid.

She arranged her mistress's wardrobe and toilet-table, performed such offices as were required of her, and noiselessly withdrew. Mrs. Dysart sat down before her fire and lost herself straightway in a reverie.

She hated Gull Beach. With every nook and corner of it unpleasant associations were connected.

As she stared into the red blaze her fair, chilly face grew hard and set. Alas! Constance's marriage had brought her little happiness. She had sown malice, revenge and falsehood, only to reap vexation, disappointment and bitterness of spirit. Money is good, but it cannot buy that which satisfies the highest needs of life. She had found no sweetness in her vengeance, no joy in her wicked triumph over Meg.

Few men could have been happy with Constance—least of all, one like Colonel Dysart. The two had neither tastes nor sympathies in common. He was old enough to be her father, and she had never felt the smallest throb of affection for him.

For the last three years he had gone through Europe with her, stopping, now here, now there, as the whim seized her; allowing her to squander his money; giving up his own comfort, his quiet scholarly tastes to her exacting selfishness; yet all the while he had made her feel that she no longer deceived him—that he knew her real value, that all her littleness was despicable in his grave, clear eyes.

He loved her no longer; he reproved her often—spoke of her faults with great frankness, showed her many times that he was her master. Last night, for instance, after the opera, and the appearance of Meg in that private box, what a battle royal she had waged with her lord!—to what humiliating confessions he had forced her! He knew the whole story, at last, and Meg was still his idol—yes, doubly so, now that he thought of her as deceived and injured. Oh, it was bitter! What had she gained by her scheming, by the sacrifice of herself, by her marriage with a tiresome old man whom she did not love, and who no longer loved her? Life might have been so different if Moultrie had remained true! Where was he now?—that false lover, with his handsome face and shallow heart!

A rap at the door. Enter the Swiss maid, with a newspaper in her hand.

"Monsieur bids me give you this," she said, and quietly retired.

Constance was suspicious by nature. Why had her husband troubled himself to send up that sheet from his library? Of course, there was something in it which he wished her to read. She opened the paper, and the first thing on which her eyes fell was a glowing account of the elopement of Danton Moultrie with the only daughter and heiress of the distinguished Judge Fortescue.

Constance read it slowly, carefully, as if afraid of missing a word. He had made his final choice, then—taken to himself a wife! She felt a sudden hot hatred toward the unknown Lilian, a strange, bitter pang stabbed her heart—for Constance *had* a heart, and the one only idol which she had set up there in her girlhood was not yet enthroned. Such love as she had to give had been given to Danton Moultrie—it could never be wholly recalled.

She opened one of the jewel-cases upon her toilet-table, and took from it a locket which she had carried with her over Europe, but never worn. The fair false face of Moultrie looked out from the golden setting. Bitterly she surveyed it. She had snatched him from Meg; but another woman, a stranger, had won him at last. She remembered to have heard of this Fortescue girl in Paris. Some American friends had called her a little brunette dowdy in ill health. He was married! Well, what could that matter to Constance Dysart? Single or wedded, he was parted from her for ever.

With the locket in her hand, she sat for a long time, motionless as stone, staring into the fire, and thinking unspeakable things.

Meanwhile, in his library below-stairs, old memories also beset Colonel Dysart. It was good to find himself once more in that familiar room, among his books and bric-à-brac—good to breathe the wholesome air of home, after years of weary travel and exile; but the central figure of his thoughts was Meg. He was tortured with self-reproach, with anxiety and dark foreboding. How he missed the beautiful creature here in her old haunts! Her face seemed looking out on him from every corner of the library. He heard her voice in every gust that swept the pane. And he had left her under Fortescue's roof—there she would remain, unprotected, alone, through this eerie night, which was beginning even now to gather on shore and sea.

The colonel was weak and nervous, fagged and worried, and the longer he brooded upon Meg's position, the greater became his consternation.

"Why did I not force her to come with me?" he said to himself. "Who knows what may happen to her before the morning?"

He went to the window. The wind was rising to a gale; the sky hung dark over the lashed and foaming bay. A wild northeaster was impending. Sleet and rain struck the glass with a great clatter, even as he peered forth. Could he return to town in such weather? No; the colonel's bodily strength had failed him of late; he was growing old—beginning, like Dean Swift, to decay at the top. Exhausted in flesh and spirit as he was, he dared not attempt the journey to-night, but he would do the next best thing to soothe the anxiety which consumed him. He wrote this message on a slip of paper:

"Leave that house immediately. I entreat you not to pass the night there. Place yourself under the protection of Miss Leith—she will give you shelter. In the morning I will come for you."

He summoned the only man-servant in the house, and sent him off with this dispatch to the telegraph-office in Blackhaven.

By this time the dinner-bell had rung. At the foot of the stairs the colonel met his wife. She looked frigid and displeased. Silently he conducted her to the table. The rain was beating wildly against the long windows, the sea moaned on the shore, like a lost soul. Darkness and tempest would surely rule the coming night.

Presently, Colonel Dysart motioned the attendant to withdraw, and husband and wife were alone together.

"Did you read the paper which I sent up to your room, Constance?" said the colonel.

"Yes," she answered, coldly.

"Danton Moultrie"—with a slight sneer—"has done well for himself, at last."

Her face was as impassive as stone.

"Without doubt."

"Constance," and his eyes grew very sombre under his gray brows, "the mischief which you did more than three years ago has led to darker complications than you intended, or even dreamed of. This morning, before we left town, I had an interview with Meg."

"You do not surprise me," answered the blonde woman, dryly. "I suspected you would lose no time in seeking your wronged idol, and acquainting her with my perfidy."

"Constance, where do you think I found the poor child? Living under the name of Miss Grey, in the household of Gerald Fortescue. Not only that, but he, ignorant of her parentage, had lured her into a marriage engagement."

Constance, phlegmatic as she was, could not repress a start.

"It is more than likely that she lured *him!* Gerald Fortescue! How unique!" She burst into an unpleasant laugh. "I hope you have not spoiled her brilliant prospects with your tattling, Colonel Dysart? So *that* was the meaning of her appearance with the distinguished judge in that box last night!"

"Constance, have you neither heart nor conscience?" he said, sternly.

She smiled.

"You mean do I regret the injury which I did Margaret Harmon? Not at all; for it was nothing, compared to that which she did me! But the confession of it—yes, I am sorry for that. I was foolish to acknowledge anything to you; nor would I have done so, had I not known you would be sure to hear the truth from *her*. I really hoped, Colonel Dysart, that the creature was crushed—absolutely crushed—before this time!"

"That she is not, Constance, is surely no fault of yours," said the colonel.

Then, in a few words, he told Meg's story. Mrs. Dysart continued to eat her dinner placidly.

"Margaret Harmon was born for an adventuress," she sneered. "Gerald Fortescue, in the character of her *fiancé*, is really too delightful! He might marry her by way of reparation, you know—it would be a comfortable method by which to adjust old troubles. I wonder you did not think of that. Of one thing rest assured, Colonel Dysart—she cannot come *here*. I would not live one hour under the same roof with her. As I hated her on the day when she left Gull Beach, I hate her still! I only regret that I was not able to drive her for ever beyond your knowledge. And now what will you do? Adopt her cause, receive her with open arms to your guardianship again, make a will in her favor, to take the place of the one you destroyed, when you found that she had eloped with another woman's promised husband? Pray do not think that I have been blind these last four years. You have continually sighed for that girl in secret, missed her, mourned for her—yes, even in our honeymoon, you did that! Colonel Dysart, I fear you are falling into your dotage."

He gave her a look that made her quail.

"It is true that I have mourned for Meg—that I have missed her greatly," he answered. "She is, and has always been, unspeakably dear to me. I was mad when I allowed you, for a little space, to poison my heart against her. I propose to protect and shield her from Gerald Fortescue, and all other enemies. If I cannot shelter her here, then I must do it elsewhere. In the morning I shall return to town to find a home for her, and arrange her affairs. Constance, there are times when you seem to me more like a fiend than a woman."

A sharp answer trembled on her tongue, but she fore-

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bore to utter it. She had married this man for his money—his health, she could plainly see, was rapidly failing. To be left a rich widow was now Constance's supreme desire. She felt that it was scarcely safe to provoke her husband too far, especially as her power over him had become weak and uncertain. His will was made, and it gave all his earthly possessions to her. Would he alter it now? The thought sent a chill through her veins. *That* she could not bear!

Her manner changed at once. She leaned forward and looked at the colonel, and her yellow eyes grew soft her hard voice sweet.

"Will you let that girl—will you let anybody, anything, come betwixt you and your wife?" she purred. "Have you quite ceased to love me?"

He passed his hand across his forehead with a heavy sigh.

"I do not know, Constance. I have told you more than once that our marriage was a mistake."

The bitterness in his tone alarmed her. She arose softly, went to his side and knelt down there, her blonde face full of tender appeal.

"Forgive me," she murmured, sobbing like the first-class actress which she was; "I cannot bear to see you angry—forgive my ill-temper. I will do whatever you wish. If you ask me to receive Meg here, if I can please you by such a concession, it shall be done. Ah! I am not so hard, so heartless as you think."

"Constance," he said, suspiciously, "do you mean that you are willing to be friends with Meg?"

"Yes, yes, if you require it of me. Shall I go down on my knees to her?"

"Heaven forbid! She is too generous to desire anything of the kind. The poor child is homeless, and surrounded with perils. I shall go to her in the morning. If you are sincere in what you say, come with me—assure her with your own lips that you forgive her for the past, and also wish to be forgiven."

He was going to Meg on the morrow! Bad news. Here was a bitter pill for her to swallow, but under the circumstances she dared not refuse it.

"Because *you* ask me," she murmured, "I will do this thing. It is hard, but for your sake I will forget my pride, my resentment; I will consent to forgive and be forgiven."

His face softened. He looked surprised and pleased.

"Constance, do you mean it?"

"Most surely."

He raised and embraced her with fervor.

"A thousand thanks! I scarcely expected this of you."

It was the first demonstration of affection which he had made for months. Of late Colonel Dysart and his blonde wife had wasted few endearments upon each other.

She went back to her seat, outwardly sweet and smiling, inwardly burning with jealous wrath. That girl was his sole thought. For her sake he was willing to humiliate his wife. He looked upon Meg as one who had been deeply wronged. Doubtless her old power over him would be redoubled. Constance clinched her teeth furtively. The fight betwixt herself and her enemy was about to be renewed more fiercely than ever. She must make haste to recover her lost ground in the colonel's heart, otherwise there would surely be a codicil to his will.

She was very amiable during the remainder of the dinner. When it was over she arose languidly.

"I am greatly fatigued," she said. "I have not yet recovered from that tedious voyage. And you—you, too, are looking worn and ill to-night."

"I cannot drive Meg from my mind," answered the colonel. "Where is she at this moment? Rash, willful girl! Fortescue may return unexpectedly—perhaps he has not gone to New York—and then heaven only knows what may happen. Is it, I wonder, too late for me to catch the evening train to town?"

He drew out his watch nervously.

"The evening train!" cried Constance, with a great start. "Listen to the storm! Would you leave me in this hermitage? I should die of loneliness before morning. Wait, I beg you, till the morrow. Then together we will go to Meg."

The agitation in her usually cold, unmoved face touched him. At the same moment a great dash of rain struck the windows, a blast of wind wrestled with the fir-trees, a loud moan came up from the wave-washed beach.

"Very well," said the colonel, dismissing with reluctance his keen desire to fly to Meg. "I *will* wait till to-morrow."

He went back to his library. Night fell, and the storm increased in violence. A servant entered with lights. In the grate burned a bright fire, and its red glow fell pleasantly over the crowded book-shelves and the carving and gilding of the room.

Colonel Dysart was ill at ease. He seated himself at his table and tried to read from his favorite volumes, but all in vain. A blast of wind tore by the window. He fancied he heard Meg's voice, full of distress, calling to him in that gust. So strong was the illusion that he flung up the sash, and leaning out into the pelting, driving storm, cried, wildly:

"Meg, Meg, where are you?"

No voice answered. Only the fir-trees groaned, and the waves roared on Gull Beach.

Meg was not there. He closed the window and went back to the fire.

Above-stairs, in her dressing-room, Constance, too, was restless and troubled. She had dismissed her maid for the night. The paper containing the details of Danton Moultrie's elopement lay on the floor beside her chair. Hour after hour went by. Sometimes she arose and paced the room, noiselessly as a cat; sometimes she stood and stared blankly down into the failing fire, seeing therein maddening pictures of lost happiness.

It was in this attitude that her husband found her, when he entered the apartment shortly before midnight. She did not notice him till he laid his hand on her shoulder. Then she gave a violent start, and he saw that her blonde face was drawn and white. She picked up the newspaper and thrust it absently into the fire. It blazed up for a moment, and then was gone.

"The storm is increasing," she stammered.

"Yes. Before we start for town, will you order a room to be prepared for Meg?—her old one would please her best. It is possible that we may wish to bring her back with us. Since you have consented to bury the hatchet, I am sure she will come."

Her yellow eyes looked steadily into his own.

"All shall be made ready for her—have no fear. I will attend to the matter early in the morning."

"You lift a heavy load from my heart, Constance. I am dead tired. I think I will go now to bed."

He passed into an adjoining chamber. Half an hour later she heard him tossing restlessly. She went to the door between the two rooms, and said, sweetly:

"Cannot you sleep, dear?"

"No; the storm disturbs me. That moaning wind is unbearable."

"Shall I mix you a sleeping-draught?"

"Yes. I was about to ask for one."

On the dressing-room table stood a case of medicines. Colonel Dysart was often compelled to sleep under the influence of narcotics. From one of the bottles Constance poured some liquid into a glass. Her hand was not quite steady, neither was her mind upon her work. Out splashed the stuff, like harmless water. The dose was larger, by far, than a prudent person would have administered, but she did not lessen it.

Putting the bottle back in place, she glided with a firm step, and a soft *swish* of draperies, to her husband's bedside. The night-lamp shed but a faint light through the chamber. He took the glass from her hand.

"Is it strong?" he said.

"Yes."

He drank the draught at once.

"Now I shall sleep," she heard him murmur, more to himself than to her.

She went back to her dressing-room, washed and wiped the glass—she was very careful about little things—put it down by the medicine-case, and returned to her chair before the fire.

Ceaselessly the storm roared. Pitch-black darkness brooded on shore and sea. Sometimes flakes of snow mingled with the rain, and whirled, like falling stars, across the window.

One o'clock struck. Wide awake, Constance still sat there in the dreary dressing-room. The fire died. A deathly stillness reigned in the adjoining chamber, and over all the house.

At last she arose; a slight tremor shook her full figure; she moved cautiously to the half-open door, hesitated, crossed its threshold. The night-lamp still burned feebly; the fir-boughs beat against the pane. She drew near to the bed. Colonel Dysart lay upon his pillow, like a graven image. The narcotic had brought him the sleep which he coveted. She bent down to him. The seal of an awful silence and solemnity was set upon his sharp, stern face. She called him by name—he did not hear; she touched him—he did not move. A cry escaped her lips. From the dark corners of the room its echo floated back to her ears: "*Murderess!*"

No, that was imagination.

"Are you sleeping, Colonel Dysart?" she cried, grasping the carved post of the bed for support.

Yes, he was sleeping—the sleep which no earthly sound can break. There, in that silent chamber, with white, accusing face turned upward to the woman who had destroyed him, and with the dull rays of the lamp falling all along his rigid outlines, Colonel Dysart lay, cold and dead!

Constance ran to the closet where Mignon, the maid, slept, and shook her lustily.

"Rise!" she cried, "and call up the other servants. Colonel Dysart is dead!"

"Dead?" echoed the bewildered and terrified girl. "Great God, madame! how did it happen?"

"Hush, fool!" answered Mrs. Dysart, with a face as colorless as stone; "for years he has suffered from heart-disease. Death has come upon him at last, as it usually comes in such cases, like a thief in the night. He is dead, and I am a widow!"

CHAPTER XIX.

IN THE PRISON.

After Colonel Dysart's departure from the Beacon Street house, Meg had plenty of time to think over the tragic story which she had heard—plenty of time to meditate upon her own extraordinary position in the home of the man who had wrought such woe to her kindred—who had wronged and plundered herself. Mrs. Maitland was in her own chamber, prostrated by the event of the previous night. She would see no one, least of all Miss Grey. The house was left to Meg.

She sat down in the red boudoir, and thought and thought, till her brain whirled and her heart grew sick within her. What was the first step for her to take in this matter? Could she wait a day and night before she attempted to see her father? Twenty-four hours! It was an eternity!

"Have I a moment to waste?" she said to herself—"can I bear to stay in this house, alone, inactive, merely killing time that should be precious, till nunky is at liberty to come to me again? No, I cannot! I shall be mad by to-morrow!"

In her desperate moods, Meg was always fertile in plans. One occurred to her now, as she walked the boudoir in a fever of excitement. She caught at it with characteristic impulsiveness.

"Nunky will forgive me," was her thought—"he will know that I could *not* wait! Why should I trouble him, when I can act for myself? How old and worn and miserable he looks! That vixenish Constance is killing him by inches."

It was now high noon. The luncheon-bell rang, but there was no one in the house to-day to respond to it. Meg went to her pink-and-white chamber, and dressed for a walk.

"I am going out," she said to a housemaid; "I shall not return till night. Should Mrs. Maitland ask for me, say that I have been called to see a friend."

After which, Meg descended to the street, and drawing her vail, walked away with a determined step and a wildly beating heart to Pemberton Square.

In a few moments she had reached the place. Eagerly, carefully, she read the signs on either hand—this particular spot abounded in signs. At last her eyes caught the name:

"Robin Leith, Attorney-at-Law."

She wavered, half turned to retrace her steps; but the necessity was imperative, it was no time to stand for trifles—so she gathered courage, passed through a door, and ascended a stair. Another sign at the top guided her, and a moment later Meg stood in the office of that rising young lawyer, Robin Leith.

It was a large and handsomely furnished room—a striking contrast to the dirty den at Blackhaven, where Leith had toiled and moiled in the old days. Prosperity was written upon its four walls. A smart clerk sat at a desk, writing. A colored boy placed Meg a chair.

"Is Mr. Leith in?" she asked, anxiously.

Yes, he was busy in the private office—he would appear directly. Meg sat down, wild with impatience.

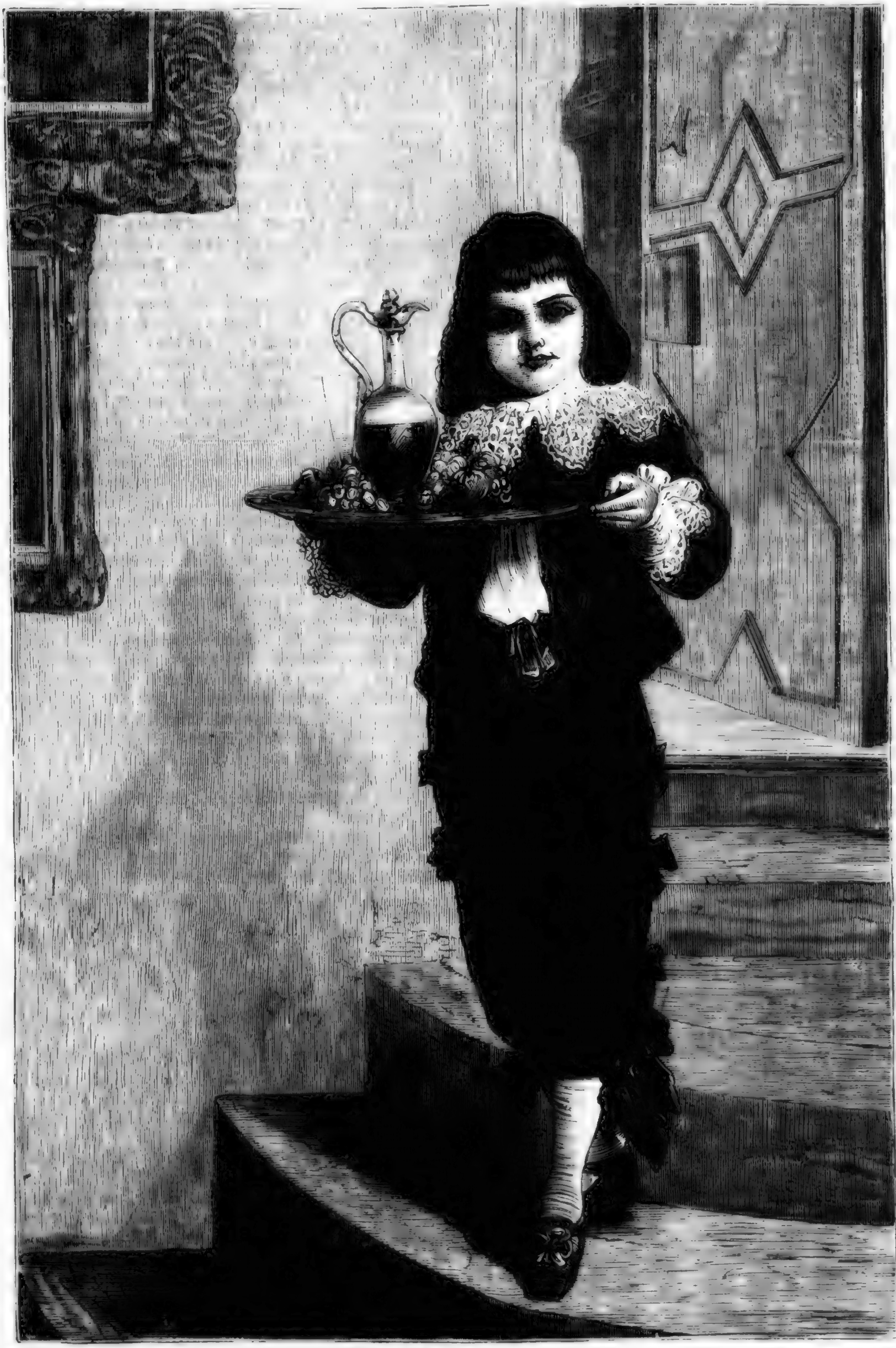
A few moments passed. Then Leith and a client came forth together. As the young fellow's eyes fell upon Meg, his brown face changed. He hurried to her side.

"You have business with me?" he said, in a low voice.

"Yes," she faltered; "permit me to speak to you alone."

He conducted her into the private office, and closed the door. He was quite composed, but every vestige of color had vanished from Meg's face. Instinctively the thoughts of both flashed back to a certain long-gone Summer morning—to a piquant young beauty who had come, troubled and alone, as now, to his Blackhaven den to ask him to wed.

"Do you remember that day?" she stammered, with something betwixt a sob and a laugh.



THE LITTLE PAGE.

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"I remember," he answered, quietly.

Her present errand was of a widely different nature, yet she found some difficulty in making it known. More than once she essayed to speak before the words would come. At last she faltered:

"I need help. Necessity drives me to you. In all this city, I have not another friend on whom I can rely."

She saw that her words pleased him.

"I shall count it a privilege to serve you," he answered promptly. "I am glad that you regard me with confidence. What can I do for you?"

She gave him an appealing, deprecatory glance.

"Was I rude to you that day in the church? I fancied you were angry with me."

"No, you were not rude," he replied, gravely; "and I could never feel anything like anger toward you for more than a passing moment."

A grateful little smile dimpled the bloom of her lips.

"I am glad. I feared that I had offended you." Then, after a pause, "Colonel Dysart has returned from Europe."

"I know it."

"You have seen him?"

"Yes—this very morning."

"Where?"

"In this office. On his way from Judge Fortescue's house, from his interview with you, he stopped here to speak with me regarding some law matters."

She clasped her gloved hands involuntarily.

"You know all—Colonel Dysart has told you my father's story?"

"The main points of it, at least."

She struggled hard for self-possession. The color came and went rapidly in her pale cheek.

"Did he mention the engagement which he made with me for the morrow?"

"Yes. He will return to town at an early hour, to conduct you to your father."

She took a step toward him, her lip quivered, her great eyes were full of pain and entreaty.

"I cannot wait till the morrow! I am here to make an extraordinary request—to ask you to go with me to the prison. Think of the years in which my father has suffered alone, remember that I have not seen his face since my unconscious babyhood. How can I delay a long day and night? For nineteen years he has been shut in a living tomb, and his one, only child has never once sought to aid or comfort him. Have I any more time to waste? Not a moment!"

Almost involuntarily she stretched out two supplicating hands. He gathered them into his own, held them with a close, warm clasp.

"You are quite right," he said, with decision. "I am entirely at your service. When do you wish to start?"

"Now!—that is," drawing her hands rather coldly from his hold, "whenever you can."

"I am ready."

"Do you think Miss Prue would go with us?"

"I am sure of it. I will take you to her at once."

He stepped out into the larger office, spoke a few words to his clerk, then returned, hat in hand, and Meg went with him down the stair and into the street. He hailed a passing carriage, assisted her in, took a seat by her side, and the two were carried swiftly away toward the South End.

Not a word was spoken during the drive. When they reached the house of the Leiths it required just fifteen minutes by the clock for Miss Prue to comprehend the situation and don her shawl and bonnet. A visit to a State prison was an experience which she had never, in her wildest moments, anticipated. But this daughter of Sorosis was not the person to turn coward in an emergency.

"If Philip Harmon is innocent, which nobody ever believed before," she said, as she tied her bonnet-strings in a highly unsymmetrical knot, "who is the guilty party—who *did* murder Agnes Ferrol?"

"A grave question," replied Leith. "Let us hope that it may in time be answered satisfactorily."

He poured a glass of wine for Meg.

"Drink it," he said, with authority; "you look as if your strength was unequal to the task before you."

She obeyed him, and received from Miss Prue a fond hug.

"My dear, I am sure that heaven will guide you to-day. Take courage. How do you know that you are not divinely appointed to deliver your father?"

They entered the carriage, and turning out of that quiet street, rolled off toward the northern portion of the city.

She was on her way to her unknown father—she was to look in his face, to touch his hand, her wronged, innocent father. How strange and unreal it seemed! All thought of Moultrie and his elopement with Lilian Fortescue was swallowed up in these later and more important matters. To Meg the whole world had changed since morning—life had changed, with all its purposes and desires.

The wind blew violently through the city streets, the clouds hung dark over the countless roofs. They crossed a bridge and entered the Charleston district. Meg's heart began to beat with suffocating strokes—she was now drawing near to the grim, gray prison. The carriage turned from the street into a driveway, and stopped before the house of the warden. The towering shadow of a great, dark rotunda frowned down upon it in the dreary day.

"Remain here for a few moments," said Leith, and he sprang out of the vehicle and left the ladies together.

"He may be dead," whispered Meg, with a shudder. "It is more than three years since the colonel last heard from him."

"Nonsense," said Miss Prue, giving her hand a sympathetic squeeze.

"I may not be allowed to see him."

"Small fear of that. Men are flinty-hearted creatures, I'll admit, but they will not deny you this favor."

Soon Leith returned. He silently extended his hand to Meg.

"He is alive, then?"

"Yes."

"I may see him?"

"Certainly."

She alighted from the carriage and followed him up a flight of steps into the prison.

"Goodness me!" muttered Miss Prue, behind those unsymmetrical bonnet-strings, "I never thought my feet would be called upon to tread this abode of thieves and murderers. This day may well be called an epoch in my history."

They stepped into the warden's room, which was occupied at that moment by two persons, the chief officer of the prison and a turnkey. The latter, an elderly man, with a heavy, pock-marked face surmounted by tufts of red hair, a scant gray beard and a shrewd eye, was not altogether unknown to Meg. At sight of him she started involuntarily. Again she saw the library at Beech Hall, the window in which she had concealed herself; she heard the colonel cry out "Not guilty, not guilty!" while this man, seated in a high-backed chair, with hat crushed betwixt his knees, and red locks bristling about his forehead, listened in a grave, non-committal way. It was Mr. Martin.

He gave her a long look as she passed with the Leiths to the adjoining guard-room in the rotunda of the prison. Here she was to wait.

Pots of flowering plants sweetened the air—through all her after life Meg would associate the odor of geraniums with that scrupulously neat and hopelessly dreary place. Outside she could see the workshops, the prison-yard, and the first few drops of rain which splashed down from the threatening sky upon the frowning wall.

By a window stood the deputy-warden's desk, with a loaded rifle near it, ready for any emergency; a warden's life was a precarious possession in this prison. From this post of observation the officer could always overlook the yard and the convicts, as they passed in companies to and from their cheerless labors.

Leith led Meg to a settee.

"Shall I see him here?" she murmured.

"Yes; they have gone to fetch him from his work."

Miss Prue, embarrassed and full of sympathy for Meg, was sniffing at the plants.

"Poor things!" she sighed; "how can they find the heart to bloom in such a place?"

The deputy-warden gave one curious glance at the beautiful girl on the settee, then turned his eyes toward the dreary yard.

A few moments passed, after which a heavy barred door opened, and two persons stepped into the guard-room—an officer of the prison and a convict, dressed in a uniform of coarse gray cloth.

A wasted, weakened figure, wearing an air of premature age. He had not yet seen fifty years, but he looked much older. His thin, haggard face was grandly molded. A patient endurance, which could only have been acquired after tremendous inward struggles, filled the large eyes. From his closely cropped hair every thread of youthful gold had vanished—it was now as white as frost. Yet, shorn as he was of the strength and beauty which had distinguished him nineteen years before, there was still a look of high breeding about Philip Harmon, a something distinctive and superior, which impressed his fellow-prisoners and his jailers alike. He was among them, but not of them—a man set apart, a man with a history.

In that dress of convict gray, with the mark of every one of those weary years of imprisonment furrowed upon his face, fixed for ever on his thin, stooping figure, he stepped into his daughter's presence.

Meg's heart seemed to stop beating. She sprang up from the settee. At the same moment Leith and Miss Prue retreated into the warden's room; neither dared to witness this meeting betwixt father and daughter. The officer who had conducted the prisoner in withdrew also; even the deputy-warden retired to the furthest end of the room, and turned his back considerately on the scene. Meg ran blindly toward the gray figure.

"Father! father!"

At sound of that cry, at sight of the lovely white face that flashed toward him like a star, he staggered as if he had received a blow.

"My child! Merciful God! what brought you here?"

For a moment they stood and looked at each other—a breathless, agonized look, in which was revealed all the long and lonely yearning of the father for the child, all the remorse and pain and love of the daughter who had hitherto been to him but a name and a memory. Then Meg rushed into his arms, she clung to him with all her young strength. Her kisses rained on his face, on his coarse clothes. He clasped her close to his heart.

"My darling! my darling—Agnes's child!" he cried, wildly. "What led you to my prison? Is Dysart here? Why has he not sent me some word concerning you for more than three years? Great heaven! what a weary while!"

He shook as if with palsy. She saw that he was utterly overcome, and made haste to draw him to a seat.

"The colonel is not with me," she sobbed. "What led me to your prison? Rather ask why I have not come before—why I have never sought to see you, although I have known for a long time that I had a father. Forgive me! forgive me! It was only this morning that I learned how you had suffered, and now my heart is breaking with remorse!"

Weeping, she flung herself again upon his breast. He bowed his gray head over her. No word was spoken, but in that close embrace these long-severed hearts were united, and no power on earth would ever part them more. Parent and child had found each other at last!

Outside in the prison-yard the rain fell smartly, and the wind sobbed and wailed around the corners of the wall, like a voice of human anguish.

Presently Philip Harmon lifted his head, and taking the pale face of his new-found daughter in his two hands, turned it to the light.

"You are like, very like your mother," he said, hoarsely. "I have a little picture of you which Martin brought me long ago."

She nodded.

"I know."

"I need not ask if Dysart has told you my history—you would not be here had he not."

He supposed her to be still living with the colonel. Of the events of the last four years he knew nothing. She clinched her hands, her tears ceased.

"He has told me everything," she answered; "and I have vowed to establish your innocence before the world—to rescue you from this terrible place!"

A great agitation swept his face, but passed quickly, as a wind ruffles smooth water, and then is gone. He shook his head—that prematurely silvered head, which had once stood so proudly before the world.

"My poor child, you know not what you say. I hope Dysart has not been encouraging you in vain dreams. Betwixt these walls I must live and die. Only at the Judgment, where all secrets are revealed, will my innocence be established."

She passed her trembling fingers over his white hair.

"Do not believe that," she murmured, under her breath. "Merciful heaven! how you have suffered!"

"Yes," answered Philip Harmon. "Yet I live, and, thank God! still possess my reason."

"But you are not resigned—no, no, do not say that you are resigned to your cruel, unjust fate."

"I have learned to endure," he said, mournfully. "Never imagine for a moment that you can do anything for me—the time for that has passed. Now talk about yourself, my darling—tell me what your life with Dysart has been? Martin learned not long ago that the colonel was abroad. He went down to Gull Beach to obtain some word of you, but found the house closed. I have received no message from my old friend for a long, long time, but I felt that wherever you might be, in his care you were safe."

"I no longer live with Colonel Dysart," said Meg, and with resolute fidelity she went over her whole life, forgetting no detail of the last four years, never sparing herself in the least, nor attempting to excuse her mistakes and follies. Not once did he interrupt her, but when Gerald

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Fortescue's name was mentioned she felt him start, and his hand tightened on her own. She narrated the judge's wooing, candidly avowing her own motive in accepting his offer of marriage, and ended with Colonel Dysart's appearance at the opera, and the revelations which he had made to her that very morning. The grip on her fingers relaxed.

When she glanced up, Philip Harmon had fallen back, with a look like death on his face.

(To be continued.)

THE MORGUE.

By H. Wellington Vrooman.

I lie here dead upon this stone,
(The water drips down drop by drop),
And all day long the throng that passed
Have gazed and wondered, till at last
The dim, dull day to night has grown.
One lamp is lit. I lie alone.
(The water drips down drop by drop.)

A thin short sheet above my breast
(The water drips down drop by drop)
Is all that hid me from the throng
That saw my nakedness. How long,
How long before this weary quest
Is ended, and I find my rest?
(The water drips down drop by drop.)

My form was never seen before
(The water drips down drop by drop),
Except by him to whom I gave
My very soul to curse or save,
As he saw fit. What cared I more
Than know his breast my body bore?
(The water drips down drop by drop.)

One long love-laden year of bliss
(The water drips down drop by drop)
We two saw slowly slip away,
While every golden-hearted day
Grew sweeter with each slumbrous kiss—
Far more than heaven holds, I wis.
(The water drips down drop by drop.)

Then came the time he left me there
(The water drips down drop by drop),
Far off within the wine-red land;
Left me one morn with clinging hand,
And lips that burnt my bronze-brown hair,
And brow, and breast that love laid bare!
(The water drips down drop by drop.)

Ah, God, dost thou rule over men?
(The water drips down drop by drop)
What weary months went overhead,
While I remembered what he said,
And trusted he would come again,
Till trust and hope were dead, and then——
(The water drips down drop by drop.)

How long was it I sought for him
(The water drips down drop by drop),
Until we met? And lo! his bride,
They said it was, sat by his side.
And both rode past me—day grew dim,
My cup was poison to the brim!
(The water drips down drop by drop.)

The river runs so black and cold
(The water drips down drop by drop),
The swift waves flow without a sound.
I never thought I would be found.
Ah, God! It may be that *he* will
Come here and see the place I fill!
(The water drips down drop by drop.)

DEAR OLD JACK.

I am not pretty; but then I am young, and it is a great consolation for me to know that my brother Jack is handsome—that he is good, and, above all, that he is noble. Dear old Jack! I can see him from my window; he is sitting in a camp-chair, under a forlorn-looking old apple-tree that cumbers the dooryard; has his feet high up the trunk of that forlorn and barren tree—high as he can get them. The chair he tilts to a dangerous angle.

I am expecting, any moment, to see him do something clownish in the way of a somersault over the back of it. But the position is old to him, and a favorite with him; he ought to know by this time just how far back he can go and not go over. I think he is as safe in a camp-chair as anywhere.

He holds a little white cigar between his lips; he is reading an *Edinburgh Review*—I can tell by the blue covers. Of all bad things, to read a *Review* in a morning so soft and still and happy as this one in July! But he isn't reading, after all; he is reviewing, and doing it my way.

His left arm hangs over one side of the chair; the hand of that arm holds the magazine and rests it upon the second; his right hand holds his hat, and that arm hangs parallel with the other; his face is turned upward, and his head inclines toward his broad right shoulder.

He is perfectly at rest; knows no care, no worry; there isn't a disappointment anywhere in him, and he is thinking of—of me. I know Jack is.

A robin in a neighboring tree—I can hear him—is at a feast of fat things, for it is cherry-time, as well as a time for all good things. Jack may pretend that he sees the redbreast robber sip his cherry pectoral, but I know he sees only me. He loves me too well.

I have no imagined rival in a puffed-out robin! What I do really fear is a child of our grandmother Eve, or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Woman is my competitor. Not a Rosalind, exactly; not a Hebrew maid; not a Southern creature with arched eyebrows; not a Ruth, gleaning in a matrimonial field already well harvested. My rival is not well formed in my mind as yet—lacks soul and body, but is real enough to make me dread, and fear, and hate her. I say "hate her," but I mean dislike her. Girls are impulsive.

It is a sign of maturity to be regulated in speech, so I will not say hate. I think my rival will be a kind of prodigal child, returning, looking sorry and looking sad, which men find interesting in women, and which woman assumes when she has been slighted by man, and by accident, or in some more novel way. Jack will meet her, and with unheard-of impetuosity encircle her with his strong and splendid arms, and then, rejoicing in haste, they will kill the fatted calf, which will be me, and if they do, they will slay my heart to appease their appetites.

I will not call it a hideous, leaden nightmare ; rather it is a shadow attending me by day, at night it is a cloud that mutters and threatens in my dreams.

I dream so often of Jack, and, lately, of Jack and a rival. But there is none, after all—cannot be, when he loves me so well!

We are orphans. It is the privilege of my life to do anything I can for Jack. But I am able to do so little! He is one of those tantalizing men that keep in repair; he holds his own better than other men.

I must annoy him, for I am continually hovering about him, with a threaded needle, a thimble, and an expectant air, hoping something will part that I can bring back with my needle.

His slippers never wear out. I work him a new pair each birthday ; he has so many now, in the lower drawer of a bureau, it is difficult to devise a new pattern, particularly as forget-me-nots must be worked in somewhere. His neckties wear like lace—they improve with age. All his many dozen handkerchiefs bear his initials in a corner —done in my handiwork in the carefulest manner ; I am begging him, just this once, to let me repeat the subject in opposite corners, so there can be no possible excuse for any washerwoman to say that they are not his handkerchiefs.

I am perfectly happy, if, after a few turbulent days or a violent week at a laundry, one of Jack's collars succumbs and turns up or down with a buttonhole almost entirely washed away, as it were ; then I set to work to put it into shape, and I put as much love in as there are stitches.

I have asked him to let me cut all the buttons off his coats, so I might sew them on while I sat by him. I want to be doing something for him all the time, but I can do nothing. Jack is a man that has nothing the matter with him.

In no disgraceful way does his tailor serve him, nor his hosier, nor the one that shapes his fine linen.

His morals are as sure as his clothes. He is finished within and without.

Jack's business in life is to unknot and unravel the tangled skein of law. He is a conscientious mover in courts of justice—a promising young lawyer, and an ornament to the profession.

I have heard him speak of "Coke upon Littleton." Now, it seems to me that such a head as Jack's must be a kind of arena where those mighty wrestlers of the law grapple their sinewy technicalities and throw them.

Poor old Jack! It would kill me to have my skull turned into an amphitheatre for the use of such powerful mental athletics.

Jack is well along the road to fortune and the anxious road to fame ; but they are lonely roads, and I ask him to wait for me, for company. After all, it is only a path that leads to fame, not well worn, either, for so few can follow it, although many think they do.

I wish Jack would not bother with it. The terminus is but a little way from death, and your name misspelled in the newspapers. On the road to fortune one bruises and abuses his poor body, although Jack has not.

No one seems satisfied at reaching success, which is high ground with a healthy, exhilarating atmosphere and commanding outlook. No ; the bony finger of Effort points forward to fortune in the distance with an air, I have always thought, that is lustful. With great wealth one does have irregular desires.

Nine months in the year we live together in the stir of a great city—a city of tumult, bustle and commotion, whose pulse is always as high as a hundred or a hundred and ten throbs to the minute. But when his honor pleases to tell the crier to close the court, then Jack and I, like children at recess, have a short three months' romp in fields and woods, on the seashore or in the mountains. We seek the supreme court of nature, where there are no trials greater or more notorious than the seasons.

One of the most wonderful things about Jack is his common sense, which ought to lead me to believe that he will never marry.

Everything he does, he does well. He can sail a boat in a high wind and not appear at all awkward. He can guide a horse without shouting, and bring him up without a stentorian whoa! He is as sure as fate at croquet—certain not to miss, and is always the first through the "cage"; the only pleasure in playing against him is when he is not a "rover." He sketches from nature, and you can tell what it is. He can sing clear, sweet tenor, when he chooses. He has a satisfying voice, and he has read me Mrs. Browning's beautiful writings in a way that, even at my age, I can almost perfectly understand them ; and this Summer he is to read me Swinburne until I can guess nearly correctly what all his strange, sweet words mean.

If a man reads aloud well, if his voice be not harsh or droning, a woman will listen contented a long while in Summer out-of-doors in the country.

One morning, Jack and I see an expressman (who sees us) dash our trunks down the front stoop, and heave them like stone into his wagon ; with an exultant look at us in the parlor-window, the criminal nearly flays his beast with the ragged edge of a stick, and disappears down the street.

Quite early on a following morning, standing upon a sun-scorched platform at a railway-station, we behold this mortifying behavior : a coarse, muscular male importation from Ireland rudely waltzes our trunks a hundred feet down the platform, and twenty-five feet across it, to a wagon awaiting them. It is not the slow Boston step he takes, at all! Later, ourselves and our trunks are deposited here, where we shall be until September, or until nature's frosty assaults upon toes and finger-tips break in upon the season's delights.

"Here" is a part of the country that some restless ones would say was nowhere ; it is a retired corner in an Eastern quarter of the United States, a place where nature has lavished her richness and rareness, as if, having more than could just at the time be used, she had left a supply in store.

A silent little village is "here," nestling in a valley ; the valley is peaceful, and beautiful, and wonderful, guarded by that stern and awful thing, a mountain that towers high, high above us. This mountain is the first thing I see when I awake in the morning, and the last thing when I cannot keep awake at night—I can see it in the dark, and I can *feel* its presence at all times. To watch the shadows play upon its shaggy side by day, and the moonlight burst on it through torn clouds by night, makes me perfectly happy. I look up to the mountain just as I look up to Jack, and I never think of it without thinking of Jack. They both manifest extreme solidity ; they are both so noble, both so thoroughly restful to a woman's mind, to know that in times of disasters and disturbance they shall not fall.

A stream divides the valley, racing by our door with the importance of a young river that has had ships on it and assisted commerce ; two miles south it assumes the dignity of a river, and the river answers to the sea. The

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stream is as talkative as a little child, and what it says is what I knew it would say—it repeats itself, telling, over and over, all its joy, just like a perfectly happy young one, with two banks and boulders to play with. High up the mountain two delicate threads of living water issue, unroll, and hang down; or, rather, with high glee, the waters leap ten, twenty, thirty feet, as the mountain permits, and thinks safe and best for them; then, uniting force and spreading, there follows a magnificent, terrible, daring plunge of fifty feet or more, and with a long, loud laugh, the wildest ears can conceive of, for I hear it all the time—leaping, skipping, dancing, with the perfect *abandon* that attends innocence alone, the mountain-brook hurries to a level bed, where it is overflowing with talk, until its voice is drowned in sorrow after abortive attempts to cheat a mill-wheel.

In an oil-painting the mill-wheel is so quaint and unreal! but at the present day, in the life of a mountain-stream, it is most positive.

But aside from the valley and its happy voice:

This morning I have been thinking intensely about Jack, and whether he is not wasting himself on me. Am I worthy of him? In the first place, he is a man of thirty, nobly planned; and I? I am a mere girl, as I have always been. What kind of company can I be for Jack? I know nothing about national affairs or foreign wars. I know nothing about law, art, science or politics. Ever since I can recollect, it has always been "Jack" with me, and nothing but Jack, so my other education has been neglected.

All this helps to shape my rival. It really seems at the present moment as if she had a body, and might have a soul. I *shall* hate her, for she will be able to talk with Jack in a learned way on all subjects, and he will go to her for counsel on knotty questions that are before the court.

I wish there were not law and the prophets, for my prophet tells me I shall have a rival. I care not about her face or her form; I dwell most upon her mind. I shall fade and wither in the light of her intelligence, I shall be weak and meaningless, while she shall be strong and intensely real.

I could stand it no longer! I have been down under the barren tree, where Jack is, and, facing him with all my present might, have asked him whether he shall ever marry? But his only answers are a smile and a kiss.

"Oh, Jack!" I say, "don't trifle with me," and burst into tears. Then he takes me in his arms—the corrupt little thing that I am—holds me like a little child in his strong arms, and forgives me. I am wild with joy. If I only could be more sensible, much more would Jack love me, I know.

* * * * * * *

The minutes of a Summer's day are all too nimble; they take the short cuts, like children on their way from school—not the roundabout way of the peddler's wagon.

We have been down here a month to-day. It has been the happiest month I ever lived. Each day and all day, Jack has been with me, wooing me. I have led such a free, glad, tender life! Jack and I have romped like two children out of school. We have done things that only he and I could do.

I understand Mr. Swinburne so well that Jack says he means to read to me from Mr. Browning, whom I shall not understand, I am sure.

I have met no rival thus far, nor has there been any arrival at our farmhouse since we came. I have never had such an uninterrupted time with Jack before.

We have been in every corner of the farm; we have been in the hayfields and seen wicked men with keen blades spoil a field of blossoming clover, and that terrible, cruel thing, the reaper, gnashing its angry steel teeth, lower the pride and the nodding heads of the breast-high timothy. We have followed the meadow and the brook-path, until we lost it, and had to scramble to reach the cascades. We have ascended to the top of the mountain. Jack is most noble-looking on high ground.

I look down on the mountain and up to Jack, and cannot keep from thinking that if Jack had a wife she could not love him as fondly as I do. She could not understand him as I do, who have always been with him.

Human nature is a study, but I have mastered Jack in most ways, and I have tried to educate myself to meet his most pressing needs.

On the top of the mountain one of Jack's coat-buttons very fortunately comes off, and rolls far away. I chase and capture it; and, having all that is necessary to re-adjust it in my pocket, I soon have it firmly restored to its former position.

"There, Jack!" I say, as I am finishing off the "neck" (Jack likes very long necks to his buttons)—"There, Jack!" I say, "now will you promise you will let no one but me sew on your buttons, so long as I live?"

He looks at me more gravely than I have ever before seen him look.

"Florry," he says, "I will not promise now, but I will some day."

What does he mean? I do not understand Jack, after all.

One day—but "one day" doesn't express it. One of God's best days, in August, Jack and I are lying under a spruce-tree at the base of the mountain. Almost within arm's length the childishly happy little brook flows, laughing, laughing, just like a child at play; ike a third party, it keeps a running accompaniment to Jack's voice.

He is reading me a beautiful, strange poem, by Robert Browning—one very touching, I think: "Evelyn Hope."

Jack's position must be uncomfortable, for he is lying on his back, holding the volume away from his face with both hands.

"There, that is our secret, go to sleep!
You will wake and remember, and understand,"

he reads, and finishes the poem. Then he assumes an upright position, and so do I, for I try to do everything that he does.

"Florry," he says, suddenly, "I am going to tell you a secret."

"Do, Jack," I say, taking one of his brown hands, and stroking it. It is a beautiful hand for a man.

"But not now," he continues; "some evening, before you go to sleep, I will tell you, and you will 'wake, and remember, and understand.'"

I coax and plead, but he will not tell.

"When is your birthday?" he asks.

"The twentieth of August," I reply.

"And this is——"

"The fifteenth," I say.

"And you will be——"

"Eighteen."

"I will tell it you on your birthday. I will give you the secret then," he says, and will say no more.

I wait five days—days that crush me. I can neither sing nor laugh. I am miserable every minute of them. I cannot sleep at night. I understand perfectly what the secret is—as perfectly as if it had cast off its covering and stood revealed. I have, indeed, a living rival, with a body and a soul—a magnificent, dangerous, prodigal creature, who burns in my brain, fires my thoughts, and tingles my fingers. I hate her! I hate her! Oh, Jack, it will kill me! it will kill me!

But I have never been more womanly. I have not once asked Jack to tell me in four days—nothing could induce me to. I mean to let my brother *feel* that I am a woman.

While I am waiting, I keep often away from Jack. He says nothing to win me back. He sits for hours—with or without a *Review*—under the barren tree in the door-yard; the sunlight creeps up to him and creeps over him, but he dreams of some one or something, and doesn't know. He follows the brook for a little way, then turns and follows it back; he goes here and there—but not far.

I watch him from my window. The brook laughs, but Jack is as sober as a judge. He has "taken the papers," as it were, and as I have read of, and reserved his decision, but means soon to render it, and must look sober, I suppose.

I couldn't be a judge all my life! There is something of the awful Judgment Day about a judge! Does one think that even a *civil* justice, out of the solemn court, ever goes down upon his hands and knees and plays "elephant" with his own sweet, innocent little children?

I have noticed this from my window—and it is eminently proper, although it looks odd—but rural life tends that way: a man of Jack's importance, a man with a head full of knowledge—a mighty champion of the courts, stoops, and feeds a hen and twelve little chickens with cracked corn! Living near to nature leaves one perfectly natural.

Twenty-first of August. Yesterday was my eighteenth birthday, and late, before saying "good-night," Jack told me the secret, and kissed me.

This morning I "wake, and remember, and understand." I think I understand, but I am bewildered and dazed. I am overpowered with light.

The secret is that I am not Jack's sister, am not kin of his at all! I believe Jack—have always believed him. Faith in him has been like the science of sounds—like music enchanting my thoughts. But if Jack's secret had been that I was not a girl, but a stolid judge on the bench; or, that the feverish city I come from had been razed—not a brick or a stone left unturned; or, if the secret had been that the mountain I so often look up to and respect were not a mountain, but a sugar-loaf (this is one of those notions that now and then possess me), placed there to sweeten the living water that issues from its rocky heart—I could not be more overpowered with light. I sit alone and think. I feel sore beyond words to express it. I am confused, astonished, confounded. When I arise I walk in a dream.

Jack's story I can tell in a few words. It will read like fiction, but it is real. My father and mother died, without property, when I was very young. I was an only child, but their legacy to me was a good name.

Jack's father and mother took me in. I picture myself as being a foundling—I was only eighteen months old—found on a doorstep, carried out of the cold and night by strong, fond arms, into the warmth and light of a home.

Jack was abroad, preparing for college—had been absent two years, and remained from home two years after I entered it. He loved the world with his new eyes, and his parents gratified his desires to see and hear and learn.

When he returned he found a new sister—the only one he had. He was old enough to be curious, but he was not excited to be curious. I was his sister, and he loved me! Time, that reveals all things, waited. Tardily it came to Jack's mind what I was—a stranger taken in. But he knew himself, and kept me as his sister for several years after his mother and father died. It was wrong, but he did so. He brought me here this Summer to tell me on the day I reached maturity. He tells me, and that is all.

I am awake now, and understand. I must face my life—alone, weak and uncertain! I want to ask him to pity me! But I am too much of a woman to do so. He is so kind! But I am not his sister—not his heart, not his love! He cannot love me as he used to.

Days go by. I go about with Jack as I did a few weeks ago. But he does not hold me in his arms—does not kiss me the way he used to! and in a thousand ways leaves me *lonely*. I know what must follow—separation.

It is crisp September. Early frost is come, and hangs a white fringe on the brow of the hills. The valley is naked after the harvest—quite naked, but for the corn that is ripening and yellowing in shocks that remind me of an Indian encampment on the plains.

Jack's apple-tree is forlorn-looking. His camp-chair is at the bottom of his trunk. He carries it everywhere. It is old in service—has been tried and found comfortable.

Jack tells me the crier has returned, and is on his way to open court, and that he must follow. We are to foll to-morrow.

Our trunks are to be launched once more in a sea of trouble—to be bowled like balls and heaved like stone. Muscle is a master that often maltreats such pygmy subjects.

In taking leave of the wonders about us, my guardian and myself pass the last day of the recess in following the brook-path and ascending and descending the mountain.

"Dear old Jack," I say, when we reach the gorge or throat of the mountain—'tis an abused throat—"sit down, anywhere, here! I must tell you this!"—we sit down, anywhere—"I must tell you that I want God to bless you! And, before we part for ever," I continue, "I want you to let me kiss you, just as I used to kiss you years ago, when I was the happiest little girl in this world!"

I reach to kiss him, but an arm of his holds me off.

"Florry," he says, "let us understand each other. It is told that we must keep ourselves from idols, but I cannot keep myself from you! If you come to me, come to me for all time, for I love you so well!"

He holds his arms for me. I am so willing! I lie in them.

The fact of our marriage appears in all the best morning and evening papers. I write the notices myself, and believe they convey a proper meaning. As in a mirro face answereth to face, so in a marriage notice a woman's mind reflects the occasion. Happy is the woman whose privilege it is to pen the information of her marriage! Our honeymoon is at the full. It is a moon that shall not waste or wane.

Six days in a week I know that a battered skeleton of the law stalks through Jack's splendid mind, and I picture it with its bone of contention hideously laid bare. But my husband does not bring the "bone" home.

When he is away from me I plan and perform the best I can for his comfort, peace and happiness. And each day I ask myself anew in what most satisfactory way words can tell him when he returns to me at evening how very much I respect him—how very fondly and passionately I love him!

Truth, though hewn like the form of Osiris into a thousand pieces and scattered to the four winds, shall be gathered limb by limb, and molded with every joint and member into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection.

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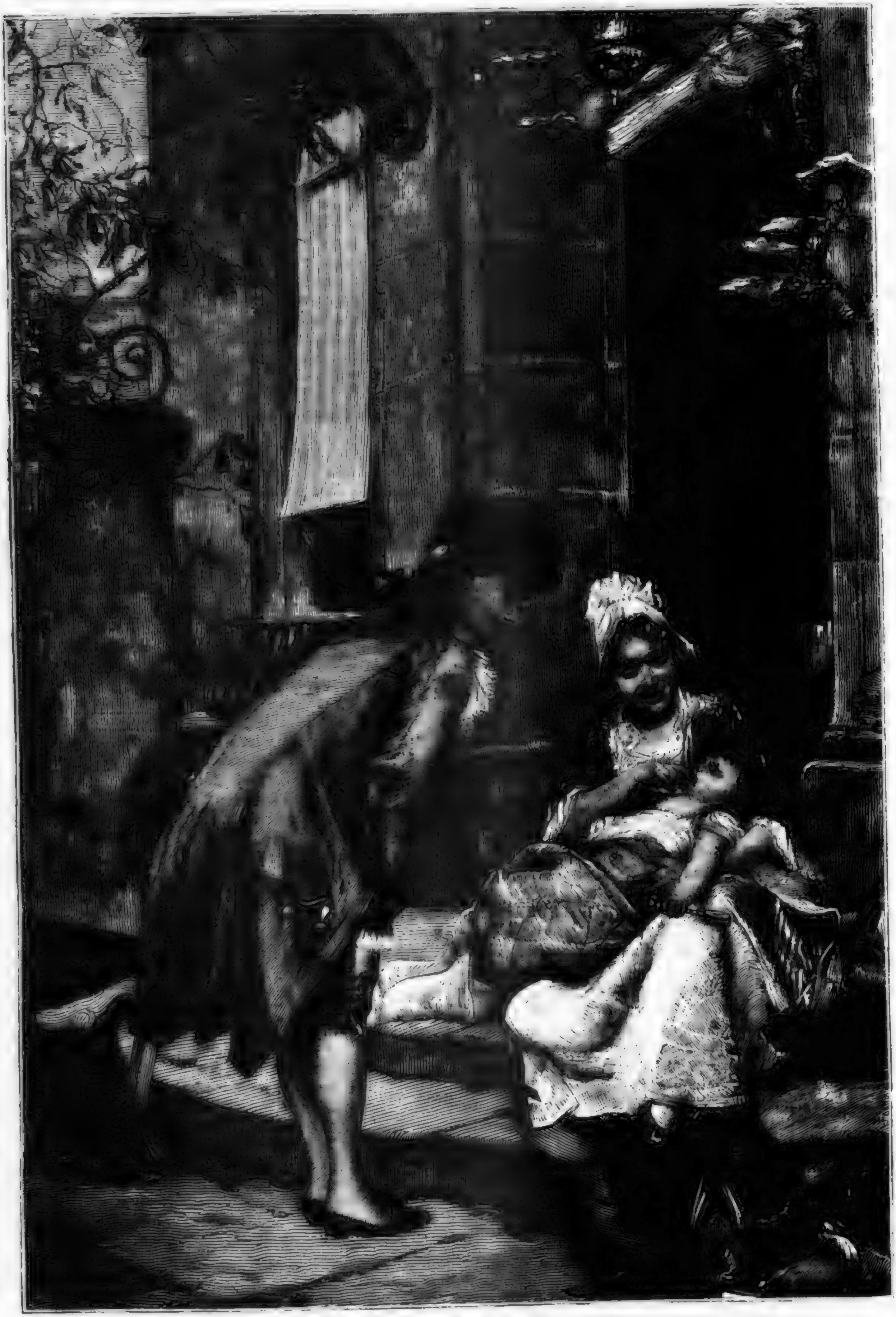

THE FIRST TOOTH.

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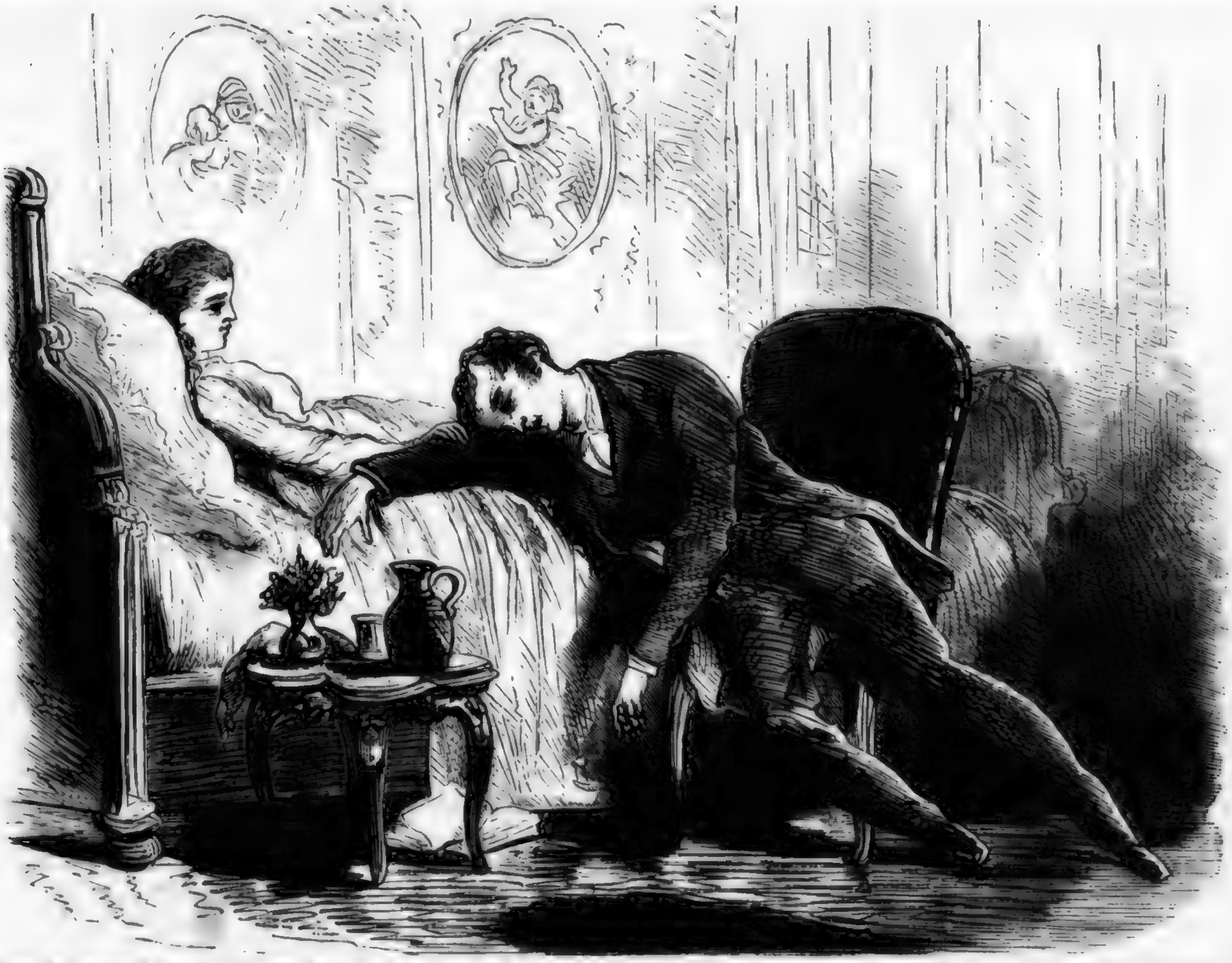


THE ELLESMERE GHOST.—"AND WHEN HE SAW DEATH ACTUALLY RETREATING BEFORE HIM, THE TENSE CORDS OF FEELING SNAPPED, AND HE FELL FAINTING ACROSS MARY'S PILLOW.

THE ELLESMERE GHOST.

"I HEAR," said Mrs. Merivale, one morning, "that both of my sons have lost their hearts to their cousin, Mary Ellesmere."

"It is perfectly true," they both returned in a breath.

"I am sorry."

"And why?" in concert again. "As was once said of another," continued Gersham, falling into the solo, "to love her is a liberal education."

"But you cannot both marry her."

"Perhaps neither of us can," said Arnold.

"It is truly a most unfortunate situation," pursued their mother, rising from the breakfast-table and preparing to leave the room. "I would advise you to overcome your feelings in the matter. I do not wish to have a breach in my family, and you must see that if she prefers one to the other it will place us all in exceedingly disagreeable relations. Therefore, I hope she will refuse you both."

"Thanks, mother mine," said Gersham, grimly. "She might do worse, it is true."

And then the family party dispersed, and Mrs. Merivale went to superintend her housekeeping, while her sons pursued their usual avocations—making love and money.

Mary Ellesmere was one of those white beauties, sometimes called the Ellesmere Ghost; for, without ever having known a moment's ill-health, she possessed that moonlight sort of beauty which seems evanescent, but is, in truth, as enduring as marble—the polished, radiating tints of precious spar. People said that it was as impossible for her to blush as it would have been for the statues in her father's hall; but from the dark depths of those hazel eyes Gersham Merivale sometimes fancied he had seen a spark rise up and scintillate at his whispered word, and as suddenly drop back to hide itself behind the impenetrable shadows.

"But, then, Arnold may have seen the same," he reasoned.

As Gersham watched the graceful figure of his brother saunter down through the garden, with an acute premonition as to his destination, he almost wished that he had never seen the woman, who was to cause such bitterness between them; and while he was meditating on the inscrutability of Fate, which demanded the sacrifice of a life's happiness from one or the other, Max came round with the gig, and a message arrived from Miss Ellesmere, interrupting the train of his reflections.

"Some pleasuring," thought Gersham, with a beating heart, "and I have no leisure to-day. Well, it will leave the field for Arnold."

And then the messenger blurted out:

"Please, Doctor Merivale, Mr. Ellesmere has had a stroke."

"A stroke of what?"

"A stroke of palsy-like, ze honor; and Miss Mary, she be a-taking on for you and crying of her blessed eyes out of the head of her."

And at that Doctor Merivale sprang into the gig and was off like a flash.

Mary "taking on for him!"—what a spur it gave to his impulses! "Crying her blessed eyes out!" He had never seen Mary Ellesmere shed a tear. What might those blessed eyes be like, shining out of the tender mist of tears? If he might only kiss them away, as he had used to do when they were children together!

In the hall at Ellesmere he met Arnold, preparing to depart, with anything but a sunny countenance.

"You have the advantage of me," said he. "She refuses to see me. You have always had the advantage. But if I so much as see her shadow fall across the curtain I am content."

"You are very moderate in your demands, surely," replied Gersham, while he fastened his horse; "too moderate for a genuine lover. And you know I never take the unfair advantage, unless necessity compels me."

"*How* do I know? At least, *this* is a great opportunity in your favor. If I had studied the profession I would poison her, in order to save her life and earn her love."

"Arnold," said Doctor Gersham, "you don't know what you are talking about;" and then he passed up the polished staircase and into the sick-chamber.

Mr. Ellesmere died that night, murmuring inarticulate instructions until he dropped into the heavy sleep that drifts into the Valley of Shadows. So, when the estate was settled, there was not a penny left for the beautiful Mary Ellesmere.

"You shall be my daughter now," insisted her aunt, Mrs. Merivale. "My home shall be your home, and the pot that boils for me shall bubble for you."

And Mary yielded a reluctant consent; for what other could she do, poor child?

Marry, perhaps; for there was no dearth of suitors to this haughty beggar, who, as it was sometimes said, took alms as if she were conferring *largesse;* but one must love in order to marry, affirmed Mary's creed, and that emotion had never penetrated this quiet heart. Consequently, because she was by nature unimpressible, nor pretended to a warmth of feeling she had not known, for these negations they said she carried a heart of ice, and it was a wonder that any one should love so cold a creature. However, many *did* love her—too many for her peace of mind.

At home, Arnold and Gersham hovered about her constantly during their hours of recreation—read or sang to her—taught her the strange tongues of which they were masters—enchained her with reports of foreign shores—with legends of witchcraft, bound her fast in lagoons of Venetian story. Sometimes they watched the fanciful designs of embroidery blossom under her fingers, and while one declared that they were but fit and emblematic emanations of a poetic mind, a flower-like physique, the other murmured of a fair face under a bridal vail. Gersham taught her to handle an oar, to shoot at a target; while Arnold instructed her in his own art, till he discovered one day that he was following the lead of his pupil; that his canvas represented the delicate imagery of her fertile brain, the quick fancies of a womanly heart, rather than the vigorous delineations of his own ideal.

"You know what love is in essence," he once said to her, regarding one of her pictures; "at least, you can imagine it. In the face and attitude of this young girl waiting for her lover, you have caught the expression of the soul—the impatient wondering why he does not hasten—the half-displeased pout, that can so easily dissolve into a smile; the eyes that reach out and beyond the evening's fairness, to guess at what it all would be to her without him, supposing he delayed for ever. And then, too, the quiet enjoyment of the moment, clothed in its beautiful certainty, hung about with such adornments of nature—such a chromatic scale of colors in the sky, such odors floating in the air! I can almost perceive them myself——"

"It is the Byzantine powder that Gersham brought me," she interrupted, saucily. "It is like a bevy of Oriental gardens let loose upon one."

"The wild rose that hangs its head just beneath her hand," he pursued, with the faint suspicion of a frown disfiguring his handsome brow—"the wing of a belated bird pricked out against the blue——"

"You are resolved to turn my head," she laughed. "You give me credit beyond my deserts. This is no conception of mine, may it please you, Sir Critic; it is just as I saw Jennie Gray leaning over the broken fence on the old road, and waiting for young Perry—only Jennie was a thousand times prettier."

"Very well," he argued; "but unless you had something answering to it in your own soul you could never paint it like this. If one only knew the approaches to that sacred adytum," he added, dropping his voice into a sigh.

And so Mrs. Grundy laughed and frowned by turns, questioning how it would all end, while other lovers complained that they had no chance of favor, so long as the brothers blocked the way with metaphorical swords and daggers. And so, one by one, they left the field; but, after all, lovers who stand in dread of such invisible weapons are no great loss.

Gersham and Arnold held their ground, but merely by force of circumstance, for they seemed no nearer conquest than at first.

"If it were in the old colonial days, Mary," said Mrs. Merivale, once, "I'm afraid you would be burned for a witch."

"And her lovers would gather her ashes into sculptured urns and quarrel over them, as they quarrel over her precious self now," said a friend who was present.

"No," objected Gersham, coming in at the moment, "we should use them to work charms."

One day Mary said:

"Dear aunt, it seems a sort of ingratitude in me to poison the lives of your sons. But for me you might have comely daughters to perpetuate the name, to love and honor you. Let me go away, or tell me which I shall marry; for, truly, I have no choice of my own."

"You shall marry neither without a choice," her aunt returned. "You are my flesh and blood, child. Shall I consign you to such lifelong misery? Let my sons learn that they cannot enjoy heaven while on earth. As to going away, never let me hear you speak of it again."

And then, where should she go? She was too little skilled in the use of weapons for a rough-and-tumble with the world outside; so she must even stay and suffer the siege.

As for Gersham, he pondered the case before him. Affairs might go on for ever after this fashion, and he be no nearer happiness. Mary cared no more for him than in the old days at her own home. He must pursue more vigorous measures. Was not *all* fair in love? Were not such maxims the accumulated wisdom of mankind for the instruction of man? Was it wrong for one to use his knowledge to further his schemes? Mary was his patient. Her disease was indifference. Should he withhold any remedy that might avail? What if it *had* an ugly name? Would not the end sanctify the means? He pondered thus one afternoon while dissolving a powder in some spring-water—a simple medicine that would remove the headache of which Mary had complained for some days. Should he add an insignificant atom of this other? *Should he?* It would be different, perhaps, if he did not so perfectly understand its effects—its antidotes; otherwise, it would be criminal; now, it would make just one chance more in his favor; it would throw her upon his hands for a time; for, so long as he pleased, she would look to him for the relief no other could administer. Was it not fair to prophesy that she would learn to love him, long for his returns, hang upon his words, live in his glance? Then he might be always with her, looking into her deep eyes, holding her hand, dropping caresses like blessings upon her head. Where was the harm? Was it not rather a good, a settling of the vexed question of three lives? Besides, there would be no pain—no pain but such as he would gladly suffer a thousandfold himself if thereby he might purchase her love, and a dull languor that would vanish like mist under his magic treatment.

He understood too well the workings of these terrific agencies to fear or doubt them; he was the master, they were the slaves. Could a revolt be possible? Could nature subvert herself? Would not fire burn, and water extinguish? Would not poisons act, and antidotes counteract? It was only yesterday that he had happened upon precisely such a case in his medical works, where the patient had been saved, and all taint had disappeared from the constitution. Besides, would not Arnold be responsible for half the wrong, if wrong it were? Had he not suggested it? Had he not as much as said, "If *I* were master of the secrets of science, such as you are, I would poison her and cure her, that she might regard and love me as her deliverer"?

To be sure, Arnold had spoken at random, from the fancy of the moment, not believing such a thing possible; but for every idle word shall we not render an account? Not that he wished Arnold to suffer—oh, no! nor to bear the blame. When all was done, there would be no blame to bear; or if any, Arnold's share of punishment would be to lose her, to see her drift into the arms of another, and never once guess the cause.

"Cousin Gersham," called Mary, from the next room, "are you ever coming?"

And was it the betrayal of a muscle, shrinking, thrilling at the beloved voice, that caused the infinitesimal atom to drop into the glass, or the surrender of the will? Who shall answer?

Recurring to it in after years, writhing under his retribution, Gersham Merivale would fain believe it the first, yet could never swear but it was the last! Perhaps Mary's was a physique more than ordinarily susceptible to the influences of poisons, thus making the balance even with her temperament; or perhaps some subtle disease, already playing fast and loose with her, was rendered more active and acute by this ally; or, it may be that Doctor Gersham, absorbed in his sophisms, had suffered the wrong atom to fall into the simple potion, and had thus lost command at the beginning

However it may have been, it was not long before Mary came out of the prescribed languor, only to fall into fearful paroxysms of pain, alternating with periods of total unconsciousness.

Gersham watched by her with startled and accelerated pulses; all his boasted science was at fault, defied him. His spells refused to work. He was crazed at his own daring, at his own madness. He would have given all he had, or hoped to have, to recall that fatal act. But the insidious foe had gone forth to its undoing; it had joined forces with some half-latent poison in the system, and was devastating all his fair visions.

He had simply meant to inflict a season of painless illness, wherein he should be the object around which her hopes would revolve; and when healed at his hands, he had trusted that, this impetus unexpended, he might still continue the pole-star of her being. But this—this was something he had never dreamed of in the most terrible nightmare of science or medicine.

He never left Mary, night or day, after the first shock; if he ate, it was merely mechanical; if he spoke, it was like motions made in an exhausted receiver, and conveyed no sound. He slept no more than a spirit; he was both physician and nurse; he neither knew if it were daytime or nighttime—if it were Summer or Winter. The great hall-clock went throbbing out the golden hours, but he heard nothing save the mumblings of his patient. The days crawled by like one long horror, without break or pause. It was never dinnertime nor bedtime with him: there was neither past nor future, only one terrible, petrified *now!*

An earthquake might have rent the ground about him, and he would not have shivered in its breath, nor recognized its might, because this other convulsion of nature had swallowed him up, so to speak—had absorbed and annihilated him with regard to alien events.

And so the disease spent itself.

It was not written that she should die; Gersham's cup must needs be brimming first; and when he saw death actually retreating before him, the tense chords of feeling snapped, and he fell fainting across Mary's pillow.

They took him away, and for another fortnight his breath hung on his lips, his spirit trembled in the balance. Then he turned slowly to life again—slowly, hesitatingly.

Was Mary alive, or was it all a fiction of his disease? He heard his mother's step in the room.

"Mary?" he faltered.

"She is alive," Mrs. Merivale replied. "Let us give thanks for that;" and he turned on his pillow and slept.

After that his strength came to him hourly. Soon he was able to cross his room; then he descended the stairs. One day he proposed to follow Mary to the beach, whither she had gone with friends to complete her cure. Mrs. Merivale merely asked:

"Do you think you can bear it, Gersham?"

"Bear it!" he returned. "I cannot forbear."

"Then go; but, my son, remember, one cannot have a heaven on earth. You have been fighting for your kingdom—see that you make a generous sovereign."

"Then it is true that I have conquered?" he cried, exultingly, forgetting the means. "She loves me, then?"

"Go and see."

For the nonce, Gersham had left his bitter, biting thoughts behind him. He would allow nothing, not even his own wrong-doing, near the delicious interval in which he was journeying to see Mary. He pictured her all the way in her still, moonlight beauty, rendered more transparent and ethereal by illness, with her beaming eyes, her shadowy tresses. The very flowers blossoming in the hedges seemed types of her loveliness; the little rillets of bird-song seemed echoes of her voice. He felt a sort of exaltation, as if he had done penance for his sin—had passed through purgatory, and had earned paradise through suffering.

* * * * * *

The cottage-windows opened to the sea; their muslin curtains curled in the breeze, and let in a glimpse of heaped-up waves, of flashing surf and emeraldine hollows, fringed with sprays of diamond lustre, and sheeted in sunbeams. Far away, one white wing of a ship slipped like a phantom before the wind.

It was toward evening when Gersham Merivale entered at the half-open door, and followed the sound of a melodious voice, singing softly to itself:

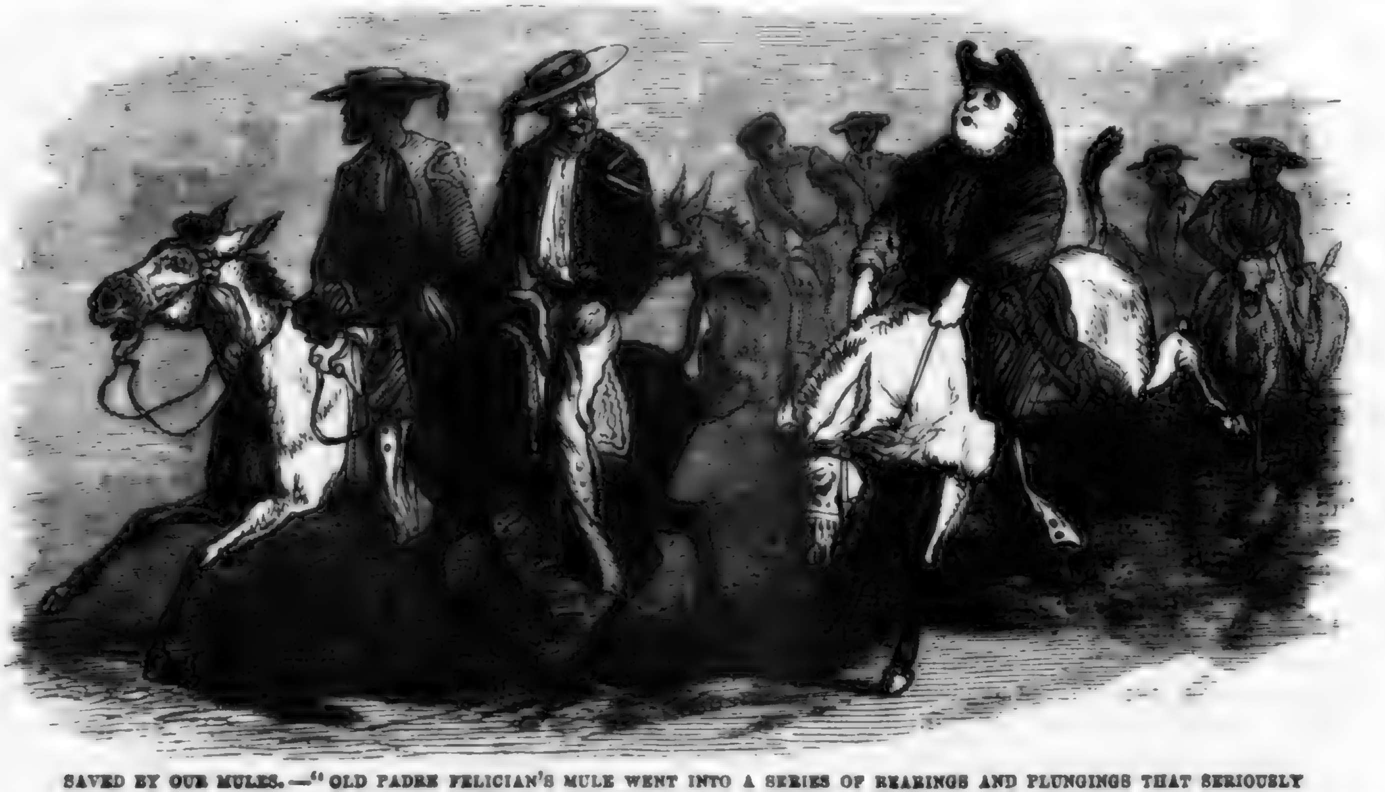
"Come pain or woe,
I ne'er can know
Of sorrow but the name;
Since Love has crowned
And hedged me round
With his perpetual flame!"

XUM

He paused an instant on the threshold of the room, listening to this strange, cracked voice crooning in such jubilant words—paused, spellbound, at the strange spectacle before him—that of a woman reclining among her pillows; an old woman, he would have said, with yellow, wrinkled, leathery skin hanging loosely about her shriveled face, showing the sharp chin, the projecting cheek-bones, the sunken pits of eyes; a face that appeared the embodiment of miasma, of mildew, of disease, that made him recoil with a sort of fascinated terror from its blighting ugliness; a woman who raised her bleared, bloodshot eyes to his, and held out a wasted arm, and cried, in a sudden joy:

"Gersham!—dear Gersham!"

Was he under the power of some dreadful enchantment? Surely this leprous hag did not image all that was left of the moonlight beauty, Mary Ellesmere? It was, perhaps, the spectre of her disease, so lately slipped away from her as yet to wear a sort of horrible resemblance; but never, *never* the beautiful Mary Ellesmere, who had been like a lily just touched by the sun.



SAVED BY OUR MULES.—"OLD PADRE FELICIAN'S MULE WENT INTO A SERIES OF REARINGS AND PLUNGINGS THAT SERIOUSLY ENDANGERED THE GOOD FATHER'S SEAT."

"I am the Ellesmere Ghost!" she said, hoarsely, confronting him, with that face like a hideous mask.

"And I am afraid of ghosts," he answered; and then he moved away, silently, closing the door behind him, and walked out at the porch, and down to the sea, and so back to town again.

He had surely seen a ghost—the ghost of his sin, his retribution; and the man who took passage in the next foreign-bound steamer wore gray locks across a youthful brow.

But life was left to Mary, if nothing more. She turned her mirrors to the wall; she rarely ventured out in the light of day now. And so the beautiful Mary Ellesmere became a myth to all but Arnold. He never swerved in his devotion; he was the lover, *par excellence*, "without fear, and without reproach." He half caused her to forget her changed estate by the unaffected warmth of his regard.

He never said "I love you," for words are weak, and his every action declared "I adore you." But one day he ventured to ask:

"Would you be less happy, Mary, if you belonged to me?—if you bore my name?"

"And I such a fright!" she cried. "Arnold, are you laughing at me? To belong to you—*to you!*"

"You are the only woman I shall ever marry, Mary.

"'Shall I change my allegiance for rancor,
Because fortune changes her side?'

It is not your face merely that is precious to me, but the soul behind the face."

"Then, I belong already to you," she answered him. "I love you."

* * * * * * *

Ten years had worked their will upon the house of Merivale. Arnold had become an artist of renown; better still, children clustered about his hearth—fair faces; song and laughter echoed through his halls, when, one day, a white-haired stranger crept up the garden, under the shadow of the lindens, and looked in at the wide-open door.

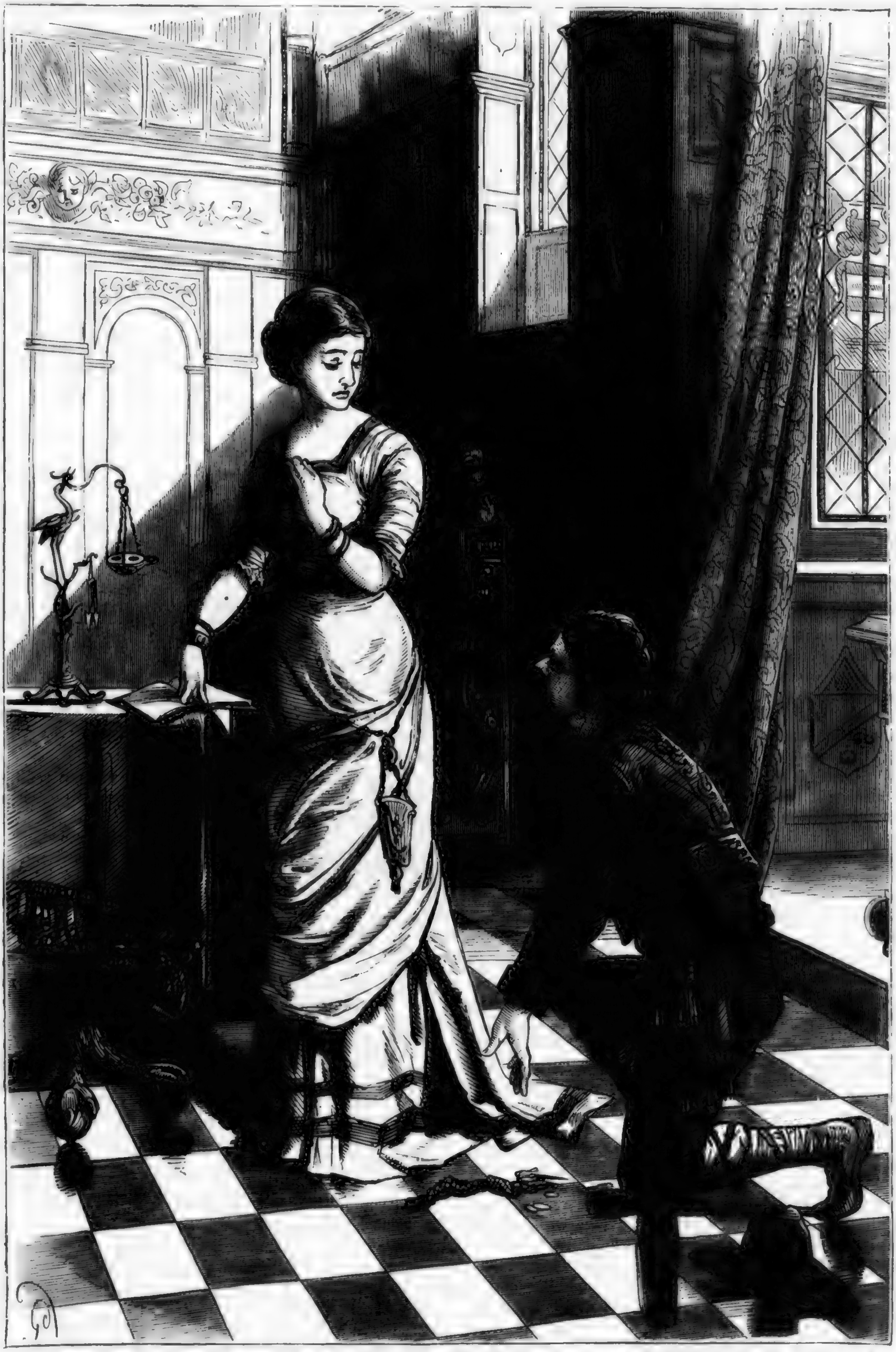
Who was it, standing there, tossing a rosy cherub in round white arms, with soft hazel eyes dropping lustres from under heavy fringes, with the beauty of moonlight on cheek and brow, and the outlines of health in each curve of the oval face, of the flexile arm?

"The Ellesmere Ghost has returned to her inheritance," he muttered. "It is a miracle of nature and time. But I—I have lost everything!"

And he stole back under the lindens to the highway, and across the seas again, for ever haunted by that last surpassing vision of his old love—the beautiful Mary Ellesmere, the Ellesmere Ghost.

SAVED BY OUR MULES.

A LOVE of adventure led me, on my return from San Francisco, to visit Chili, the war on the point of breaking out between Spain and that republic giving me some hope of seeing engagements and operations by land and sea; but the time grew long, and I joined a party over the



MY LADY DAMER.—"FLINGING HIMSELF AT LUCY'S FEET, HE POURED OUT BEFORE HER THE TWO THOUSAND PIASTRES. 'MY LADY! MY LADY! IT IS THE PRICE OF YOUR LIFE; BUT IF YOU TRUST PIETRO, HE WILL SAVE YOU,'"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

XUM

Andes, intending to return and take the first steamer back to the Isthmus. On reaching Jucuman I found all in movement; the war with Paraguay had begun in earnest, troops were marching to the scene of operations, and adventurers of all kinds were tending toward the camp, to join one army or the other. A party was setting out the day after my arrival, and one or two whose acquaintance I made, and who had been in the United States, pressing me to join, I started with them. On the third day we struck into a plain, and at night we halted to encamp, as no village, not even a house, was near.

The next day we pushed on, with only a vague idea of direction to guide us, but we soon found ourselves in an absolute desert. Far and wide stretched parched, barren land, with no trace of human habitation. Gradually the heat rendered thirst insupportable; we were all of us strangers in the country, and were without a clew to our proper course. To retrace our steps seemed as difficult as to advance. It might, indeed, prove more so.

"Water! water!" I cried; "could we but find water, all would be well."

"If there is any," said Don Antonio Saldaña, "our mules will find it; let us leave it to them."

I had heard of mules scenting water, but confess I had little faith in it. However, we halted to rest, and allowed the mules to move around. They at once began to sniff, and pause, and sniff again. After a half-hour's rest we mounted, and this time left the choice of direction to our beasts. They started off against the wind, on a course differing from that which we had previously held, and we had not advanced more than three miles when they began to snort and prance and neigh in the most curious manner. Old Padre Felician's mule, whose weight one would have supposed enough to teach any quadruped sobriety, went into a series of rearings and plungings that seriously endangered the good father's seat, and at last, to our great merriment, took the lead of the party at a good round gallop.

"Hurrah for the church!" I exclaimed, as my mule followed suit, though, fortunately, with less exuberant demonstrations of delight. In a short time we arrived at the water, and all, men and beasts, hastened to enjoy its refreshing influence.

How delicate must be organs which can distinguish the evaporation of water—for such is, doubtless, their guide—at so great a distance and in so heated an atmosphere! In our case, the distance was certainly five miles.

Fortunately for our party, we found not only water, but human society. A party had already pitched their tents for the night, and by their guidance we reached our destination the next day.

From them we learned that but for the peculiar instinct of our mules, we should, doubtless, have perished, as our course would have led us not only deeper into the desert, but to a part of remarkable danger, from the treacherous nature of the volcanic crust.

At the principal stations in India the native passengers are served with water by a Brahmin, from whom, being of the highest caste, all persons may take without defilement. He goes along the train with his brass vessels; a *sudra*, or low caste man, stoops, and in his open hands placed together and raised to the level of his mouth, receives the precious liquid. The vessel of the Brahmin is not touched, else he would be defiled. A Brahmin asks for water, and is served with it in the smaller vessels, from which he drinks, there being no defilement between Brahmin and Brahmin.

LINES

Suggested on seeing the picture of Mr. Leslie's editorial room in FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY for March, 1880.

By Maria A. Agur.

That lonely room! That vacant chair!
Day peering thro' the half-oped blind,
Lingering with smiling radiance there
As erst it did, ere Death behind
Had left his weird-like, icy pall,
Like brooding midnight, over all.

The unused desk! Around it flow
Like sable billows, folds of crape,
And wreaths of smilax fall below
The snowy knots that chastely drape
The ebon plaits, and clasp each place
Where crape and garlands interlace.

The faithful clock! The master's eye
Never again shall seek its face,
To note the moments speeding by—
On *earth* we talk of time and space:
For *him* has pealed heaven's lasting chime,
Where naught is known of space or time.

They wait the master's hand—those books,
That ponderous roll of manuscript,
The bronze leaf-weight, that lonely looks;
The scattered papers, pen undipt,
Inanimate; but still there clings
To them the air of living things.

I try to comprehend the scene—
The crape upon the vacant chair—
Such tasteful gloom! What does it mean?
Why swoons and dies the smilax there?
Ah! Love kneels now at Memory's shrine—
Oh, human love! thou art *divine!*

MY LADY DAMER.

By Amelia E. Barr.

I SEE, as I begin to write, a red-tiled town set in a filmy haze of azure smoke, and a magnificent cathedral, round which clusters many a picturesque old street—a town well watered by a famous river, and made beautiful by long vistas of timber, rich meadow-lands and wealthy farms.

Sloping down to the river from the cathedral-court is one garden lovelier than all the others, and filled, on this June night on which my story opens, with the golden glory of the pensile laburnums, and fragrant with a thousand scents of paradise. In one walk the yellow flowers were so abundant that the sunshine, falling through the branches, cast a kind of glory over the pale-brown hair and soft white dress of a young girl sauntering beneath them.

Her face was slightly lifted, her hands dropped; if you had been thinking of an angel you might have fancied that one had answered your thought. But Lucy Carew was a very mortal woman—the only child of Dean Carew, a man holding a dignified position both in the church and in society. Lucy's mother had seriously disappointed the dean in giving him a daughter instead of a son; but as the poor lady had shown her contrition by dying, and as the daughter had given him no particular trouble, and was spoken of as a great beauty, he had become reconciled to the defeat of his plans.

For Lucy he had as yet formed no plans. She had just come home from school, and he thought he should send her back again for another year, and then let her aunt, Lady Carew, introduce her to the world and find a suitable match for her. In the meantime he watched her across the lawn, and rather flattered himself, in some way or other, for having such a lovely daughter.

Then he turned to a young man silently drinking at the table, and said:

"My lord, you may dismiss all anxiety about your election; my support will secure it. Suppose we ride as far as Aldborough, and see the Roman ruins found there yesterday? We have time before dark, and there is a full moon."

"I should prefer a stroll in your sweet old garden."

The dean readily assented; he was very proud of his flowers and holly hedges and great birches. That he had seen Lucy go toward the laburnum-walk did not seem of any importance. Even if they met her, he had no more objection to my Lord Damer looking at her than he had to him looking at his roses.

My lord was simply bored. He cared nothing for the roses, and very little indeed for the birches. The courtesy of this night's visit to the dean was necessary to secure his interests, and between Roman ruins and a stroll in the garden, the latter seemed the least trouble and the greatest personal compliment to his host.

So it happened that, as they sauntered along through one lovely walk into another, they suddenly turned into the laburnum-avenue, and Lord Damer saw Lucy Carew coming down it, with the glory of the setting sun sifted through the golden flowers all over her. For a moment the vision startled him. He was familiar enough with beautiful women—court beauties, ballroom belles and county Dianas; but this young, innocent schoolgirl, with the freshness of a child and the purity of a saint, was a revelation to him.

She hesitated for a moment, turned backward a few steps, stopped, and then waited for them. The hesitation, timidity, bashfulness, were just so many unusual beauties to the *blasé* lord; and when the dean would have passed her with a "Go in, Lucy, before the dew falls," Lord Damer resolutely stopped and secured an introduction, a ceremony the dean thought it necessary to apologize for, "as Lucy was still in the schoolroom."

Lord Damer did not go away the next day; he was enchanted with the priory, and interested in the dean's suggestions about political matters. Then he was not feeling well, and needed just such a religious quiet and seclusion to recruit him. So he soon became at home in the old, rambling rooms, and was continually meeting Lucy Carew in the sweet shady borders of the dim garden.

How could the poor simple child resist so subtle and handsome a charmer? Before a week was over Roland Damer held Lucy Carew's heart in his hand. No one warned her. No one told her of the wicked, reckless life her lover had led.

He was a peer with a fine estate, a handsome person, and a prospective earldom; even her father thought it unnecessary to make any inquiries, except about settlements and dowry.

So one morning, when the gray old priory was decked with holly and mistletoe for Christmas, and there were great fires blazing in all its wide chimneys, and every room was full of merry guests, Lucy Carew—royally clad in white satin and minever—went out amid a bevy of fair women and gallant nobles, to plight her faith to Roland, Lord of Damer.

The old cathedral bells rang merrily, its canons and choristers sang pealing wedding anthems, the guests poured gifts into her lap, the little town sent her forth with blessings and good wishes; every one said there had never been fairer promises for a happy marriage.

The young couple went first to London; and there Lucy fully justified my lord's taste and judgment. It became a kind of fashion to admire Lady Damer. People spoke of "my lord's reformation," of "my lord's attention to his wife," of "my lord's respectable habits," as social miracles.

And Lucy was very happy. In all the four months of her wedded life no cloud had darkened her husband's face toward her. No fear of change troubled her; she was happy in to-day's sunshine, and trustful for to-morrow's.

One morning, as they sat chatting over a late breakfast about a trip to Italy, a servant came in, and handed Lord Damer a note.

He flushed crimson as soon as he saw it, and opened it with eager haste. Lucy's attention was attracted by its rich pink color, its gilded coronet and seal, and its sweet, seductive fragrance.

"Who is it from, Roland?"

He did not hear her; he was lost in thought.

She asked again, more timidly.

"Oh, from my cousin Julia," and he glanced tenderly at the note, put it in his breast-pocket, and, without a word to Lucy, he left the room.

She was greatly troubled, and would have been more so if she could have read the message or foreseen its consequences. Her little love-bark had met, in that pink and scented note, the rock on which it was to founder.

She spent a day of anxious fear and weeping, and Roland never came near her. He was with a woman who had always exercised over him an absolute fascination—a splendid, passionate Cleopatra, who had just returned from a long Eastern tour, crowned with every voluptuous enchantment.

Between Julia Temple and Roland Damer there had long been a singular attraction. She had refused him and called him back a dozen times. When she chose to lure him with her personal beauty, he was her abject slave; when she chose to exercise on him her scornful wit, he still worshiped her.

She had bid him "Good-by" with a sneer and a sarcasm, and never sent him note or message for two years; and yet, on her return, she had but to write: "Cousin Roland, I am dying to see you. Come, if you dare!" and in an hour he was sitting at her feet, vowing that he loved her, and only her, of all the women in the world.

For the first time, Julia seemed to understand the strength of the passion she had called forth; and, now that it was wrong to respond to it, the woman's contradictious nature asserted itself, and she imagined this lover, to whom she had no right, better than all the lovers of every country and of every degree who sought her.

Possibly she chose to consider Lucy particularly disagreeable; at any rate, she found her so, and the gentle little lady was soon the butt of her most merciless sarcasms.

Love may survive misfortune, but it never survives ridicule; and "my Lord Damer's sweet little baby in long clothes" soon lost the last remnant of her husband's affection.

In some measure society assisted in this; it was quite ready for a new idol, and Julia, with her odalisque coquetries and her Athenian costumes, easily displaced the sweet simplicity of the childish Lucy.

It was some relief when the journey to Italy was fairly determined on. Lucy wrote and begged her father to come and see her before she left England, for she had a

XUM

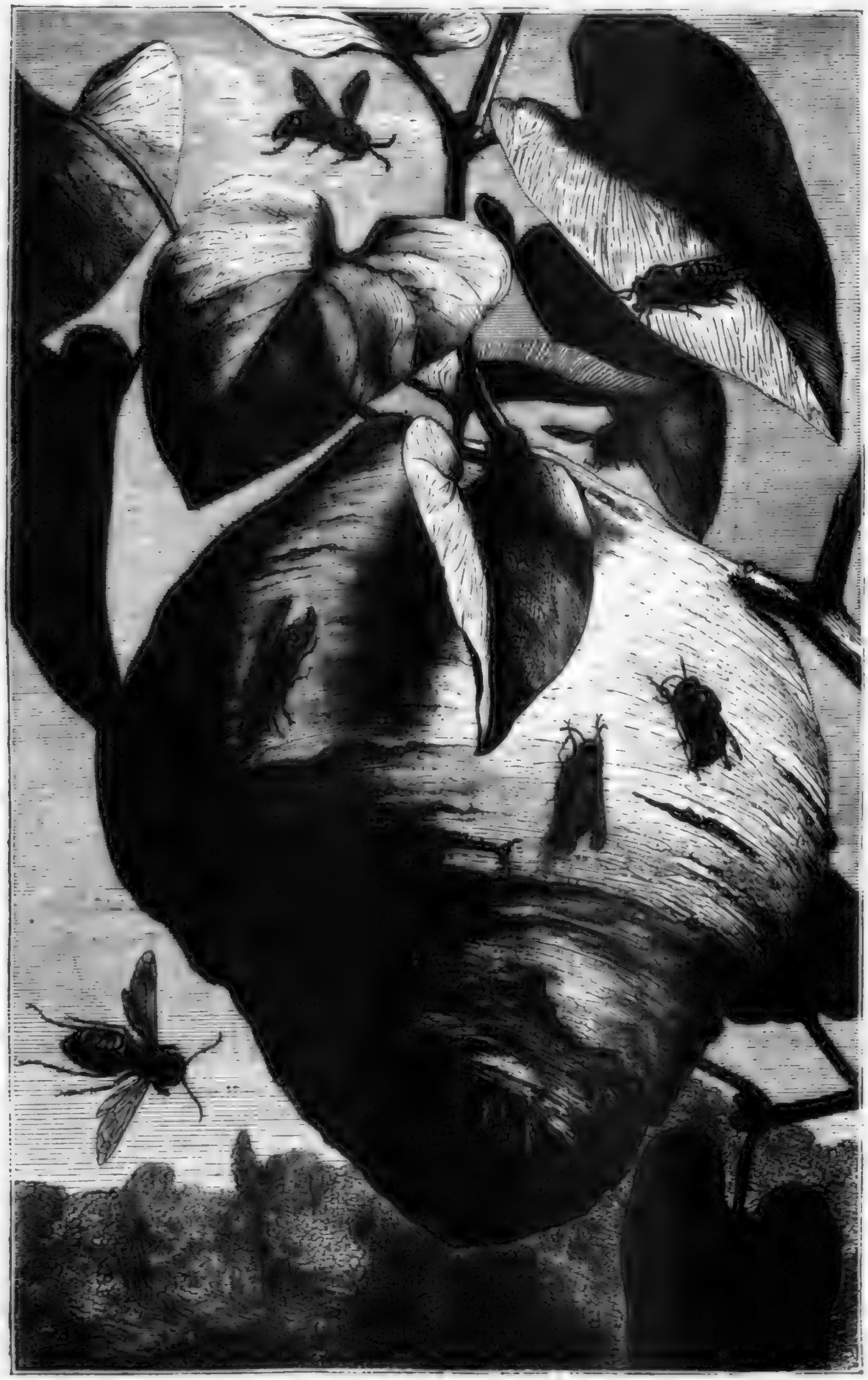
"You may want a friend some day, Lucy, and me far away; then, my child, money is always a reliable one."

Sorrow had made Lucy a woman in a few weeks; she divined all her father meant, and promised to observe all the directions he gave her; but the old man left her with a heavy heart. He was still more anxious when he saw by the *Court Journal* that Lady Julia Temple had returned to the Continent. It was supposed that her destination was Greece, but the dean believed she would go no further than Rome.

He was right. Lucy soon found that she had lost, rather than gained, by the change. Many a prudent restraint of English usage and society was removed in Italy, and the cousins spent, without blame or loss of character, most of their time together.

But Lucy did not suffer now as she had done at first; her love was dead, and the bitterness of her grief for her wasted life over. Besides, a new life had opened up to her in the wonders of art and music, and her time did not hang so heavily in churches and studios as it had done in her lonely, splendid house in London.

One day, in the cool of the afternoon, as she came out of the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, she saw a poor woman crouching in the shadow of the portico, and apparently very ill. She touched her; she was delirious with fever, and could give no account of herself.



A WASP'S NEST.—SEE PAGE 735.

presentiment that she would never see him again; and the good dean rather surprised his son-in-law by his unexpected visit.

But Roland was now beyond the prudence of endeavoring to deceive him, and the churchman was sufficiently of the world to see that his daughter was very coolly treated, and very unhappy in consequence.

But Englishmen respect each other's marital privileges, and the dean made no inquiries, and never thought of interfering. He did what, perhaps, after all, was the best thing possible: he gave Lucy ten thousand pounds, and bade her keep the gift a secret.

That sentiment of pity and care for the sick and poor which is innate in an Englishwoman's heart dictated to Lady Damer the only possible course. She had the poor girl removed to her own house, and appointed a servant to nurse her.

Indeed, she was herself glad of something human to care for, and poor Caterina's devotion and gratitude was an ample reward.

At the end of a month Caterina was able to return home, and she went loaded with gifts that would make rich and happy the little cottage in the mountains, where Pietro, who loved her dearly, waited her return.

My lady had sent Pietro word where his wife was as soon as the poor girl could give any account of herself; and Lucy had seen once the dark, handsome, rather suspicious-looking Latin who claimed Caterina, and who vowed eternal devotion to Lady Damer for her care of his "poor little one."

But Lucy helped so many sick and sorrowful souls, that, in a month, she had almost forgotten about the sick mountain-girl and her handsome husband.

They were recalled to her remembrance very soon, in a manner never again to be forgotten.

One day, when the weather was unusually sultry, she determined to spend it among the thick myrtle alcoves in the garden of the palace which they had rented.

She feared no intrusion, for Lord Damer had not been home for several days, and he rarely now spoke to her, unless to command her attendance with him at some important ceremony or official reception.

It might be about five o'clock, when footsteps arrested her attention. An instinct quite indefinable urged her to fly; and, laying her open book down, she softly sped to the back of the alcove. The vines covered the trellis very thickly, but, by moving a leaf here and there, she saw that it was her husband and Pietro who entered.

There was a singular look on Pietro's face, but he was all obsequiousness to Lord Damer, who ordered him to be seated. Then he lifted the "Tasso" his wife had been reading, and flung it from him with a gesture of intense hatred.

Pietro twirled his cap and looked indifferently before him. Lord Damer saw that he must open the conversation.

"You are sure that my lady is from home?"

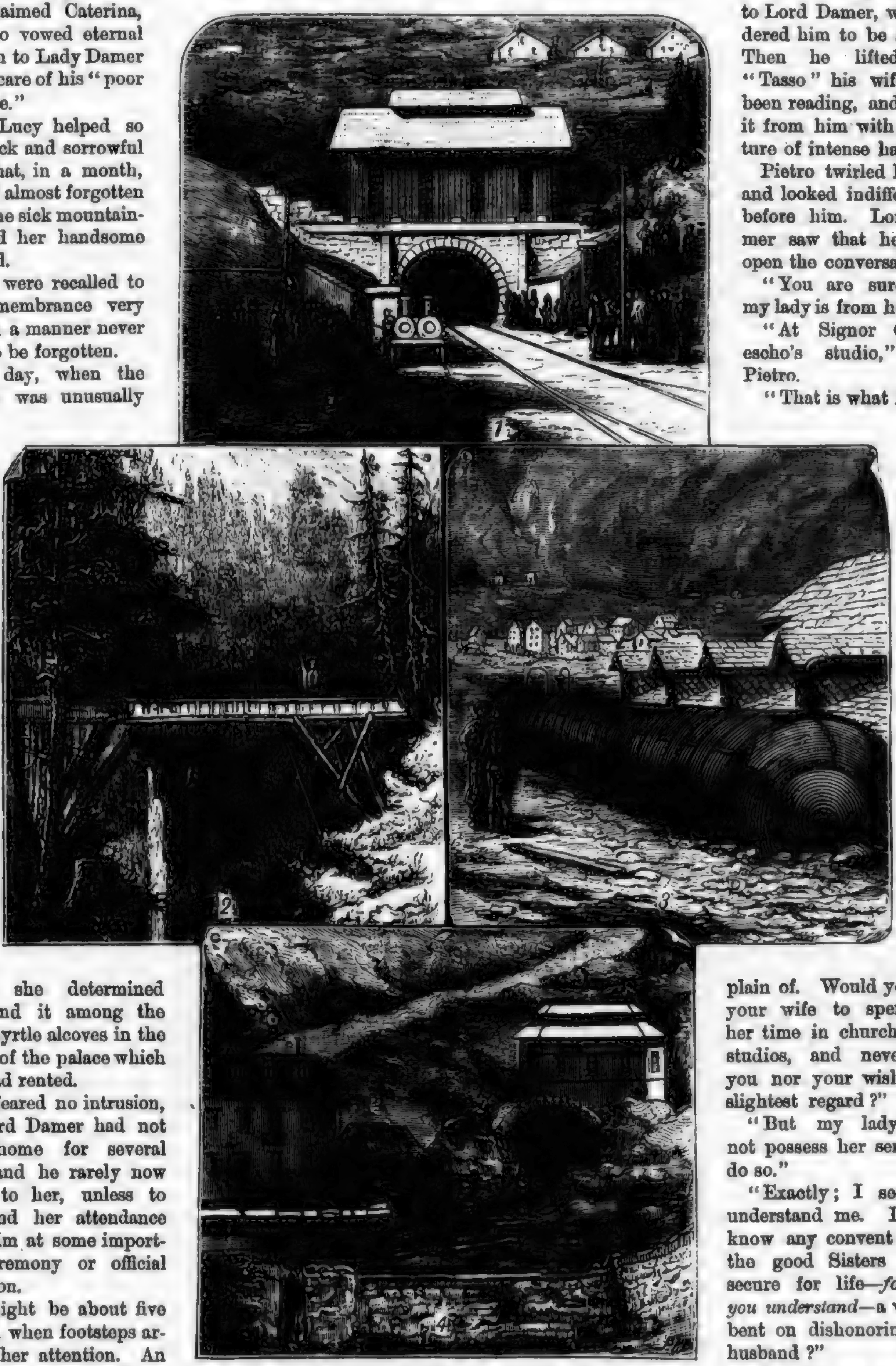
"At Signor Gentilescho's studio," said Pietro.

"That is what I complain of. Would you like your wife to spend all her time in churches and studios, and never pay you nor your wishes the slightest regard?"

"But my lady must not possess her senses to do so."

"Exactly; I see you understand me. Do you know any convent where the good Sisters would secure for life—*for life, you understand*—a wife so bent on dishonoring her husband?"

"If I did not know the Sisters who would do it, I *know a brother who will!*"



THE THREE ALPINE TUNNELS.—THE ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.—1. SOUTH ENTRANCE AT AIROLO. 2. AQUEDUCT OVER THE ALBINASCA TORRENT. 3. GREAT RESERVOIR OF COMPRESSED AIR. 4. NORTH ENTRANCE AT GÖSCHENEN.—SEE PAGE 732.

And Pietro looked at Lord Damer expressively, and tapped his own breast.

"The cage is unimportant, as long as the bird is secure. I will give you one thousand piastres for the duty."

"Say two thousand."

"Will you make it *sure?*"

"I will make it *sure.*"

"Then I say two thousand."

"When?"

"To-morrow night, three miles on the Santa Marie road."

"Time?"

"Six o'clock."

"That is good. Bring but one servant with you. Have you the piastres?"

"They will be in the carriage."

"Pardon. I trust your lordship's honor, but my men will not. It is *now* you must pay me."

Lord Damer protested and explained; Pietro sat as if he had nothing whatever to do with explanations, and simply reiterated: "It is *now* you must pay me."

There was a pause. The Englishman looked indignantly at the Roman; the Roman played like an innocent child with a sprig of myrtle. Then Lord Damer drew out his purse, and Pietro threw the myrtle away, and gave his earnest attention to the proceedings. Lucy seized the moment, and fled from the men counting out the price of her life, as the fawn flies before the dogs.

But in a moment reflection came. She had still a day. To-night she would sleep and think—in the morning she would act more prudently. She reached the palace, and flung herself wearily upon a couch. As she expected, in about half an hour Lord Damer entered. He was more polite than usual, and asked if she had found the heat oppressive.

"Very."

"You have been out?"

"Yes."

He drew near to her, and smoothed back her curls. She shut her eyes, and he kissed her. She knew his message was not yet done, and passively waited. He lifted a bracelet he had given her at their betrothal; she looked full at him to see if any tender memory stirred him. Not one! He laid it down, and said:

"Lucy, the Count Calassi gives an entertainment to-morrow evening. I have promised to bring you. Are you inclined to go?"

"If it will give you pleasure, I will go."

"It will. We shall leave here a little before six."

"I shall be dressed. I hope the road is not rugged. I have constant headache; the jolting hurts me."

"It is good and shady."

"Which road do we take?"

"The Santa Marie."

"Ah! Very well!" Then Lucy, having sounded the man's heart through all its depths, turned wearily from him, and said, "Leave me, Damer; I am sleepy."

He eagerly accepted his dismissal, and an hour later was touching Lady Julia's champagne-glass with his own, as they sat, amid flowers and music, eating and drinking.

Possibly Pietro had been watching him, for soon after he demanded of Tessa, my lady's maid, admission to her mistress. Lucy wondered, but consented, and, arming herself with a stiletto, she told Tessa to admit him.

"Is Caterina well, Pietro, that you come so late?"

"I know not. Will my lady graciously give to Pietro half an hour of her goodness?"

"Tessa, you may go."

Tessa gladly enough left the dull room for the mirth of the servants' hall, and Pietro watched her down the long marble stairs. Then, shutting the door and flinging himself at Lucy's feet, he poured out before them the two thousand piastres.

"My lady—my lady! It is the price of your life; but if you will trust Pietro, he will save you, even as you saved Caterina."

"I know all, Pietro. I heard my lord make the bargain with you."

"And you feared not to admit me?"

"I do not doubt you, Pietro."

"*Buono!* You are right. I meant to save you. I came now to tell you all, and to assure you that it is only to Caterina I shall carry you, until you can tell your own good friends."

"Pietro, sit down. I have now a bargain to make with you. My lord gives you two thousand piastres to kill me—don't say anything—to kill me; that is what he meant. I will give you four thousand piastres to save me in my own way. Listen! To-morrow you will keep your bargain. I shall be an easy prisoner. Take me to the good Caterina, and I settle upon your wife four thousand piastres. I shall give you a note to my husband that will satisfy him you have done your duty. I wish him to believe me dead."

"But will not my lady return to England?"

"To England! What for? To suffer the scorn of a neglected or traduced wife?—perchance to be accused of wicked deeds and discarded, thus bringing shame upon my good old father and all my family. I am only a woman; who would believe me? It is better to be mourned as dead. Even mine enemies will scarcely dare to slander a spirit. I have other plans; and I have plenty of money and jewels, Pietro."

"*Zi!* My lady, I serve not you for money. It is a great love that can give up two thousand piastres."

"There is my hand, Pietro; from this hour my fortune and yours are one; but leave not the money—you can give it to your men. I prefer that they have it, to my lord. See, I give it to you; it is honestly mine; my lord owes me far more than this."

Lucy looked full in Pietro's face, and saw his soul in his eyes. To her it was a true and brave soul.

"I trust you fully, Pietro. Tell Caterina I am coming to her. She must get such things as she knows I like. *Adieu, my friend.*"

Pietro kissed her hand, and, with a pathetic courtesy, answered:

"*Adieu, my friend.*"

Lucy's plans were still very confused. She saw but the first step of her road; the rest must grow out of it.

But she was dressed the next evening before Lord Damer, and went herself to remind him of his promise. He objected to the jewels she wore; said "they were only a temptation to bandits," and ordered her to leave them with Tessa.

She retired, and secreted them, as she had done her father's bank-bills, upon her person.

They started at a quarter before six, and in about twenty minutes reached a lonely defile, where, as both of them expected, they were attacked by Pietro and ten men. The servant was bound, and so thoroughly frightened that he fainted. Lady Damer was carried off, and my lord returned to the city in the wildest excitement.

The servant was found, of course, but no Lady Damer, and my lord really for a few hours felt all the horror of a murderer. Immense rewards were offered, and companies of soldiers hunted the *condottiers* for several weeks, until every one gave up the lady for dead, and all were rather sick of the subject.

Lord Damer, indeed, believed her to be dead, for one day, as he was getting into his carriage, a little boy put a note into his hand. He knew the writing, and the words smote him like a sword:

> "Farewell! I pardon you. Brigands will kill me more quickly and mercifully than you were doing. Spare my father the knowledge of how I died. LUCY DAMER."

It was long before he could make up his mind to destroy the note, and yet it continually tormented him. But time cures all things, even remorse, and in two years he had married Lady Julia Temple, and succeeded his elder brother as Earl of Bowness.

In the meantime, Lucy was forming for herself a new career. So far, she had remained in the mountains with Caterina; for, six months after her supposed death, she had given birth to a son, and she did not think it safe to return to Rome until time had obliterated all memory of her supposed tragic fate. But when her little Arthur was two years old she began to long for a change, and she thought it now prudent to put into execution her idea of studying art.

Pietro easily secured a retired suite of rooms at the top of an almost deserted palace, and when their home had been comfortably arranged, she assumed the picturesque dress of a Roman artist, cut off her long fair hair, and still more effectually disguised herself by a flowing wig of jetty curls.

To the old artist Gentilescho she revealed her whole story, and he protected the sorrowful lady in a thousand ways from impertinent inquiries and curiosity. For a time the Roman art-world talked a little about Gentilescho's *protégée*, but, as month after month and year after year rolled away, and no one saw any change in the quiet youth who painted in the interior atelier, they ceased to wonder, and they cared not to question.

Thus, for many years, Lucy's life flowed peacefully on. Pietro came at very uncertain times to see them, but he was always welcome, and Caterina and he were both devoted, heart and soul, to Lucy, and still more so to the bright little lad that had seen the light first in their mountain fastness.

Lucy loved her art, and made a great deal of money in a quiet way. She had assumed the name of Giacinta, and her pictures *de genre* were held in great favor. But, beyond her art, she loved passionately this dear son, whom at times she bitterly accused herself of wronging. But Arthur had early chosen his life—he would be an artist, and nothing else; and experience had taught Lucy that an artist has a richer life than an earl. So she held her peace and waited, and year was added unto year, until Arthur, a handsome fellow of four-and-twenty, desired to leave Italy and take a Summer's travel through France and Germany.

Lucy was wise enough to admit the advantage and see the folly of any longer confining the boy at home. She only begged him not to go to England. She said she had a sorrowful presentiment of evil if he should, and Arthur laughed at her presentiments and kissed away her tears.

The third letter Lucy got from him was dated "*London.*" She might have known it. Once in Paris, the forbidden country had exercised a fascination he could not resist, and, having letters from some Parisian artists to some London ones, he was already at work and at home home there.

Then Lucy stopped painting. She was sure something was going to happen. She had hidden from it twenty-five years nearly, but it would come at last—she knew it. Another month passed, and the next letter was dated "Bowness Castle." He had been recommended by Sir Joseph Taylor to paint the earl and countess and their niece, the beautiful Miss Damer.

Gracious heavens! What fatality was this? Lucy was so feverish and restless, she half doubted her own sanity; and Arthur's letters were very unsatisfactory.

He said little of the earl, and seemed to dislike the countess, but it was evident that this Miss Damer held him by a very powerful spell. Lucy wrote a most urgent letter pressing his immediate return to Rome, and promising then to reveal to him sufficient reasons for her anxiety.

But before this letter reached him, Arthur suddenly one day stood before her, and though he folded his mother to his heart, she saw that she had got back again a different son.

"Arthur, are you in trouble? What is the matter? Have you done anything wrong?"

"I done wrong? No, mother; but I have been wronged in a manner so shameful that I felt I must either die or come and tell you about it."

"Ah, Bowness Castle?"

"Yes."

"You fell in love with Miss Damer?"

"Yes, mother; and she professed to love me—told me so twenty times a day—and she was laughing at me! making a fool of me! turning me into sport hourly, for that wicked old countess's amusement!"

"Do you love her yet?"

"Do I? Could I love the woman who deliberately planned a scene into which her uncle was to burst with insults and her aunt with sarcasms?"

Lucy was very pale.

"What did you say?"

"I told him that an artist was a gentleman, and that, from his language and behavior, I doubted whether he was even that."

"Then?"

"He struck me."

"*He—struck—you!*"

"Yes, mother."

"And you?"

"I struck him back again. Then the countess called two servants, and they took me by the shoulders and pushed me out of the servants' entrance, and Miss Damer—*laughed!* Mother, I have been nearly mad! I have come to you, mother."

"You did well. Now, my son, we shall go back to Bowness Castle. We shall have a sweet revenge—do not doubt it."

Then Lucy told her son her own wrongs and his rights, and sent word to Pietro, and all of his men still living who had seen her capture, to come to Rome.

These, with Caterina, Signor Gentilescho and his wife, and the woman who had been Arthur's nurse, left with Lady Damer and her son at once for England.

The old dean still lived, and answered his daughter's summons to London as one might answer a summons from the dead. But when he heard his child's wrongs, and saw the grandson and namesake whose rights he was to defend, he entered the lists like an old lion.

There was, however, never any need to carry the case into court. Lord Damer, brought to London and confronted with Lucy and Pietro, acknowledged at once his crime and his son's rights.

But he could not bear the disgrace of the exposure necessary to the recognition of them, and he was equally unable to bear the torrent of passionate grief and anger

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with which the deluded Julia met him. In the midst of it, he fell senseless to the ground in a fit of apoplexy.

He died as miserably as he deserved to. Lucy he refused to see, and Julia refused to see him.

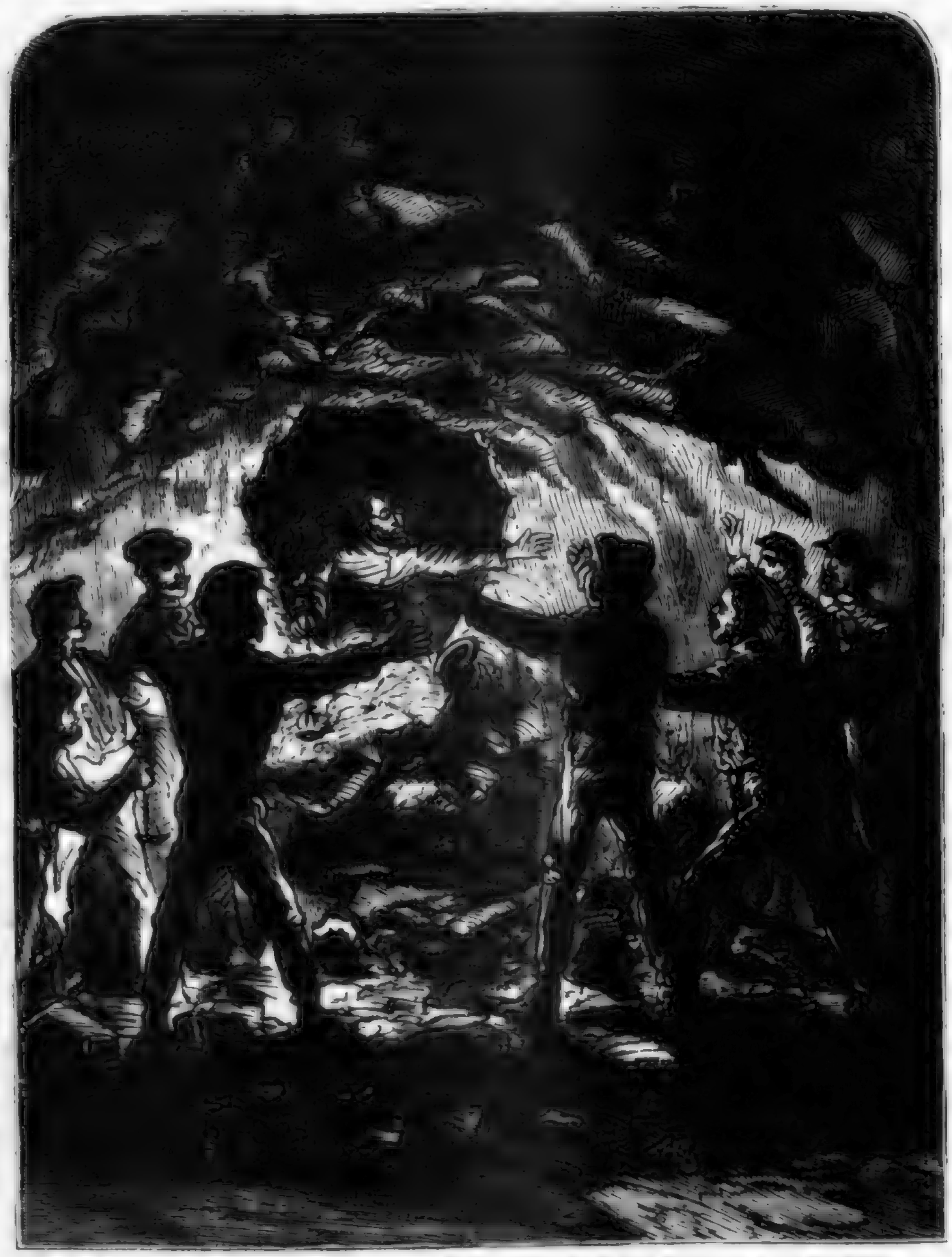
Hers was indeed no light punishment. To have been all these years no wife and no countess—to have held these titles on the sufferance of a woman she had so cruelly wronged and ridiculed—of a woman who now claimed her rights in revenge for a piece of contemptible jesting with a wandering Italian artist! It was all very bitter indeed. In her prosperity she had made many enemies, and but very few friends. Her own fortune she had dissipated long ago, she had no legal rights in any thing of Lord Damer's; she was compelled to be dependent on Lucy's magnanimity for the very allowance that saved her from absolute destitution.

The "beautiful Miss Damer" has quite as bitter thoughts to keep her company in her poor and lonely old maidenhood; for she loved the artist, though she did laugh at him, and she knows that she might have worn a countess's coronet, and been a beloved wife and mistress over the splendid estates of Damer and Bowness.

But Arthur gave her place, within a year after his succession, to the fair and good Lady Clara Howard.

Lucy paints her pictures mostly at the priory, for the good old dean clings with wonderful affection to his long-lost daughter, and Caterina stays close to my lady's side. But Pietro is major-domo of Bowness Castle now; and, in a splendid dress and a silver staff of office, rules over the house and the servants and the park to his heart's content

And no one rules Pietro but the second Lord Arthur, before whose silver baby-bells Pietro's silver staff falls powerless.



THE THREE ALPINE TUNNELS.—MEETING OF THE LINES OF THE TUNNEL OF ST. GOTHARD. SEE PAGE 732.

THE THREE ALPINE TUNNELS.

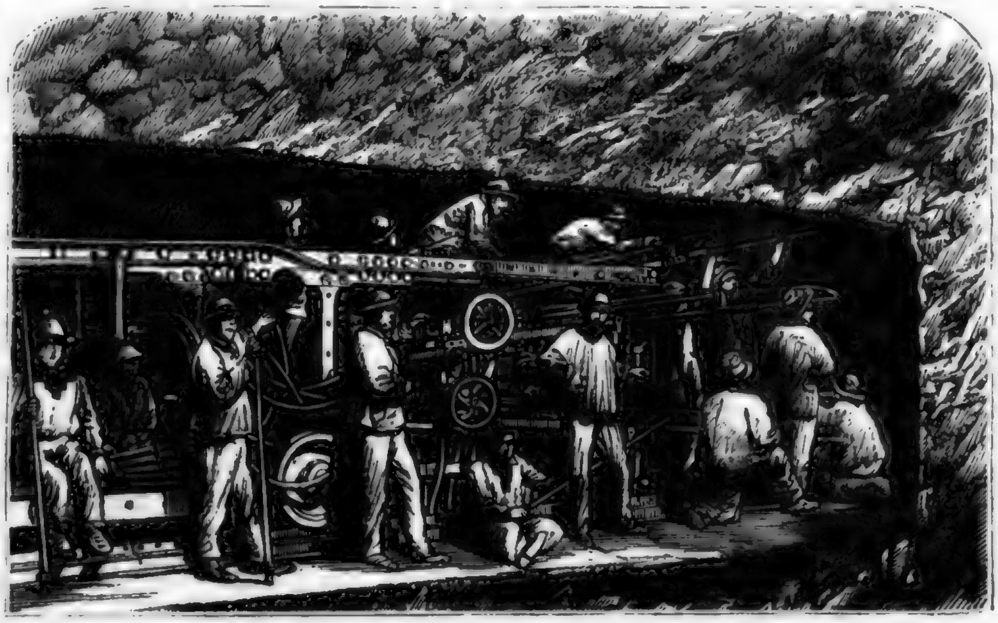
THE ST. GOTHARD AND THE SIMPLON

By Henry Frith.

Most visitors to the Paris Exhibition in 1878 doubtless observed a panorama of the St. Gothard, showing the proposed great tunnel; and we, in common with many hundreds of our countrymen *en route* to Switzerland, studied the map displayed in the Swiss section. We had always enjoyed the grand scenery of the St. Gothard, and can recall one or two narrow escapes in early Summer, when snow was treacherous and we were rash.

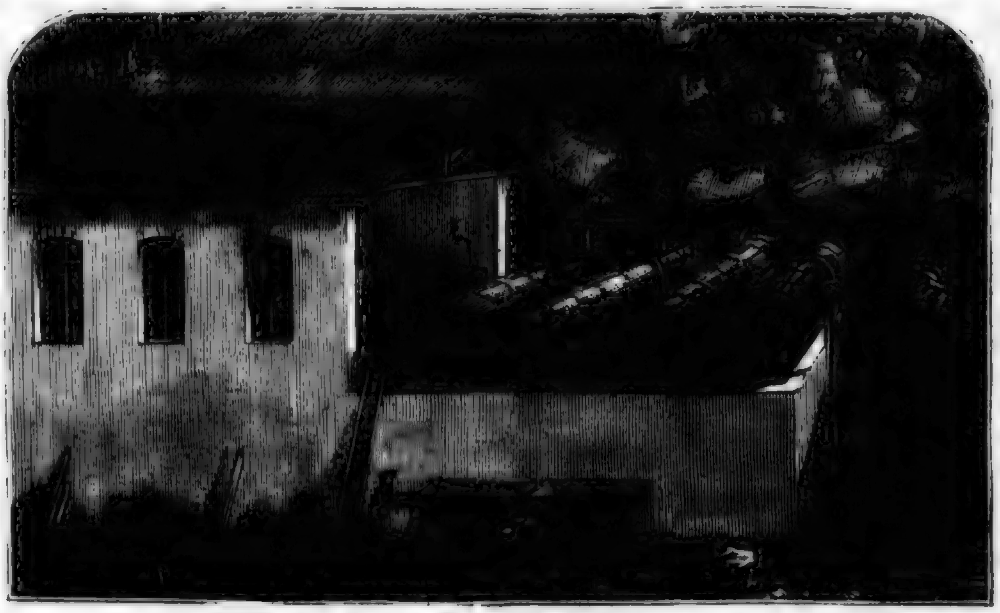
The St. Gothard range is in reality very extensive, but the name is more generally understood to apply to the portion comprised between Fluelen, on Lake Lucerne, and Airolo; but more correctly between Hospenthal and Airolo. The main tunnel commences at Göschenen, on the Swiss side of the pass, about three hours distant from Amsteg, and 2,200 feet above Lake Lucerne. The path across St. Gothard was for hundreds of years the only one over the Helvetic Alps, and about a hundred years ago vehicles began to traverse the road. It is the most dangerous pass in Switzerland, and readers will remember that last year many fatal accidents occurred on that splendid post-road during the early part of the Summer.

It must not be imagined that the Gothard line embraces only one tunnel, such as the Mont Cénis. The line is really about twenty miles long, and is a series of tunnels, the longest of which is, in round numbers, 49,000 feet long (48,936), or over nine miles. The other tunnels are three and four miles long, and there are numerous shorter ones, as well as galleries besides. Of course the enormous sum



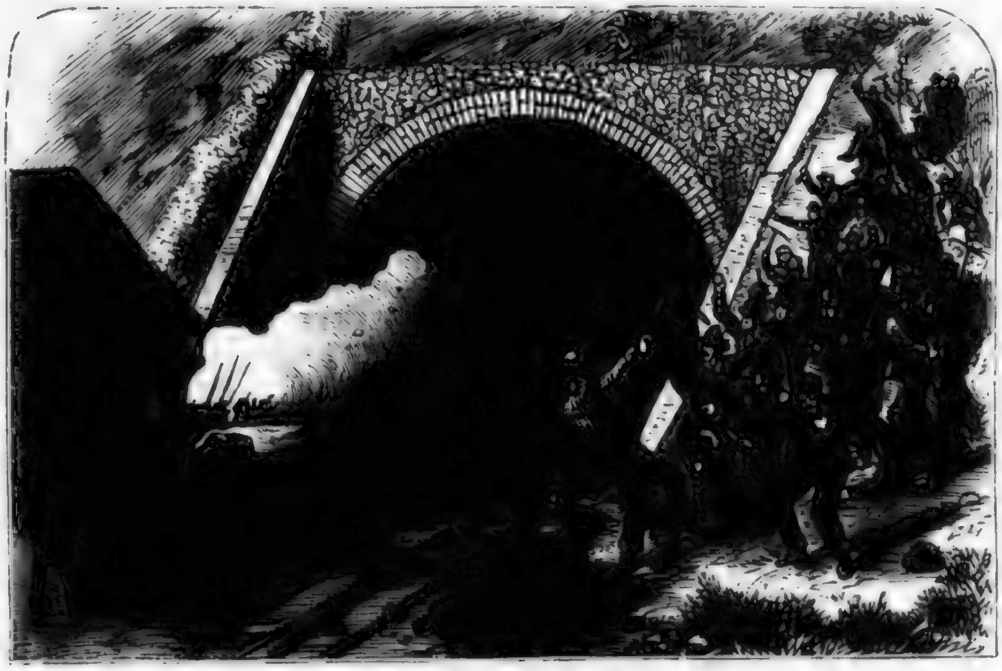
PNEUMATIC BORING MACHINE USED IN THE ALPINE TUNNELS.

necessary to complete this immense undertaking could not be found easily. The question was an international one. In 1871 the Swiss, Italian and German Governments concluded a treaty, determining the points relative to route, construction and connections. Among the stipulations were the following: That the summit level of the line should not be at greater height than 1,162½ metres above the sea, and that the tunnel should follow a straight line between Airolo and Göschenen; the shortest radius of the curves was fixed at 300 metres, and the maximum of the greater not to exceed 32 feet to the mile, except for a short distance near Biasca. The three contracting powers agreed to contribute to the enterprise 85,000,000 francs as follows: Italy, 45,000,000; Switzerland, 20,000,000; Germany, 20,000,000. The Italian and Swiss railway companies held a conference, a company was organized, and in 1872 M. Favre was the successful bidder among those who proposed to undertake the construction. In the Fall of 1872, the plans and preparations having been completed, the actual work was begun. The cross-section of the St. Gothard is the same as that of the Fréjus, or Mont Cénis Tunnel, and the same technical methods of excavation were followed. The engineer possessed several advantages, however, over the engineer of the Mont Cénis line. The first estimate was 187,000,000 francs, but even this stupendous amount was 102,000,000 francs short of that actually required. Italy, Germany and Switzerland increased their subscriptions.



RESERVOIRS FOR COMPRESSING AIR IN THE ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.

By agreement the tunnel was to be completed and ready for traffic early in 1880. A large sum was to be forfeited for delay; and should the year expire and the tunnel remain incomplete, the contract to be void. The St. Gothard main tunnel is of about the same dimensions as (but longer than) the Mont Cénis, already described. It enters the mountain at a height of 3,600 feet



A WORKMEN'S RIOT AT THE MOUTH OF THE ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.

above the sea, and comes out at Airolo at 3,700 feet elevation. The gradient on the Swiss side is 1 in 172 for about half the distance; at the summit is a short level run, and then the descent into Italy begins at the gradient of 1 in 1,000. It will thus be perceived that the level point is on the north side, 142 feet above the entrance, and 24 feet on the south side.

This line, in direct opposition to the French Mont Cénis Railway, naturally gave rise to a further opposition in the Simplon line, which we will refer to later on. Last Autumn the St. Gothard Tunnel was within 1,000 yards of completion; and latest advices announce its successful completion, the two shafts meeting with wonderful accuracy. It is probable that much of the traffic *via* Mont Cénis will prefer the shorter St. Gothard route when it is open. This France cannot tolerate. Another line is necessary for her, and the Simplon Tunnel was accordingly projected. But of this anon.

The excavation of the St. Gothard Tunnel is carried on in the same manner as has already been described in the article on Mont Cénis. Compressed air is the boring power, but a feature not explained in Mont Cénis is very prominent in St. Gothard. This is the "air locomotive"—a boiler, apparently, and little else, that is used instead of the ordinary steam locomotive for drawing away the trucks full of rock from the depths of the tunnel—no inconsiderable distance. The reason for the employment of these odd-looking machines is obvious: the smoke and escaping steam, etc., would render the tunnel quite unfit for human beings. Air takes the place of steam, and all smoke is avoided.

Now, will my readers kindly accompany me into the main tunnel of St. Gothard, say two months since? But few people ventured last year, and very likely the trip will be novel to most of us.

Come, then, put off all *table d'hôte* array, and be guided and thrust and shoved into old hats, muddy boots, and waterproofed and petroleum-lined garments. Take a lamp in your hand, and a staff or alpenstock to prod your way withal; and when you are equipped you will not recognize yourself—if your eyes could see you. It is permitted to walk into the tunnel—if you are permitted to do anything at all; but for those who really wish to see the machines at work, it will be necessary to cling to the eccentric locomotive, which is about to enter the tunnel in search of trucks full of earth and *débris*.

Hold tight! A fearful shriek, and we are moving rapidly into the mine's darkness. If those who have traveled by express train through one of our own tunnels will imagine the noise in that tunnel intensified four times, they will have an idea of the clatter, bang and roar of the St. Gothard rocks. Were space available, the effect could be described; but any one can open, in a tunnel, the car-window, and judge for himself.

Cui bono? you will be tempted to ask, when you have arrived in the granite chambers of St. Gothard; but the scene is most interesting, not to say exciting. An occasional dull roar in front tells the visitor the chambers are being exploded—those little chambers lately drilled by that cunning "perforator." There will probably be an influx of water, for it is no uncommon occurrence for a hidden spring to break out. All around are glimmering lanterns, flashing back from the rocks; far overhead, thousands of feet above, are melting snows; tourists—your greatest enemy or your dearest friend, mayhap, gazing over the ground rendered famous in history's pages by the march of the grim Suwarrow and the hard-fought battle of the Devil's Bridge. A few hundred feet in a gently sloping line in front, are sunshine and the bright Italian landscape. Behind us, through the dark and murky atmosphere, is the descent to Lake Lucerne and the Righi, where just then, most likely, our friends are being rudely repulsed from the hotel.

The roof of the tunnel is lined with twenty inches of solid masonry. The heat is tremendous, and how these men can live in this fearful atmosphere is almost incomprehensible. Working eight hours a day for scarcely five shillings, and "finding" themselves, is apparently bliss to the Italians, and from this amount they save, and sometimes send half their wages home.

A great number of perforators are at work, but we need not describe their action here. Dynamite is the substance chiefly used for explosive purposes, and occasional accidents, or, on one occasion at least, a premeditated explosion, have proved its fearfully destructive qualities. The excavations are simultaneously conducted at different points, so that two machines may actually be working in different directions, one forward and another backward, to clear away the upper portion of rock under which the perforators have succeeded in penetrating.

There is one peculiarity about the long line of St. Gothard—namely, the (so to speak) spiral ascents. The trains will wind around gradients as the diligence winds up the Italian side of the road, or as the railway zigzags in the Blue Mountains of New South Wales. But wonderful as the work is, now complete, and grand as the enterprise must always appear, to the traveler who seeks scenery the St. Gothard route will seem almost useless. True, at the Lucerne side the ascent is grand. Altdorf, sacred to the memory of Tell; Wasen; and, on the Italian side, Airolo and Bellinzona, are very fine, and we have often traversed the classic ground. But no tunnel, however useful, can compensate us for the view or the delicious air upon the old post-road of the St. Gothard. In January, 1871, the "headings" were pushed in. In September, 1872, the work was begun at Airolo, and at Göschenen in November. The line will probably be open for traffic by September.

There were about 4,000 people employed at the St. Gothard: Italians, Germans, Swiss; but no English, French or Americans, as far as we could learn. These will not work so cheaply as Italians, who do all the boring. Most of the superiors are Swiss. The exact centre, nearly five miles from the entrance, was reached from Göschenen on the 31st of October last.

At ten o'clock on the morning of Sunday, February 29th, 1880, the piercing of the St. Gothard Tunnel was accomplished by one blast, the two galleries so long nearing each other were blown into one long tunnel, and the opposite gangs of workmen rushed, with loud congratulations, into each other's arms. The first man through was Mr. Bossi, the manager of the works.

Before closing this article, we may make a few remarks upon the Simplon scheme, which the French Government is so anxious to carry out, in order to secure the Anglo-Indian traffic.

Any one who visited Switzerland in 1879 knows that in July of that year the line of railway through the Rhone Valley was open to Brigue, at the foot of the Simplon. On the opposite side, the Italians are busy with a line which will extend to Arona (Lago Maggiore). When the Simplon Tunnel and its approaches are completed, we shall have an uninterrupted line from Paris to Brindisi, through Pontarlier, Lausanne, Brigue and Arona (*via* Simplon), and Milan.

This history of the Simplon scheme can be stated very briefly. The proposal was made to the French Government in 1873, but the scheme fell through for several reasons, the chief of which were the failure of the Ligne d'Italie, and the apparently hopeless opposition of the St. Gothard route. But when, in 1874, a new company took up the line, and the St. Gothard was being actually tunneled, things looked gloomy for French traffic, which can be retained by the construction of the Simplon Tunnel.

The different lengths of the three Alpine tunnels are as follows: Simplon, 18½ kilomètres; St. Gothard, 15; Mont Cénis, 12. But the first-named will possess many advantages in construction. The respective heights of the entrances to the Cénis and the St. Gothard are far above the sea-level. The entrance to the Simplon is on a level plain, and the line, as most of us know, is perfectly even, and almost straight from Bouveret or Villeneuve on the Lake Leman to Brigue. The gradient never exceeds 1 in 100 in the Simplon, though on the Italian side it is a little more. It is a curious fact that the highest point is not in the mountains at all, but on the road between Lausanne and Dijon. Snow will offer but inconsiderable opposition, the rock is less hard, water-power exists in abundance, and the climate in the Valais is less cold than in the localities already pierced.

The cost of the Simplon Tunnel is estimated at 80,000,000 francs—or 4,000,000 per kilomètre for the actual tunnel, and 6,000,000 for stations and permanent way. This estimate does not compare favorably with the 2,500,000 francs per kilomètre expended on the St. Gothard Tunnels.

More than half this sum is found by France, the remainder by Switzerland and the railways interested; but even now the suggestion of one alternative scheme for tunneling the Mont Blanc comes to our ears, and another to construct a line through the Tarentaise and the Col du Mont. Both of these schemes are unpractical, because the lines would be longer than either the Cénis or the St. Gothard routes, and therefore useless as competitors.

The Swiss are naturally averse to the Mont Blanc project, because it would leave their country out in the cold. The Simplon route is already half accomplished, and would greatly favor French traffic, which otherwise would be carried *via* Basle by German subsidized railways through the St. Gothard; and though the Savoy route would be advantageous to the French, the distance is too long.

We have now rapidly reviewed the three great Alpine tunnels, wonderful examples of human skill and perseverance. There have been long tunnels constructed before these, but none to equal these giants.

Even as we write, a slip has been put before us representing the determination of the French Government to lay down a line of railway from Annemasse, on the route to Mont Blanc, to Chamouni. The administration has already sanctioned the construction of the line from Annemasse to Sallenches. This line will join at St. Gingolph the almost completed railway from St. Gingolph to Callonges and Annecy.

This extension will bring Paris and all the southern districts in direct communication with Savoy, and in such a case the tunnel through Mont Blanc may not be unworthy of consideration; but for our own part, we do not think that such a line would ever successfully compete with the already projected and completed lines. The survey will, however, be made, and we may yet travel in a Pullman car through the Monarch of Mountains.

Don't judge a man by his failure in life, for many a man fails because he is too honest to succeed.

JUMPING INTO WATER.

It is one thing to jump from a great height into open water, such as that of the sea, and it is another thing to jump down one hundred and twenty feet into a well. This feat may be seen performed any day at Delhi, in India. So proficient are the men and boys, who leap down the distance I have named, both into a tank from the top of a mosque and into a narrow well, that whilst descending they purposely sprawl about in the air and display queer antics; but the moment they near the water they suddenly straighten out their bodies and plunge down arrow-like, with scarce a plash. You can get a dozen men and boys at any hour to perform this feat before you for the modest fee of about five cents a leap! I, myself, have seen in Southern India a boy leap three times from a rock twenty-two feet high into a narrow pool, the depth of the water in which varied from five to six feet.

WASPS AND THEIR NESTS.

The *Hymenoptera* which make their nests with papery-looking substances are the wasps. There are three kinds of individuals amongst the wasps, as there are amongst the ants, namely: males, females, and neuters or workers; and these last are really females which never lay eggs, but which are provided with wings, and yet differ much from the perfect females. These insects live in societies, the individuals of which are more or less numerous, according to the species. Usually the assemblage lasts only a year, and it breaks up at the commencement of cold weather; by that time the males are all dead, then the workers begin to die off, and only the true females manage to hibernate by seeking refuge in the holes of walls, cavities of old trees, or wherever they can hide themselves easily and get out of the way of the cold. In the early Spring a solitary female, a mother, begins to build a nest; it is small at first, the cells of it are few in number, and an egg is laid in each.

As soon as the larvæ are born the wasp wanders to and fro for food for them, and spares no pains in order to provide its progeny with sufficient nourishment. The larvæ soon become full-grown, and spin a silken cocoon, which fills up the little cell, and thus inclosed they are transformed into nymphs, the metamorphosis into the adult form occurring shortly. The new wasps thus produced are all workers, or rather workeresses, for they are sterile females, and they are created to take the part of nurses to a progeny which does not belong to them. These workers begin their duties as soon as they become perfect, and from that moment the mother of the nest, who has been so laborious, and who was so industrious when all alone, begins to lead a quiet life, and to do little or nothing, for she has plenty of nurses to take care of the little ones. The workers increase the extent of the nest and prepare cells for the larvæ, and when this is done the mother completes another great batch of egg-laying, and deposits an egg in each cell. The larvæ which come from these eggs do not turn into workers only, but into male insects and females which are not sterile.

The wasps construct their nests out of vegetable matters, such as woody fibres and dead leaves, and they make a sort of paper from these substances. They triturate their building materials between their mandibles, moisten them with their saliva, and mold them into a homogeneous paste, admirably suited for the construction of the cells and the walls of the nests. The nests are made upon

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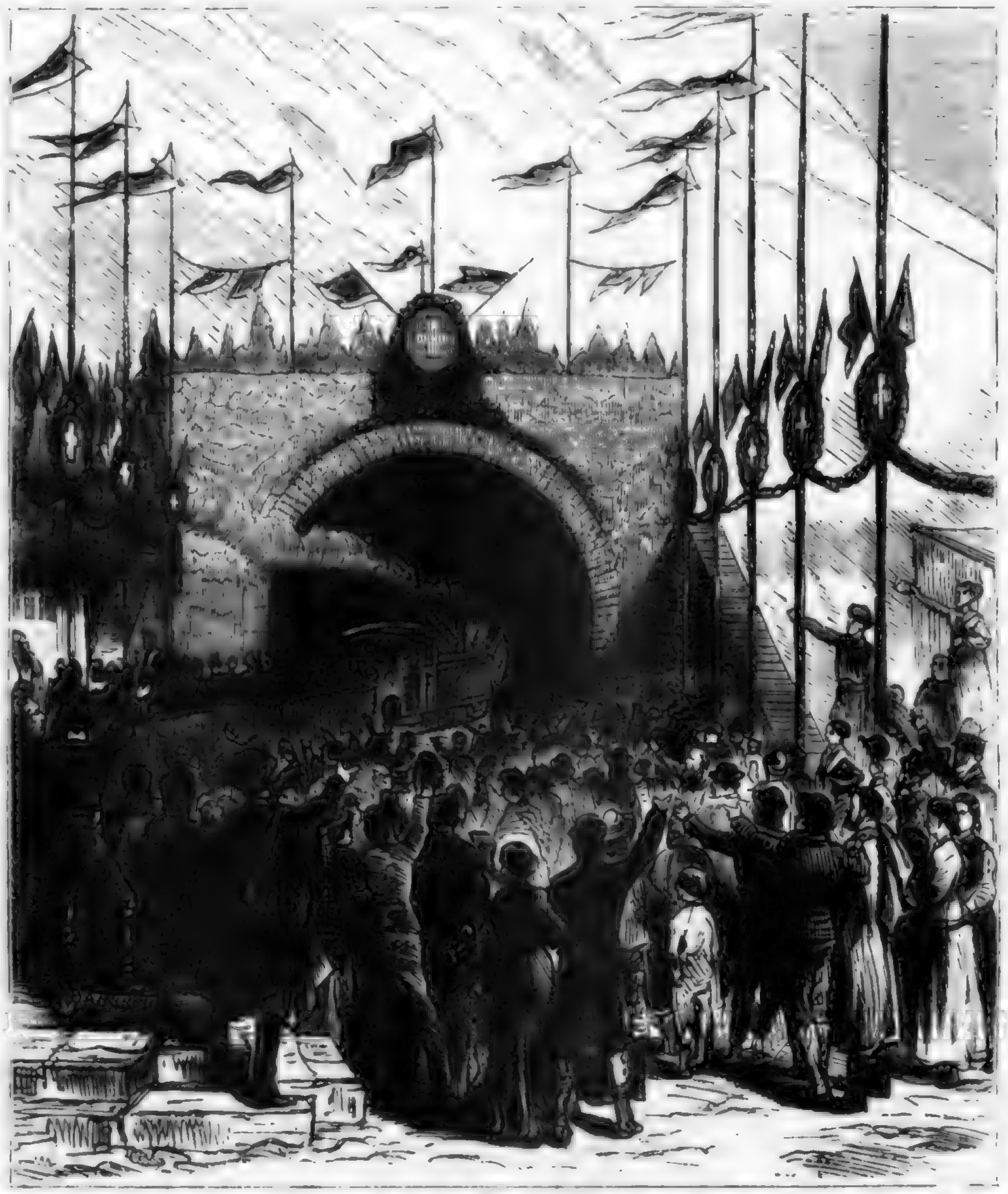
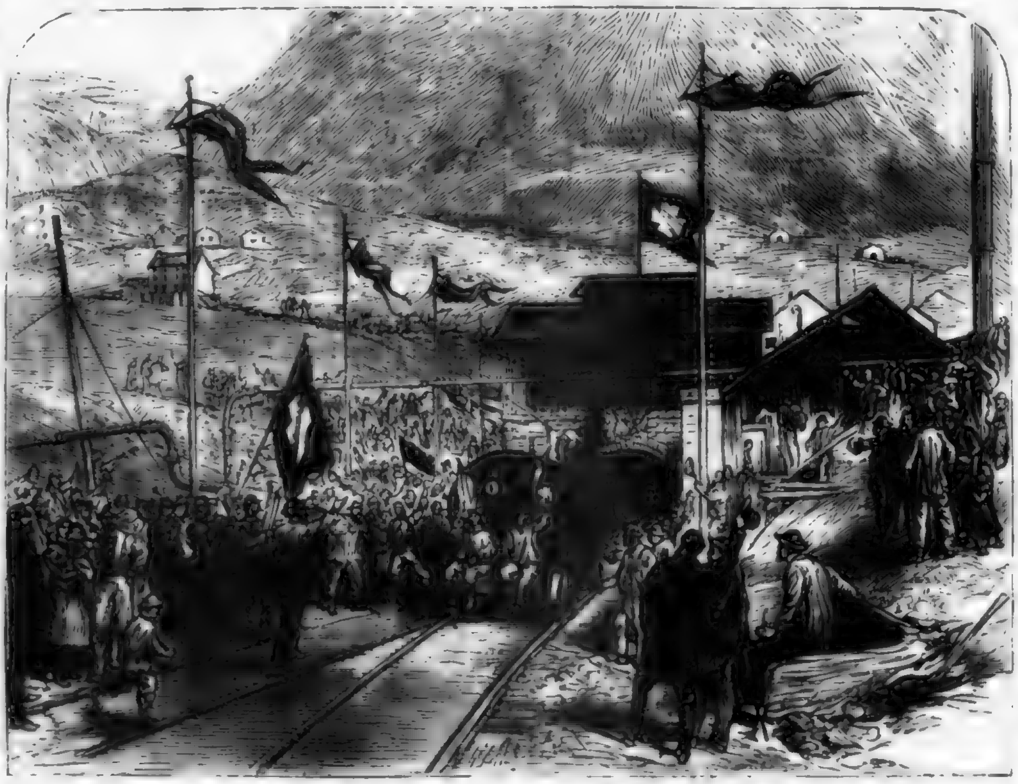
different plans, all of which appear to have a distinct reference to some peculiar conformation of the insect. But, although there are many minor differences, still, in the main, all wasps' nests resemble each other. The essential and most important parts of the nests are the cells of the comb, and they are always built upon the same plan. In the commencement the cell is a kind of cylindrical cup, and others of the same form are built close together on a horizontal floor, and they are all closed at their summits. The cells of many wasps' nests are always cylindrical in shape, but usually they are hexagonal in outline.

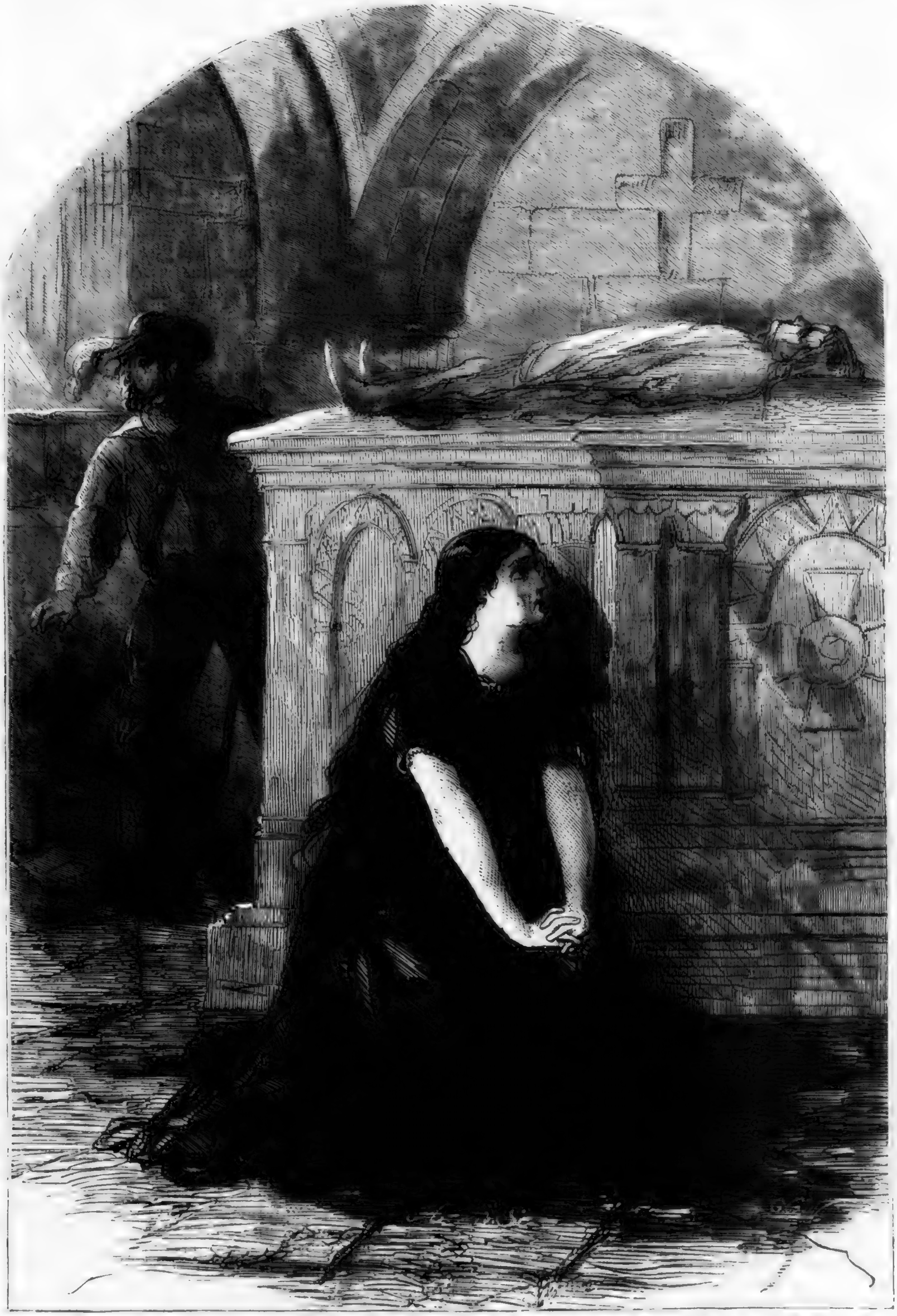
One of the most common wasps is the wood, or bush-wasp (*Vespa sylvestris*). It is a little smaller than the common wasp, and it attaches its nest to the branches of trees and bushes, hangs it under roofs, or attaches it to the corners of walls. The little delicate round nests of this species may often be met with in the Spring, and a very slight examination of one of them will prove that the covering, or envelope, is made up of a smooth gray paper, which is slightly shiny and flexible, and perfectly impervious to water. A thick column is found in the middle of the inside of the nest, sustaining a single comb, which is composed of eight, ten or twelve cells; it is the work of the mother wasp, which has passed through the Winter in a condition of sleepy stupidity. After having built her nest she deposits an egg in each cell, and when the larvæ are hatched they become her workers and nurses. They enlarge the first comb by adding new cells around it; then they construct a second comb, and attach it to the first by two or three pillars; then a third is made, and fixed to the second; and so on for a series which may include a fourth, a fifth and a sixth



THE THREE ALPINE TUNNELS.— TRAIN GOING INTO THE MONT ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.— SEE PAGE 732.



THE MONT ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.— ARRIVAL OF FIRST TRAIN AT AIROLO.



THE STUDENT OF BOLOGNA.—"UPON THAT TOMB THE SILVERY MOON WAS NOW SHINING. BUT WHO WAS THAT FIGURE ROBED IN DEEPEST BLACK THAT KNELT BESIDE IT?"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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comb. The number of the combs varies according to the increase of the population of the nest. The whole has three papery envelopes, one placed over the other, and they serve to protect the combs, to which, however, they are never attached. The largest nests are sometimes a foot in height; but whether they are large or small, they look very pretty amongst the foliage of beautiful bushes. The opening is situated at the lowest part of the nest, and underneath, and is always sufficiently large to give free ingress and egress to the wasps.

In the accompanying engraving there is a figure of one of these nests, which is suspended from a small branch.

A SEA-WAIF.

"My Archie come, for whom I yearned,
Come with a sea-won prize—
A box by dusky natives turned,
A pearl of royal size?"

"Yea, lass, I've brought a gleaming pearl,
Some queenly breast might grace;
See there, a living, laughing girl,
Blue eyes and dimpled face.

"Abandoned by the far Seychelles,
We picked her up one morn,
Before the mighty azure swells
To the coral reefs were borne—

"Before the leagues of whitening spray,
By heated trade-winds fanned,
Ran up the palm-fringed, land-locked bay,
To thunder on the strand.

"A relic of some hapless bark,
Or burnt, or wrecked, we found
Her father lying stiff and stark
Beside her, outward bound.

"We gave him to the ocean, took
His little daughter. There!
She's mine, and therefore thine; so look
She meet a mother's care.

"A heaven-sent waif, she well may come
With joy and gladness fraught;
Pray that her presence bless our home
Beyond a wish or thought!

"Our jewel opes her trustful eyes;
No wickedness I'd dare
Before her sight; and would despise
Myself if I could swear

"Before her ears so innocent,
And shock this gracious child,
To me a hardened sinner sent—
I'll keep her undefiled.

"And she shall play with little Bess,
And daily go to school;
She's made me tender; none would guess
Me such a whimp'ring fool!

"Yet doing all the good we can,
And hating evil ways,
Is best, the Bible says, for man,
And gives God endless praise.

"So take the comely lassie, wife,
The treasure of the sea:
With sunshine may she flood our life,
In death a comfort be!"

The best society and conversation in the world is that in which the heart has a greater share than the head.

THE STUDENT OF BOLOGNA.

Chapter I.

OF all the students assembled at Bologna, A.D. 1324, Ludovico da Valencia was the most popular and beloved. His wealth, liberality, noble spirit and handsome person, his bravery and his wit, gave him a just title to this preëminence.

Of all the beauties of the City of Bologna, whose mission it was in the same year of grace (1324) to turn the heads and inflame the hearts of this assemblage of students, none could be compared to Beatrice, niece of Antonio Gaspardo, one of the most celebrated jurisconsults of his age.

Of course they loved each other, this peerless couple? Not a bit of it. Only the student loved; the lady was fancy-free.

The perverse god, having shot one arrow with fatal aim, obstinately refused to shoot the other. No prayers or clamor could avail; he held it loosely in his hand, trailing its golden point idly in the sand.

In vain had Ludovico assiduously gone to Mass; in vain had he lingered hour after hour upon the promenade to catch one look of recognition; in vain had he courted her friends, and for six months past had chosen his acquaintances on the sole principle that they were hers, and might introduce him to her presence.

All his efforts were fruitless. Beatrice, so amiable to all others, so sweet, so gentle, was cold to him. She would not love. Why not? What was there lacking in our cavalier? Was it birth, wealth, nobility of spirit, or personal beauty? No; nothing was wanting—nothing in him. But for her the hour had not yet struck. It was Summer all around, but the heart of the virgin, the rose of Bologna, was still sleeping in its folded leaves, and would not yet unfold itself from its sleep of Spring.

But the passion of Ludovico was not to be daunted; no coldness could repulse, no denial reduce him to despair. Love cannot exist, cannot last, say reasonable people, without hope. True; but a great passion bears its own hope in its bosom. Neither was it in the nature or temperament of Ludovico lightly to relinquish any enterprise once begun.

The following incident in his college-life will serve to show the ardent, serious and indomitable temper of the man:

A French cavalier, lately from the University of Paris, who had carried off the highest prizes, not, indeed, of scholarship, but for unrivaled skill in fencing, had visited Bologna, and challenged the most renowned champion it could boast. They would cross their rapiers, so said the challenge, for the honor of their respective universities.

This proclamation of the Parisian, affixed, according to custom, to the college gates, was no sooner read than all eyes turned toward Ludovico. To him alone could the honor of the university be safely intrusted; indeed, if he should decline, it was doubtful if any one else would risk a trial of skill from which he had retreated.

Thus pointed out by public opinion as the champion of the university, and solicited by his fellow-students to sustain its reputation in the high and noble science of defense, he overcame his first repugnance to what seemed to him a boastful acceptance of a boastful challenge.

He and the Frenchman met. The Frenchman showed the greatest skill; it seemed evident the contest would end in the defeat of the Bolognese. "Let us try," said Ludovico, "with the naked rapier;" for hitherto the points had been guarded.

That such a proposition should come from him, who was evidently the less skillful of the two, seemed the result of passion, of blind anger at approaching defeat. Mere madness! cried some of his best friends. But it was not madness—it was not passion—it was the result of calm deliberation. He knew that the earnestness of the combat would call forth to the utmost all his skill and energy; it might very possibly have the opposite effect upon his antagonist.

His reasoning was justified by the event. His adversary had no sooner accepted the proposal—no sooner had the pointed been substituted for the guarded rapiers, than the rival fencers seemed to have changed characters. The Frenchman grew cautious; his rapid and brilliant attack gave way to defensive and more measured movements; while the Bolognese became more rapid, more self-possessed, more bold and decisive in his play. He very soon, and happily without fatal result to his antagonist, established his superiority, and vindicated the honor of his university.

When chided for his rashness, and what was thought a freak of passion, he answered that he never acted in a more cool and calculating spirit in his life.

"I did but burn the ships behind me that I might fight the better. I am never so calm or so thoroughly master of myself as when most in earnest, and this is not generally the character of the Parisian."

Such was the serious, brave and resolute character of Ludovico. But he had other and higher qualities, which made him the most popular student of the university; and as a proof of this, we need only mention that he was the intimate friend of Petrarch, at this time also a student at Bologna. Though sent hither by his father for the express purpose of prosecuting the study of the law, Petrarch was wrapped up in his Latin classics and in his poetry, and it was precisely in our brave and handsome cavalier that he found a companion who most completely sympathized with him in his pursuits, and most correctly appreciated his nascent genius. These two friends had been walking together in silence for some time under the long colonnades which lined the streets of Bologna.

A more noble pair have rarely traversed those colonnades. The poet, remarkable for his beauty, was, in his youth, very studious of elegance in his dress, and the short velvet cloak, with its border of gold or silver lace, was always thrown over his slight but finely molded figure with a grace that would have satisfied the eye of a painter. From time to time he brushed away, or shook off, the specks of dust which had settled on it, or turned to readjust the folds of its drapery. His companion, taller, and of a somewhat larger build, and far more costly in his attire, walked by his side.

"My dear Ludovico," said Petrarch, breaking the long silence, "what has befallen you? Not a word—certainly not *two*—in any coherent succession, have you uttered during the past hour."

"Neither to-day nor yesterday," muttered Ludovico to himself, certainly not in answer to his friend. "Neither to-day nor yesterday—perhaps she never means to go to Mass again."

"What are you talking, or rather thinking, of?"

"What I am always thinking of, my dear Petrarch—what I shall never cease thinking of, till it prove my destruction, which some spirit of divination tells me it will."

"Really, really, Ludovico," said his friend, "you show in this a most insane pertinacity. Here you are, week after week, month after month——"

"I know it—know all you would say. Good God! how beautiful she is!"

"Here you are—for I *will* speak," continued his youthful but grave friend—"who are simply the most perfect cavalier in all Bologna (one detests flattery, but this physic is, in some cases, absolutely necessary) at once the boast and envy of the university—wasting, consuming yourself away, in a perpetual fever, after the only woman, I take upon me to declare——"

"Pshaw—pshaw! tell me, if you would have me listen, what further can I do? I have wooed her in sonnets, which ought to have affected her, for Petrarch polished the verse. Nothing touches her; she is as hard as steel. Not a smile—not, at least, for me—and for all others she smiles, how sweetly! But, by the cross! she shall love me, Petrarch—she shall—she shall!"

"My dear Ludovico, you rave—be a little reasonable. Lover as you are, stay on this side of madness. Love on, if it must be so. Love her for ever, but do not for ever be striving for a return of your passion. Take home your unrequited love into your bosom; nourish it there, but do not exasperate it by a useless and incessant struggle against fate. For my part, I can imagine there may be a strange, sweet luxury in this solitary love, that lives in one breast alone. It is all your own; it is fed, kindled, diversified, sustained by your own imagination. It is passion without the gross thraldom of circumstances. It is the pure relation of soul to soul, without the vast intricate, unmanageable relationship of life to life."

"To you, a poet," replied Ludovico, with a slight touch of sarcasm, "such a passion may be possible; perhaps you care not for more heat than serves to animate and make fluent the verse. Pleased with the glow of fancy and feeling, you can stop short of possession. I cannot. Oh, you poets! you fuse your passion with your genius. You describe; you don't feel."

"Not feel!" exclaimed Petrarch—"we cannot, then, describe."

"Oh, yes, you can describe; you fling the golden light of imagination, like a light from heaven, round the object of your adoration, but, in return, the real woman is translated to the skyey region of imagination. She becomes a creature of your thoughts. You are conscious that the glory you have flung around her, you can reassume. Petrarch, if you ever love—if you are constant to any woman from Springtime to the last leaf of Autumn, it will be to some fair creature who will dwell only in your imagination, but whom you will never press to your heart. You poets love beauty—you love passion—you love all things fair and great, as you make visions of them all. You sing them, and there is the end."

"Well," said the poet, warding off the attack with a smile, "I have brought, it seems, a severe castigation on myself."

"Dear, dear Petrarch, let it teach you never again to give advice to a lover, unless it be to show him how or where he is to meet his mistress. Fool that I am! she is, perhaps, all this time, in the church of San Giovanni;" and, without another word, he darted up a street that led to that same church, leaving his friend to follow or not, as he pleased.

CHAPTER II.

THERE was, indeed, something like perversity, it must be allowed, in this firm refusal of Beatrice to reward so devoted an attachment. Even her stern, grave uncle,

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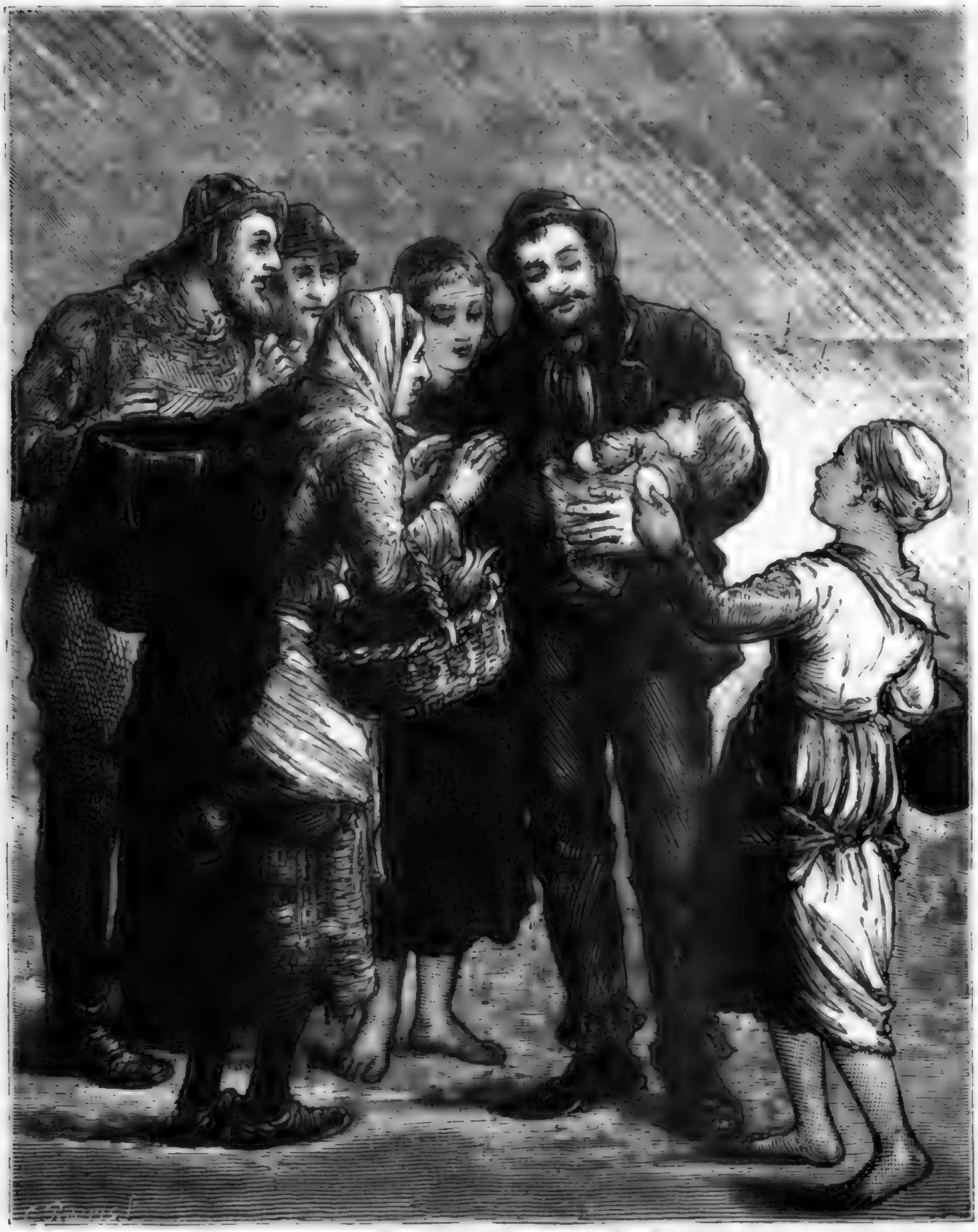


A SEA WAIF.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 738.

whose judicial functions were not likely to give much leisure or disposition to interfere in the love affairs of his niece, had dropped a hint that the suit of Ludovico de Valencia would not be displeasing to himself. Bologna could not have supplied a more fitting match; our lover, therefore, was not guilty of presumption, though of much obstinacy. It was his right, this blessed hand of Beatrice. He felt it was his right, and he would win it. "Some one, some day, she must surely love," he argued to himself, "and why not me, and why not now? Oh! could I but plead my passion," he would say, alone—"pour it out unrestrained at her feet, she would surely see how reasonable it was that she should love—that she ought—that she must!"

To his excited mood, it appeared that nothing besides the artificial barrier which the customs of society interposed in their intercourse prevented his success. He could never see her alone, never speak unreservedly and passionately. The presence of others imposed restraints on both, and if an opportunity occurred to speak without being overheard, the few moments were filled with embarrassments, by reason of their brief and precarious tenure. Nay, what were a few moments to him, who had so full a heart to utter?

"Oh! could I place her there," pointing to the upper end of the spacious room he occupied, he would exclaim, "and there kneel down and pray before her, as men do to their saints! Oh, nature! oh, heaven! You would not so desert me, that my prayer should be fruitless!"

Yes, if she were there alone! no other mortal near. This thought so wrought within him, took so strong possession of his mind, that it led him to a thousand projects for its realization. What if he carried her off by force from her uncle's residence, and brought her there? Surely the humility, the passionate devotion, with which he would entreat her, would atone for the rash and violent means he had used to bring her within the scope of his supplications, and the utter submission and profound respect of his manner would soon convince her that he had no design upon her freedom of will—that she might confide, with entire safety, to his honor; while, as to the feasibility of the project, popular and beloved as he was in the university, there were numbers of students quite ready to engage in any scheme he should propose, however hazardous it might be. It would be very easy for him to organize a little band of the most faithful and bold of his adherents, who, with a due mixture of stratagem and force, would accomplish this new and harmless species of abduction.

The uncle of Beatrice held, as we have intimated, a high judicial post, and was sometimes absent from Bologna administering justice among the several dependencies of the republic. On one of these occasions, Beatrice was sitting with a female friend who had been invited to stay with her during his absence.

The room they sat in was one of those fine old Gothic chambers which the pencil of Haghe delights to reproduce and restore for us, and to his pencil we willingly leave the description of it.

Beatrice was seated in one of those tall armchairs, with straight, high back, which beauty then made graceful to the eye, and leaned her little chin upon her doubled hand as she listened to her friend Lucia, who was reading her a lecture upon the very theme which makes the burden of our story—her coldness to Ludovico.

"What would you have? What do you expect?" was the triumphant close of her harangue.

"What would I have?" replied Beatrice. "Myself—I would possess myself in peace and stillness. What do I expect? I do not live in expectations. I love my present life; its calm, its contentment, its freedom. Why would you wish to rob me of these?"

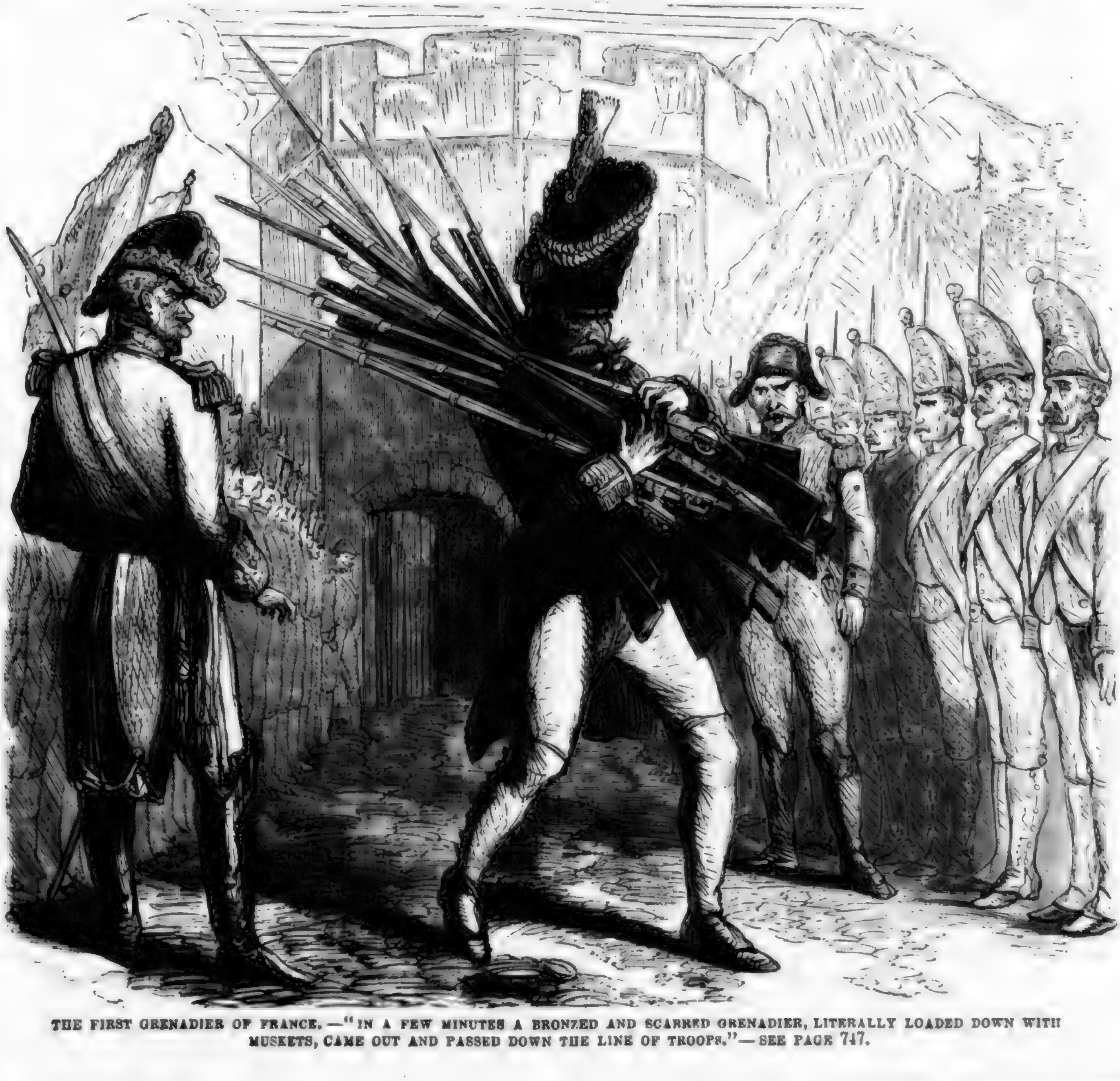
"Freedom? So, then, you fear a tyrant in the husband? But, my dear Beatrice, when there are only two in the society, there is an even chance for tyranny."

"A pleasant prospect! But you mistake me, Lucia. It is not the husband in his tyranny I fear. I have not come to think of that. It is the lover and his love. I would not be infected by the turmoil of his passion. I dread it. Friends let me have and cherish. Lucia, be you always one of them! But for this turbulent love, may the lightest feather in his pinions never touch me! How soft it seems!—how light!—as light, as soft as the down we rob the swan's neck of; but touch it, and it burns, and produces a fever in the veins. I do love my own calm life, and I intend to keep it."

As she spoke thus, she rose from her seat and advanced toward the window. The two friends stood looking together down the street, which, as the sun descended, began to be deserted by its usual crowd. Their attention was arrested by a numerous body of footmen and other attendants, who were escorting, apparently, a lady in a sedan-chair. They were rather surprised to observe that the sedan-chair directed its course toward their own house. A knocking at the door was heard, and soon after their servant brought them word that a certain signora desired urgently to speak with Beatrice, but that she could not quit her chair.

The person whose name was announced was an old lady, one of Beatrice's most intimate friends. She descended immediately into the hall to meet her. She rushed toward the sedan-chair, the door of which stood open. A slight impulse from some bystander, from a hand which trembled as it touched her, carried her forward, and she found herself seated in what, indeed, was an empty chair. Before she had time to raise an alarm, she found herself borne swiftly and softly along the street.

Lucia, who had followed her friend down-stairs, and who witnessed her singular disappearance, called up all



THE FIRST GRENADIER OF FRANCE.—"IN A FEW MINUTES A BRONZED AND SCARRED GRENADIER, LITERALLY LOADED DOWN WITH MUSKETS, CAME OUT AND PASSED DOWN THE LINE OF TROOPS."—SEE PAGE 747.

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the servants of the establishment, and dispatched them after their mistress. They followed, but to no purpose. The running footmen on each side of the sedan drew their swords. They were students in disguise. Ludovico had succeeded in his daring enterprise.

Beatrice had scarcely collected her thoughts, when she perceived that her chair was carried through a lofty archway, up a broad flight of stairs, and deposited in a spacious apartment, once the proud saloon of a princely residence, though the whole building of which it formed a part had since been constituted a portion of the university. All her attendants, except one, left the room. We need not say that it was Ludovico who handed her from her temporary imprisonment.

To judge from their bearing and attitude, you would have said it was Ludovico who was the captive, bending before the mercy of Beatrice. She stood there upright, calm, inflexible. He was indeed at her mercy. He felt that his life depended on this present moment, and in the few words which should fall from her lips. He led her to the upper end of the room, where his imagination had so often placed her. He knelt, he sued.

Beginning with abrupt protests and explanations, his passionate pleading gradually grew more continuous, but not less vehement, till it flowed in a full torrent of a lover's eloquence.

At all this turbulent pathos, Beatrice looked calmly down, more in sorrow than in anger. From the moment she understood in whose power she was, she ceased (so much justice, at least, done to the character of her lover) to have any alarm whatever on her own account, but she was filled with regret, disquietude and concern for the fatal consequences which might ensue to himself from the lawless step he had taken.

"Restore me to my uncle's before he shall hear of this," were the only words she vouchsafed in return to all his passionate appeals.

But the pleading of the desperate lover was not, as may be well be supposed, allowed to proceed without interruption.

Lucia, a young girl of spirit and animation, instantly sent forth the servants of the household to rouse up the friends of the family, and to spread everywhere the report of the strange outrage which had been committed upon one of the most respected families of Bologna. A fleet messenger was dispatched to the uncle of Beatrice, distant only a few miles from the town, to recall him to the scene where his presence was so much required.

There was a standing feud between the citizens of Bologna and the students of the university, which had often disturbed the tranquillity of the city; it was, therefore, with extreme alacrity and zeal that the townsmen rushed in crowds into the street, armed with the best weapons they could procure, to rescue the niece of their venerable judge, and to punish the gross outrage which they conceived had been committed.

When, however, the multitude came in front of the large mansion, or palace, in which Ludovico lived, and which was tenanted entirely by students, the great majority of whom were his zealous partisans, and all of whom were ready, in any quarrel whatever, to take part against the townsmen, they found the enterprise they had undertaken to be one of no little difficulty. The huge gates were closed and barred, while the windows above were occupied by a spirited garrison, who had already supplied themselves with missiles of every description to annoy their assailants. These latter, with true Gallian energy, began to pull up the posts in the street to serve as battering-rams, with which to force the gates. They thundered at them with dreadful din, shaking the whole edifice; and, in spite of the missiles showered upon them from above, seemed to be on the point of forcing an entrance.

When Beatrice heard the terrible uproar, she turned pale with fright; Ludovico, pale with rage. He could make no impression on the cold beauty before him; his suppressed passion was suffocating him. Their noisy assailants outside he knew how to defy, or, if vanquished, knew how to bear his defeat, but the siege of the heart he was pressing with such passionate earnestness in that lofty chamber baffled all his efforts, and he felt that repulse here was worse than any death that the other might involve. When, therefore, several of his friends rushed breathless into the room to tell him that the gates began to creak on their hinges, and were likely to be beaten in, he almost welcomed this new species of conflict. Conducting Beatrice into a still room, where she would be out of the reach of the ensuing tumult and disorder, and where an aged matron waited to attend upon her, he went with his friends to meet the rest of his companions in arms, who were anxious to consult him as to the next measures which, in their present emergency, should be taken.

The building was constructed on a plan very customary in that age. In the centre were the tall gates, now being battered by the populace, which opened upon a square, lofty paved court, or hall, supported by columns, and forming a carriage-way up to the foot of the staircases. Originally you passed through the hall into the garden beyond, but when the building was converted into a residence for students, and made, in fact, a part of the university, a wall had been erected, separating the hall from the garden. This wall, though lofty, did not, however, rise to the level of the roof of the hall; both light and air were admitted from above it, and you still could see the topmost branches of the orange-trees, and the summits of the fountains that were playing in the garden beyond. From each side of this hall rose the broad marble staircases, which led into the interior of the house. Upon each of these noble stairways, the steps of which faced the entrance, Ludovico stationed his gallant band, armed each with his rapier, at least. He then commissioned one of his companions to proclaim to the besiegers, from a window above, that if they would cease their battering and retire a few paces from the gates they should be opened.

To this the crowd assented, presuming it could imply nothing less than a surrender. The great doors were flung open. They rushed forward; but the staircases they thought to ascend so readily were, every inch of them, occupied by a brave phalanx, which awaited them with swords held forward, like a hedge of spears, tier above tier. The front rank of this disordered multitude had no desire to be thrust forward by those in the rear on the points held forward by this resolute phalanx. A great number of them passed harmless between the two staircases, but the wall we have described prevented egress in that direction; and, when the lower part of the hall was quite full, the struggle began in earnest between those of the crowd who desired to retreat, and those who, knowing nothing of the peril of their companions, were still pressing forward. The struggle rose to a combat. The students, who, at the express desire of Ludovico, stood steadily at their posts and preserved a dead silence, were undisturbed spectators of the tumult, and saw their adversaries in desperate strife, one against the other.

They seemed to be thus on the point of obtaining, in a singular manner, a bloodless victory, when Gaspardo, the uncle of Beatrice, together with the Podesta, made their appearance with such military force as could be assembled on the moment. This had immediately one good effect:

the crowd on the outside, by making way for the Podesta, released their companions within, still struggling to escape. The military force of the Podesta soon stood confronted with the little band of students. Yet these were so well placed, and had so decidedly the advantage of position, and their leader was so well known for his prowess and indomitable courage, that there was great reluctance to commence the attack, and very loud calls were made for them to surrender to the majesty of the law.

For Ludovico, the combat was what his blood boiled for. Would that he could have fought single-handed—he alone—and periled and lost his life! But when he saw the respected form of the uncle of Beatrice; when he reflected that the experiment he had so long desired *had been made and had failed;* that the cold virgin whom he had left up-stairs was still invincible, whoever else he might conquer and resist, and that he should be exposing the lives of his companions in a combat where to him was now no victory, he lowered his sword, and made a treaty of peace with the Podesta. On the condition that none but himself should suffer any kind of penalty for that day's work, he offered to resign Beatrice to her uncle, and himself to the Podesta. These terms were readily accepted; and his companions alone seemed reluctant to acquiesce in them.

Chapter III.

WHILE all this tumult was raging round the house and within the heart of Ludovico, a student's lamp was burning calm and still in the secluded chamber of his friend Petrarch. From him, out of a kind and considerate regard, and not from any distrust of his zeal or attachment, the ardent lover had concealed his perilous enterprise.

Remote from the whole scene, and from all its passions, sat the youthful poet; not remote, however, from deep excitements of his own, for the deep struggle was then being carried on between his own genius, which led him to feed his poetic temperament with the classical learning which was just being restored to Europe, and his duty to his father, who would fain have tied him down to the dry study of the law. It was while pondering in deep thought the two courses of life which lay before him, that a step was heard on the stairs, which came nearer and nearer, higher and higher—a rapid step, which never paused an instant till it reached his own door. A loud knocking followed, and on opening the door a fellow-student, breathless with haste, rushed into the room, and related the tragical events which had taken place at the house of their common friend, Ludovico.

Petrarch immediately descended, and ran to meet his friend. He found him already a prisoner. The Podesta, willing, however, to treat the unhappy student with as much lenity as possible, had converted his own apartment into his prison. He well knew, also, the honorable character of his prisoner. By granting this indulgence, he was able to extract his word of honor not to escape, and he probably judged that, considering the great popularity of Ludovico in the university, this was a greater security for his safe custody than any walls or any guard which he had at his command in Bologna.

Petrarch was horror-struck when he came fully to apprehend the extreme peril to which his friend had exposed himself. Whatever were his motives, he had committed, in fact, a capital offense—one to be classed among the most heinous, and for which he stood exposed to the penalty of death. The poet fell weeping into the arms of his friend.

"Alas!" said Ludovico, "she would not hear me!"

The inflexibility of Beatrice was still the only grief that dwelt upon his mind.

"She stood there in that spot—I could kiss the traces of her footsteps, could I see them—cold, cold as the statue. I might with better hope have prayed to the sculptured marble!"

But Petrarch did not limit his kind offices to sympathy and lamentation. Meditative as he was of character, and little used to what is called the business of life, he saw clearly the grave nature of his friend's position.

The crime which Ludovico had actually committed—the abduction from her home of a noble virgin—subjected him, as we have said, to the punishment of death. Those only who could read his heart, or knew the purity of his intentions, could have acquitted him; and even to those his conduct would have appeared rash and unjustifiable. But to the citizens of Bologna, irritated and almost at war with the university; disposed to magnify every offense committed by a member of that body, and exasperated, moreover, by the late fruitless contest in which they had been engaged, the act of Ludovico would appear in all its unmitigated criminality. They were, in fact, resolved that he should not escape the utmost rigor of the law—they were already clamoring for his death—for his public execution.

There was but one man in Bologna who could save him. This was Romeo dé Pepoli, a rich man, by far the richest in the city, and who, by a popular use of his wealth, had obtained a great ascendency in the republic.

This Romeo dé Pepoli was secretly aiming at the tyranny. He failed, owing to the awakened jealousy of the people; but, though he himself was banished from the city at the very moment when he seemed about to reap the fruits of his intrigues, he prepared the way to power for his sons, who, at a subsequent period, were the tyrants of Bologna.

There was no doubt that this man, and he alone, was able, if he chose, to rescue Ludovico from his threatened fate. For, should his influence with the citizens fail to mitigate their animosity, still, in all the ill-assured governments of that day, such immense wealth as he possessed gave something more than influence. Judgments of law were almost always to be bought, if a price high enough could be paid, or an armed force could be hired which would set the judgment of a court at defiance, and prevent its execution.

To this eminent citizen and nobleman Petrarch betook himself. The disturbance at the university, its cause and possible consequences, had, we may be sure, drawn the attention of this wily and ambitious personage. At first he had adopted the indignation of the town, as being the part most likely to increase his popularity. But, on reflection, it occurred to him that a still greater advantage might, perhaps, be taken of the event, if, through his skillful mediation and a dextrous advocacy of the cause of Ludovico, he should be able to obtain the favor and partisanship of the leading members of the university.

Over these, no one had so great an influence as Ludovico, in whose cause they were most deeply interested, nor was it likely an emergency would arise in which he could serve them more signally than by coming to his rescue. On the other hand, a thousand ways would still be open to appease and conciliate the citizens.

Add to all which Ludovico himself, like all those on whom classical literature and the early histories of Rome

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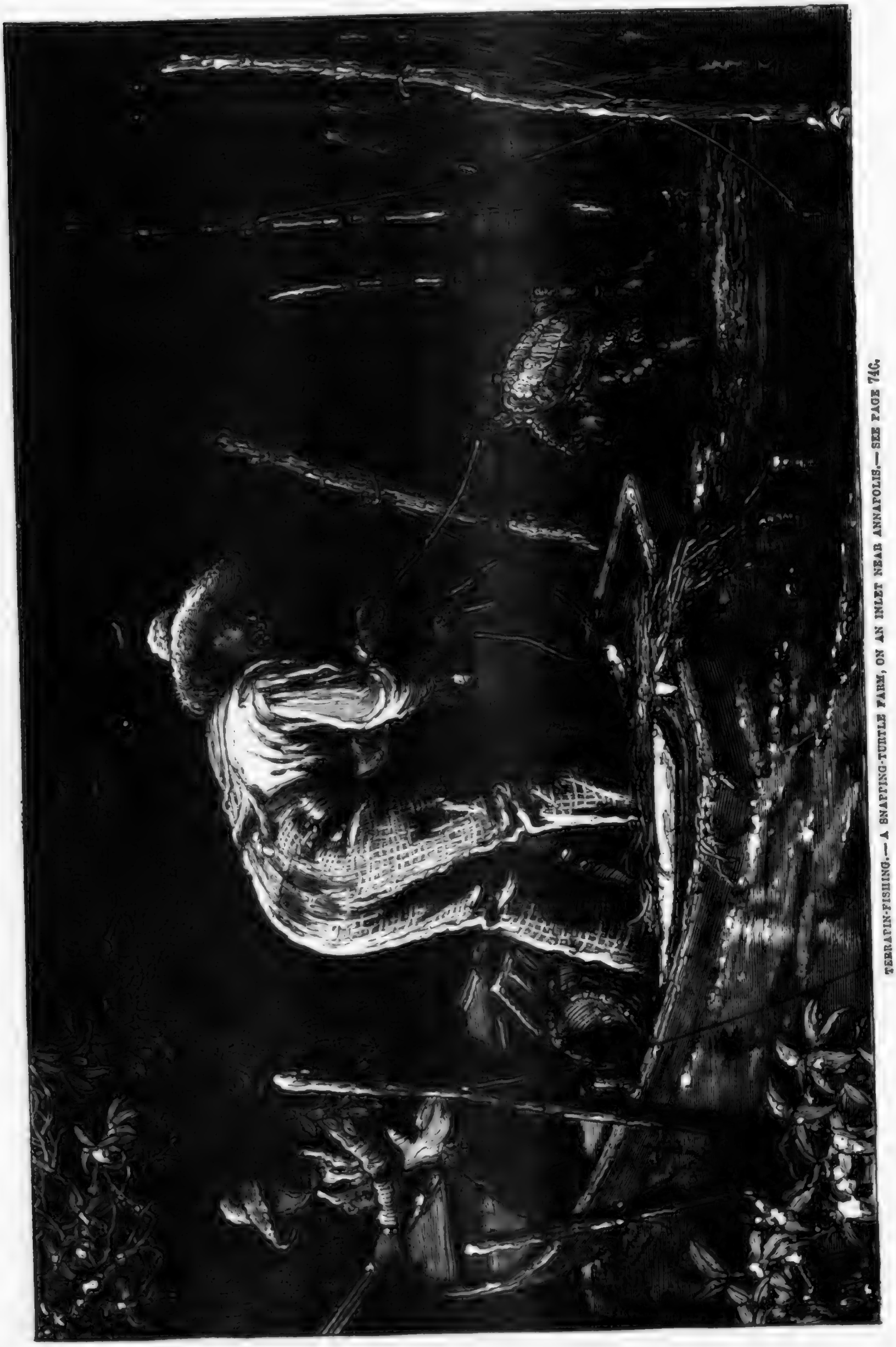


TERRAPIN-FISHING.—A SNAPPING-TURTLE FARM, ON AN INLET NEAR ANNAPOLIS.—SEE PAGE 746.

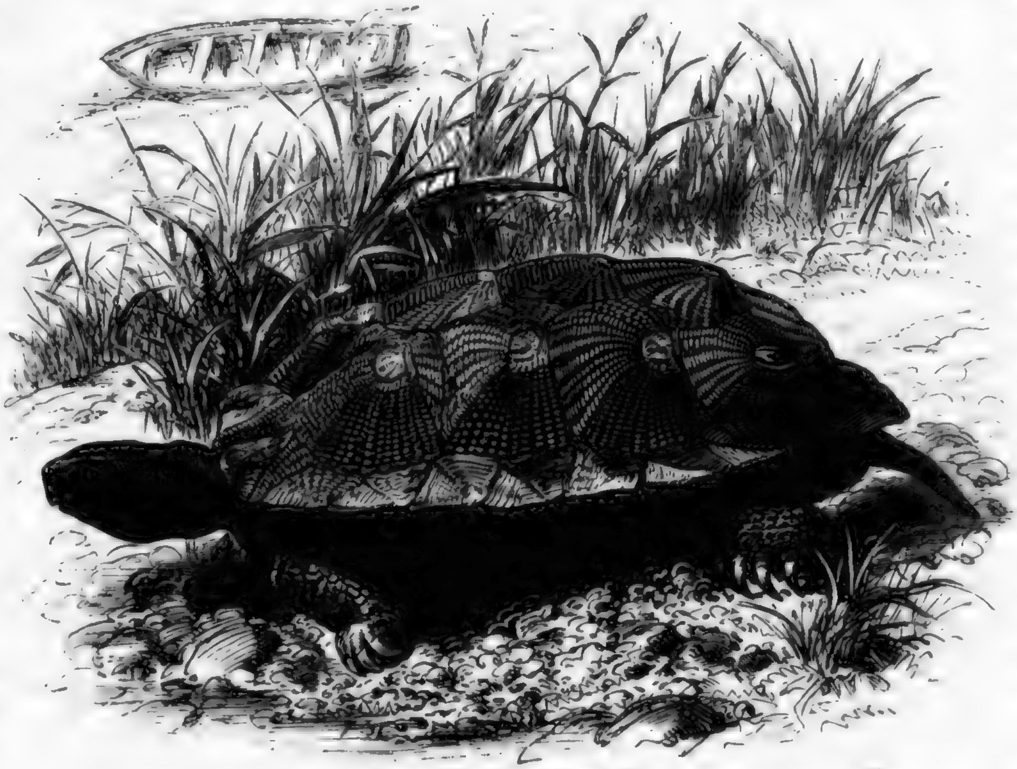
and Greece were just reopening, was distinguished by an ardent zeal for liberty. Without seeking actually to meddle in the political affairs of the city, he and his associates were accustomed—probably much in the same way as the German students of the present day—to proclaim and uphold the cause of freedom in their songs, and with the oratory of the wine-cup. They might be calculated on as stanch friends to the republic, and deadly opponents to the tyranny.

To gain over this band of ardent and enthusiastic spirits would be a great step in the prosecution of his ambitious enterprise. Even their neutrality would be an incalculable advantage to him.

Petrarch had always been well received by one who was anxious to win all sorts of golden opinions, and therefore desirous to be thought an admirer of learning and patron of youthful genius. On the present occasion he found the ambitious nobleman singularly courteous, and not indisposed to listen to his ardent vindication of Ludovico.

With the usual artifice of such men, Pepoli appeared to be listening to the reasoning of the young advocate, whilst he was revolving only his own thoughts, and was not unwilling to let it appear that the premeditations of his own mind were the result of another's eloquence.

"Let me see your unfortunate friend," said he, with a sort of relenting air; "perhaps something may be done; I cannot tell. But, you see, the whole town is in arms against him. I shall be risking," he added, with a smile (for nothing is more common with crafty men than to speak the very truth in a light, jesting way, giving their earnest motives the air of sport, and so expressing and disguising themselves at the same time)—"I shall be risking all my popularity with the poor Bolognese. I must proceed cautiously."



A TERRAPIN.—SEE PAGE 746.

Petrarch ran back, full of sanguine hope, to his friend, and reported the result of his mission.

Ludovico shook his head mournfully. He was slow to enter into the exhilarating prospects placed before him. Perhaps he had read deeper into the character of this man than Petrarch had.

The interview which Pepoli had desired took place. What ambiguous terms the ambitious man employed to suggest the price that was to be paid for his mediation we know not, but the smile on the lips of Ludovico was interpreted as that of intelligence and acquiescence. Of intelligence, it certainly was.

At this interview it was agreed that the student should bring together some of the most ardent and influential of his friends, that he should present Pepoli to them, and induce them to swear a sort of allegiance and fidelity to his cause, in return for the aid he pledged himself to bring to Ludovico.

By the liberty allowed by the Podesta to his prisoner, it was not difficult to arrange this meeting. He was permitted to invite to supper a considerable number of his most faithful adherents and intimate associates. It being understood that Pepoli was to be one of the guests, there was still less scruple in granting this permission.

The supper passed off, as may be supposed, under the circumstances, with but little hilarity. It being brought to a conclusion, Ludovico, at whose side sat Pepoli, entreated the attention of his guests. He rose and addressed them. He began by proclaiming the intended interference of Pepoli in his behalf. Cheers followed this announcement. He went on to enlarge on the wealth, the power, the manifest pre-eminence in the State which Pepoli had acquired. The students still applauded; but the exact drift of these rather ambiguous phrases—ambiguous in the mouth of a republican speaking of a republican—they could not well perceive. Pepoli alone seemed to understand and approve. He then solemnly called upon his friends to take an oath with him before he died.

"But you shall not die!" was the exclamation with which both Pepoli and the students interrupted him.

"An oath," he continued, not heeding this interruption, "which I exact from you in the name of friendship, in the name of virtue, in the name of liberty. Is it not generous, this offer of Pepoli, of him who has been the champion of the citizen against the student—the most popular man in Bologna? Is it not generous that he should step forward to rescue my life from the blind rage and injustice of the multitude? But you must understand that there is a certain price to be given for this generosity. You do not expect him to sacrifice his popularity, which is his power, out of mere compassion for one who has never courted nor applauded him, without receiving in return some compensation. If you accept his benefits you must forward his counsels—you must promote his designs. Say, will you swear?"

"Yes, yes! we swear!" was the general response.

"Students of Bologna!" he proceeded, elevating his voice, "I accept this mark of your friendship. For my sake you have promised to swear. Now hear the oath I propose, and to which I will bind you. This man offers me my life, and the price of it is—the liberty of Bologna. Fellow students, Romeo de Pepoli aims at the tyranny.

Swear that you will never, on any conditions, for any boon, aid him in his culpable enterprise—that you will thwart and resist and combat it to the utmost. Swear that you will at all times reject his mediation, as I now reject utterly, and with scorn, the service that he proffers me. I unmask him to you ere I die. I, too, have lived for one good purpose. This man, my friends, would be tyrant of Bologna. Swear to me that he shall *not!*"

There was a pause of a few seconds. But it was soon evident that the noble spirit of patriotism and self-sacrifice of their admired friend had found a genuine response in all his hearers. He had touched the true chord.

Carried forward by his disinterested enthusiasm, and pledged by the promise he had artfully exacted from them, they rose, and, with one voice, repeated the oath proposed to them.

Pepoli, pale, aghast, and utterly confounded, and catching here and there the flashing of the half-drawn steel, made a precipitate retreat.

Of all that assembly, Petrarch alone remained silent. He alone failed or forgot to take the oath. Full of concern for the safety of his noble friend—full of admiration for his greatness, he fell weeping on his neck.

CONCLUSION.

AFTER this there was no more hope for the prisoner. If to the anger of the Bolognese was added the implacable enmity of Romeo dé Pepoli, from what quarter could a ray of hope proceed? He was even now removed, through the influence of his new enemy over the Podesta, to the common prison, and treated in all respects like a condemned malefactor.

The university pleaded its privileges to judge a member of their own body, but the angry feelings of the citizens would not permit them for a moment to listen to this plea.

There was no power on earth to save him, and his offense was so light! A man more honorable did not exist. The purity of Beatrice was more safe in his hands than in any others, he loved her so well.

We are not sufficiently in the "tragic vein" to follow the prisoner through the last hours of his confinement, and of his existence. To be struck dead in the flush of life, with all his passions in full bloom upon him, was a hard decree. Sometimes he protested vehemently against the palpable injustice and cruelty of his sentence; but, in general, he found his consolation in the mournful sentiment that had he lived he should have been miserable, for the great desire of his life had been thwarted.

"I told you," he said, one day, to his friend Petrarch, "that this love would work my destruction. It has done so, but its great misery has made destruction itself indifferent."

We willingly draw a vail over the last fatal scene, and all the horrors that precede a public death. Throughout all, his courage never forsook him, but dashes of uncontrollable indignation occasionally broke from him, and sometimes a sigh of more tender despondency would escape.

The last tears he shed, the last complaint he murmured, was of the coldness of Beatrice.

"We should have been so happy, and she loved—and now——"

History records that the execution of Ludovico, as well by infringing the supposed privileges of the university as by the indignation it excited in the large circle of his friends and companions, nearly led to the withdrawal of the university from Bologna. The students and the professors seceded in a mass, and retired to Sienna. No entreaties could bring them back—the glory of Bologna might have been extinguished for ever.

The Podesta and other magistrates were compelled, at length, to send a solemn deputation. They promised for the future to respect their privileges, and, by raising the salaries of the professors, and some other popular measures, they eventually prevailed on them to return.

Petrarch had not left the city with the rest. He had lingered behind to perform the last rites and honors to the remains of Ludovico—to raise a tomb and inscribe it with his verse.

Upon that tomb the silvery moon was now shining. But who was that figure, robed in deepest black, that knelt beside it with so desponding a stillness, her forehead pressed against the marble? Was it, too, marble? No. The chisel may create beauty as exquisite, but never combine it with so great a sorrow. It was Beatrice. Too late! too late! She brought her tears, when one smile would have given life and happiness. She felt the worth of him who had so passionately loved her, when nothing remained to love but ashes in the urn. That pleading in the student's chamber seemed vain, and at the moment it *was* vain; but when she recalled it in the solitude of her own chamber, her heart had half assented. She called to mind how tenderly, with what an ardent and gentle worship, he had pressed her hand; her own hand trembled then to the touch which, at the time, it had coldly rejected. When, moreover, she heard, through their common friend, Petrarch, of the noble manner in which he had refused the aid of Pepoli, and chose death rather than the least dishonor, and thought to herself, This man loved me! all her heart was won. Alas! too late.

She now knelt at the tomb of Ludovico, afflicted with regret that amounted to remorse. She raised her head—she raised her hand—there was that within it that glittered in the moonbeam. But her hand was suddenly arrested. Petrarch, a frequent visitor at the tomb, had seen and prevented this movement of despair.

"No! no!" he cried. "Beautiful creature, and too much beloved—live on—live! And when some other Ludovico appears, make compensation to heaven and to mankind by loving him!"

TERRAPIN-FISHING.

"BOIL your terrapin for two hours, until the skin on the legs peels off; then pick the terrapin out of the shell and remove its gall-sac; then stew, by adding a quarter of a pound of butter, a taste of red pepper and the squeeze of a half-lemon; put as much water as will stew, pour in a dash of sherry, and leave the rest to *nature.*"

Thus "Tommy" Boylan, of Guy's, in Baltimore, to the artist and the writer, and there is no better authority on terrapin from Savannah to the Patapsco River.

Turtle may be fit for aldermen, but terrapin is food for princes, and a terrapin-stew might be served by Hebe to the immortal gods in high Olympus.

Terrapin are caught from Savannah and Charleston up to the Patapsco River at Baltimore, while the genuine "diamond-back" is only to be found in the upper Chesapeake and its tributaries. A diamond-back never measures less than seven inches in length on the under shell, a seven-inch being known as a "count terrapin," while anything under the length of a "count" does *not* count. Ten inches long and eight pounds in weight is reckoned a very large terrapin, the seven-inchers weighing, on an average, four pounds.

During the season, terrapins sell for $30 to $38 per dozen; while "sliders"—common river turtles, principally caught in the James River—which sell at from $6 to $8 per dozen, are pawned off by skillful *restaurateurs* as genuine diamond-backs on unwary but ambitious guests, at a dollar and a half the dish.

The male terrapin is known as the "bull," the female as the "cow," the lady being more in request on account of her thirty eggs, which are used to garnish the delectable dish.

The artist and I having consigned our lives and limbs to the custody of the darkest darkey my eyes ever alighted upon, and to the most rickety of crazy skiffs, were paddled up a small tributary of the Chesapeake Bay, situated at about six miles from Annapolis, on a terrapin-searching expedition. Having quitted the sanctuary of the boat for the more genial atmosphere of the mud, our darkey, who was armed with a long, thin pole, commenced to probe the bottom—he was wading waist-deep—or, to use the technical term, to "sound" for terrapin. His practiced sense of touch tells him when he taps terrapin, and if they are numerous, he marks his prey, and returns to grab them with a net.

On this occasion the "birds"—as *bon viveurs* love to call them, although terrapin is used as fish by the most devout Catholics in the severest of Lenten time—were plentiful, and our darkey, having put us ashore, very soon returned with a boat containing his mate, nets, sounding-poles, rakes and other *impedimenta* of his calling, a business that pays the catcher, according to luck, from $5 to $50 a week.

The haul, which was watched by a luckless fisherman with considerable envy, proved a good one, the ground being literally cut from under the feet of the terrapin, and there were vast expansive grins, accompanied by chuckles loud and deep, as the well-laden boat rowed back with its precious freight to the quaint old capital of Maryland.

Terrapins are jealously guarded by the law, and a stringent Act exists which protects diamond-back terrapin in the waters of the State of Maryland. The fishing opens on the first of November and terminates on the thirty-first of March. It is unlawful to catch any terrapin of a size less than five inches on the bottom of the shell, or to interfere with or destroy the diamond-back terrapin's eggs. It is stated that thirty years ago the dealers found it difficult to sell terrapins at $6 a dozen, and now the difficulty lies in obtaining them at any price. Their numbers are rapidly decreasing, and unless some effective protective means are forthwith taken, a terrapin will indeed prove a *rara avis in terris*.

Sliders are plentiful in the tributaries of the Chesapeake, as also are "snappers." Turtles are fished for in this way: The fisherman plants poles, sometimes a hundred, in the middle of the stream; to each pole he fastens a line, to which is attached a hook baited with salted eel. The snapper grabs bait and hook, and is hauled up, always vicious and desperate.

The fishermen around these tributaries take a thousand pounds' weight of turtle a week, which they sell at ten cents a pound. The snappers' eggs, about the size of marbles, are considered a great delicacy.

Apropos of turtle and terrapin, the following is the *menu* of a perfect Maryland dinner, as arranged by "one of the knowing ones":

"Four small oysters from Lynhaven Bay; terrapin *à la* Maryland; canvas-back ducks; a small salad of crab and lettuce. Vegetables—baked Irish potatoes; fried hominy cakes and plain celery."

THE FIRST GRENADIER OF FRANCE.

For many a year, there was a touching and beautiful custom to be witnessed in a certain regiment of French grenadiers, and which was meant to commemorate the heroism of a departed comrade.

When the companies assembled for parade and the roll was called, there was one name to which its owner could not answer—it was that of La Tour d'Auvergne.

When it was called, the oldest sergeant present stepped a pace forward, and raising his hand to his cap, said, proudly:

"Died on the field of honor."

For fourteen years this custom was continued, and only ceased when the restored Bourbons, to please their foreign masters, forbade everything that was calculated to preserve the spirits of the soldiers of France.

La Tour d'Auvergne was not unworthy in life the honor thus paid him after his death. He was educated for the army, entered it in 1767, and in 1781 served under the Duke de Crillon at the siege of Port Mahon. He served always with distinction, but constantly refused offers of promotion, saying that he was only fit for the command of a company of grenadiers; but finally, the various grenadier companies being united, he found himself in command of a body of eight thousand men, while retaining only the rank of captain.

Hence he was known as the "First Grenadier of France."

But it is of one particular exploit of his that we wish to write, more than of his career in general.

When he was over forty years of age, he went on a visit to a friend, not far from a section of the country that was soon to become the scene of a campaign. While there, he was busy in acquainting himself with the features of the country, thinking it not unlikely that this knowledge might be of use to him some day; and while here, the brave grenadier was astonished to learn that the war had been rapidly shifted to this quarter, and that a regiment of Austrians was pushing on to occupy a narrow pass about ten miles from where he was staying, the possession of which would give them an opportunity to prevent an important movement of the French which was then on foot. They hoped to surprise this post, and were moving so rapidly upon it that they were not more than two hours distant from the place where he was staying, which they would have to pass in their march. It matters not how he heard the news. It is sufficient to say that he determined at once to act upon it.

He had no idea of being captured by the enemy in their advance, and he at once set off for the pass. He knew that the pass was defended by a stout tower, and a garrison of thirty men, and he hoped to be able to warn the men of their danger.

He hastened on, and arriving there, found the tower in perfect condition. It had just been vacated by the garrison, who had heard of the approach of the Austrians, and had been seized with a panic thereat, and had fled, leaving their arms, consisting of thirty excellent muskets.

La Tour d'Auvergne gnashed his teeth with rage as he discovered this. Searching in the building, he found several boxes of ammunition which the cowards had not destroyed. For a moment he was in despair, but then with a grim smile he began to fasten the main door, and pile against it such articles as he could find.

When he had done this he loaded all the guns he could find, and placed them, together with a good supply of ammunition, under the loopholes that commanded the road by which the enemy must advance.

Then he ate heartily of the provisions he had brought

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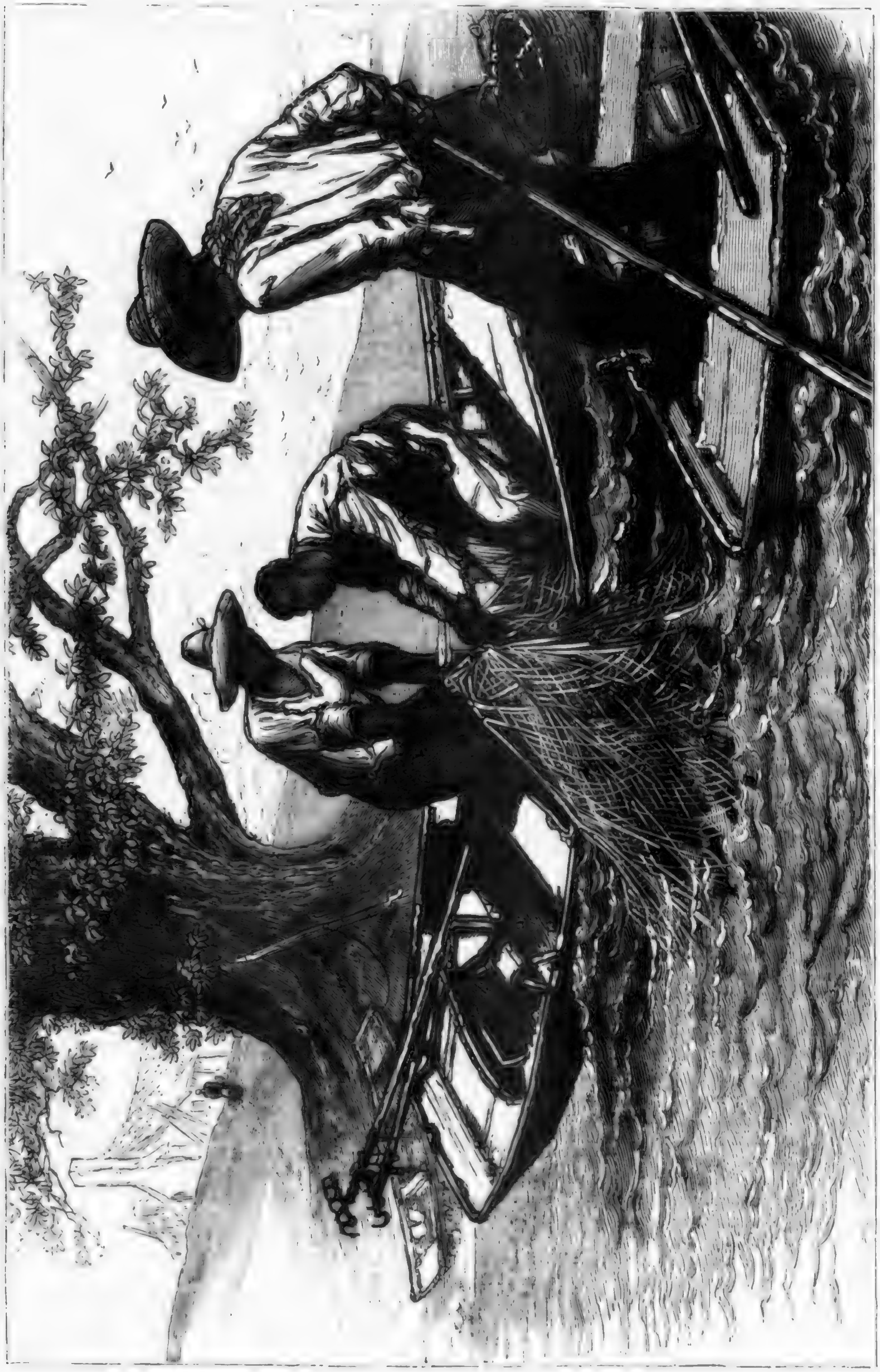
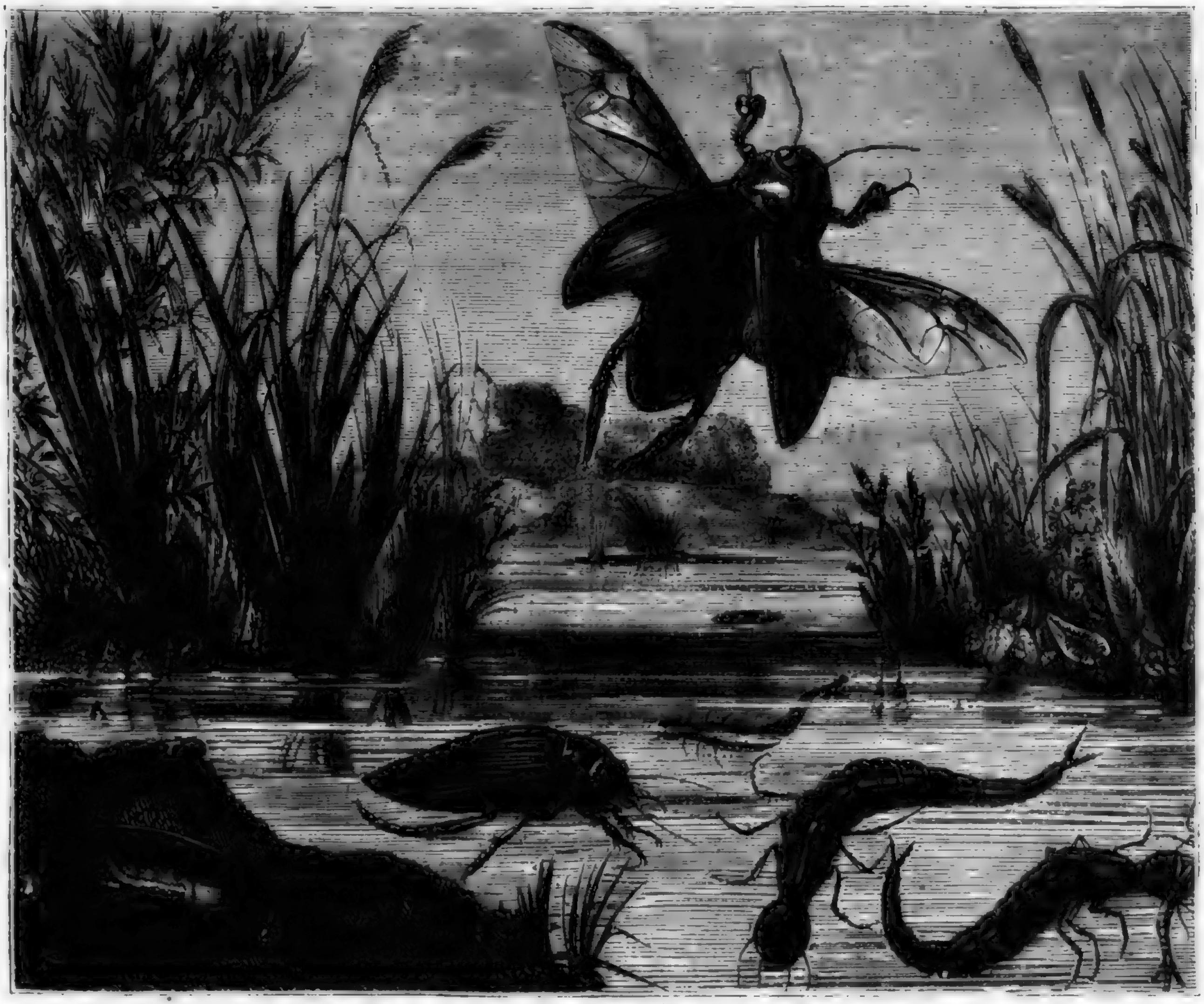


TERRAPIN-FISHING.—METHOD OF NETTING THE TERRAPIN.—SEE PAGE 746.

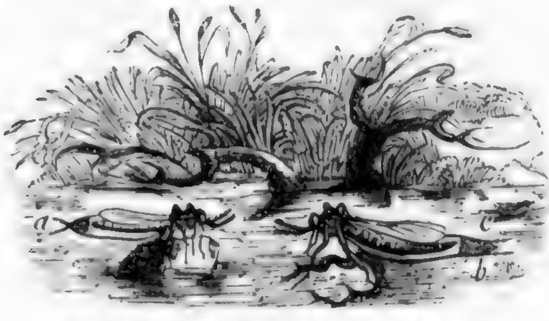


A POND, AND WHAT IS IN IT.—THE PLUNGER BEETLE.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

with him, and sat down to wait. He had absolutely formed the heroic resolution to defend the tower alone against the enemy.

There were some things in his favor in such an undertaking. The pass was steep and narrow, and the enemy's troops could enter it only in double files, and in doing this would be fully exposed to the fire from the tower. The original garrison of thirty men could easily have held it against a division, and now one man was about to attempt to hold it against a regiment.

It was dark when La Tour d'Auvergne reached the tower, and he had to wait some time for the enemy. They were longer in coming than he had expected, and for a while he was tempted to believe that they had abandoned the expedition.



GNATS MAKING BOATS WITH THEIR EGGS.

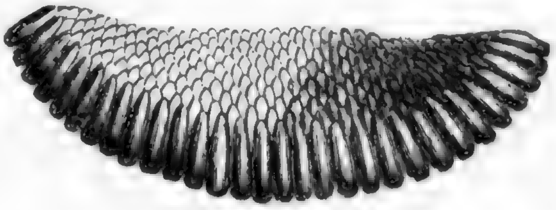
About midnight, however, his practiced ear caught the tramp of feet. Every moment the sound came nearer, and at last he heard them entering the defile. Immediately he discharged a couple of muskets into the darkness to let them know that he knew of their presence and intentions, and he heard the quick, short commands of the officers, and, from the sounds, he supposed that the troops were retiring from the pass.

Until the morning he was undisturbed. The Austrian commander, feeling assured that the garrison had been informed of his movements, and was prepared to receive him, saw that he could not surprise the post as he had hoped to do, and deemed it prudent to wait until daylight before making his attack.

At sunrise he summoned the garrison to surrender. A grenadier answered the summons.

"Say to your commander," he said, in reply to the messenger, "that this garrison will defend this post to the last extremity."

The officer who had borne the flag of truce retired, and in about ten minutes a piece of artillery was brought into the pass and opened on the tower. But to effect this, the piece had to be placed directly in front of the tower, and within easy musket-range of it. They had scarcely got the gun in position, when a rapid fire was opened on it from the tower, and continued with such marked effect



GNATS' BOAT MAGNIFIED.

that the piece was withdrawn after the second discharge, with a loss of five men.

This was a bad beginning; so half an hour after, the Austrian colonel ordered an assault.

As the troops entered the defile they were received with a rapid and accurate fire, so that when they had passed over half the distance they had to traverse, they had lost fifteen men. Disheartened by this, they returned to the mouth of the defile.

Three more assaults were repulsed in this manner, and the enemy by sunset had lost forty-five men, of whom ten were killed.

The firing from the tower had been rapid and accurate, but the Austrian commander had noticed this peculiarity about it—every shot seemed to come from the same place. For awhile this perplexed him, but at last he came to the conclusion that there were a number of loopholes close together in the tower, so constructed as to command the ravine perfectly.

At sunset the last assault was made and repulsed, and at dark the Austrian commander sent a second summons to the garrison.

This time the answer was favorable. The garrison offered to surrender at sunrise the next morning, if allowed to march out with their arms and return to the army unmolested. After some hesitation, the terms were accepted.

Meantime, La Tour d'Auvergne had passed an anxious day in the tower. He had opened the fight with an armament of thirty loaded muskets, but had not been able to discharge them all. He had fired with surprising rapidity, but with surprising accuracy, for it was well known in the army that he never threw away a shot. He had determined to stand to his post until he had accomplished his end, which was to hold the place twenty-four hours, in order to give the French army time to complete its manœuvre. After that, he knew the pass would be of no consequence to the enemy.

When the demand for a surrender came to him after the last assault, he consented to it upon the conditions named.

The next day at sunrise the Austrian troops lined the pass in two files, extending from the mouth to the tower, leaving a space between them for the garrison to pass out.

The heavy door of the tower opened slowly, and in a few minutes a bronzed and scarred grenadier, literally loaded down with muskets, came out and passed down the line of troops. He walked with difficulty under his heavy load.

To the surprise of the Austrians, no one followed him from the tower.

In astonishment the Austrian colonel rode up to him, and asked in French why the garrison did not come out.

"I am the garrison, colonel," said the soldier, proudly.

"What!" exclaimed the colonel; "do you mean to tell me that you alone have held that tower against me?"

"I have had that honor, colonel," was the reply.

"What possessed you to make such an attempt, grenadier?"

"The honor of France was at stake."

The colonel gazed at him for a moment with undisguised admiration. Then, raising his cap, he said, warmly:

"Grenadier, I salute you. You have proved yourself the bravest of the brave."

The officer caused all the arms which La Tour d'Auvergne could not carry to be collected, and sent them all, with the grenadier, into the French lines, together with a note relating the whole affair.

When the knowledge of it came to the ears of Napoleon, he offered to promote La Tour d'Auvergne, but the latter declined to accept the promotion, saying that he preferred to remain where he was.

This brave soldier met his death in an action at Aberhausen, in Bavaria, in June, 1800, and the simple but expressive scene at roll-call in his regiment was commenced and continued by the express command of the Emperor himself.

A POND, AND WHAT IS IN IT.

By B. B. Woodward.

"As dull as ditch-water" is a good old English saying, carrying us back to a time when the study of natural history was a thing not dreamt of by our forefathers. No one in those days thought of impaling beetles (or "bugs," as all insects were then indiscriminately called) on pins, of arranging them in drawers, and calling it "entomology." In those good old days, bats were blind, and toads spat fire; and he who dared to doubt it, or manifest any interest in the works of nature, was quickly suspected of being in league with the Evil One, and treated accordingly.

With the advance of knowledge, many of these old popular notions died out, and the invention of the microscope, and the subsequent improvements in it, gradually brought to light the fact that the duller and dirtier the ditch, the more it teems with innumerable minute living beings. The popular mind, nevertheless, still clings with limpet-like tenacity to the old saw, and fails even yet to realize the importance of the discovery, either through sheer ignorance, or the want of a due appreciation of the works of nature.

Next to the ditch, the pond seems, from the popular point of view, about the dullest thing imaginable; and yet both the microscopist and the naturalist hold that a pond is one of the finest "hunting-grounds" possible. The geologist, too, will, when consulted, testify that more may be learned from half an hour's careful observation of what is taking place on the edge of a pond, where a stream is running into it, than by many days' reading.

This, to be understood, must be put to the proof. The would-be naturalist must seek out the nearest pond, and there, on its banks, work out its history for himself.

The first thing that strikes the eye on approaching a pond, is the thick green carpeting spread in patches over its surface. This carpet, and the innumerable little floating plants that compose it, are well known to all as the common duckweed.

There are two other kinds of duckweed. One is with a large leaf, red underneath; whilst the ivy-leaved duckweed is sufficiently described by its name.

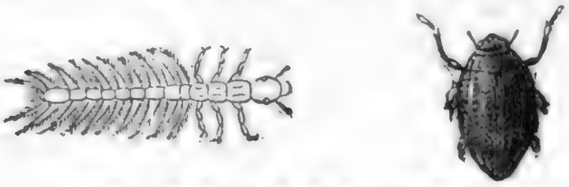
Peeping out amongst the duckweed the lanceolate leaves of the broad pondweed are to be seen; or, perchance, instead, the round ones of the frogbit.

Below the surface, the water-milfoil and the elodea form a vast subaqueous forest, thickly tenanted by water-creatures.

This latter plant was carried into England from this country in 1847, and there it speedily became so abundant as to have in some places impeded the navigation of rivers and canals.

With the plants of the pond, however, we have less to do at the present moment than with the animals, and accordingly turn our attention in that direction, passing in brief review the more important examples.

In yonder sunny corner, the surface of the water is kept in constant agitation by numerous small, shining black specks moving in and out and round about each other with untiring activity. If this state of perpetual motion may be taken as a sign of its happiness, the whirligig beetle (*Gyrinus natator*), for he it is, ought to be the merriest of the pond-dwellers.



LARVA AND IMAGO OF WHIRLIGIG BEETLE.

There is a peculiarity in the structure of the eye of this beetle worthy of our notice. Each of these organs is divided by a longitudinal partition into two parts, which practically endows it with four eyes. Of these, one pair is directed upward, and keeps a sharp lookout for the approach of danger from that quarter; whilst the other, directed downward, superintends the commissariat department.

The prey (small insects, etc.) is seized by the fore pair of legs, which are lengthened for that purpose, the two hinder pairs being modified into short and broad paddles, whereby the insect is enabled to perform its marvelous gyrations.

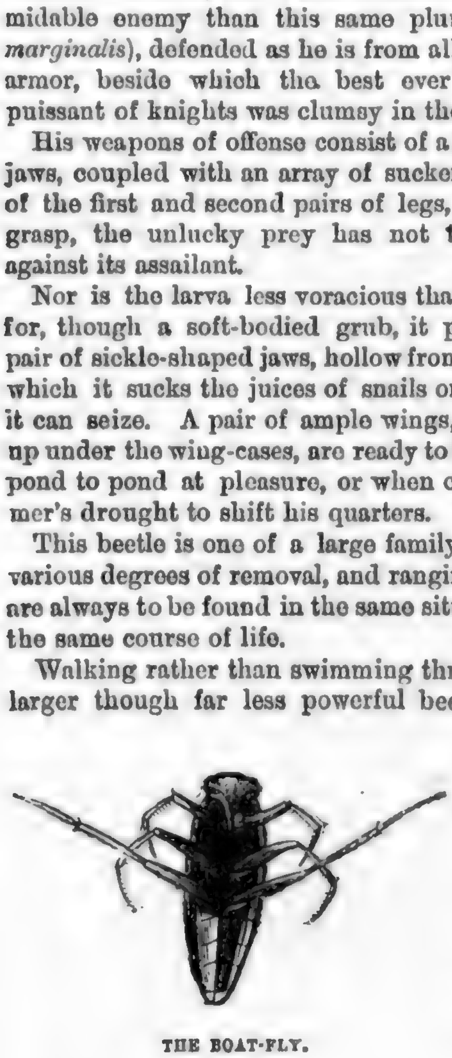
The lord over all the water-insects, however, is the big fellow now rising to the surface for the purpose of taking in a fresh cargo of air, which he carries between his wing-cases and body—they are all air-breathers, these water-insects, and as readily drown as you or I. Having laid in an adequate supply, off he starts again in pursuit of fresh victims. Indeed, the water-creatures have no more formidable enemy than this same plunger beetle (*Dyticus marginalis*), defended as he is from all attacks by a suit of armor, beside which the best ever worn by the most puissant of knights was clumsy in the last degree.

His weapons of offense consist of a most terrible pair of jaws, coupled with an array of suckers on the extremities of the first and second pairs of legs, so that, once in his grasp, the unlucky prey has not the slightest chance against its assailant.

Nor is the larva less voracious than the perfect insect; for, though a soft-bodied grub, it possesses a ferocious pair of sickle-shaped jaws, hollow from end to end, through which it sucks the juices of snails or any weaker brother it can seize. A pair of ample wings, mysteriously folded up under the wing-cases, are ready to bear the *Dyticus* from pond to pond at pleasure, or when compelled by a Summer's drought to shift his quarters.

This beetle is one of a large family, and his cousins of various degrees of removal, and ranging downward in size, are always to be found in the same situations and pursuing the same course of life.

Walking rather than swimming through the water is a larger though far less powerful beetle—the great water beetle (*Hydroüs pisceus*)—falling a prey at times, it is said, to its more active neighbor, the *Dyticus*. In color he is black, and in point of diet mainly a vegetarian, though the larva resembles that of *Dyticus*, both in regimen and general appearance.



THE BOAT-FLY.

Abundant as are the beetles in every pond, they are rivaled, if not surpassed, in number by the "Norfolk-Howard" family. Most conspicuous of these is the water boat-fly (*Notonecta glauca*), who may be seen floating at the surface of every piece of water, engaged, like the beetles, in taking in a fresh supply of air; but whilst the beetle is back uppermost, the bug prefers to swim with his back downward—an arrangement which, however seemingly awkward from our point of view, is to the *Notonecta* an advantage, enabling it to attack its prey from beneath; a mode of assault which he is said to practice with success on even the small fish. Unlike the beetles, too, the larval stage of the bugs is very similar to the adult, and individuals of all ages will be found together.

Still more plentiful is the nearly allied *Corixa*, who can be easily distinguished from the boat-fly, as he follows the normal mode of progression (*i.e.*, back upward), and who descends from the surface as if going down a spiral staircase. The middle pair of legs are the longest, and are used as anchors, by means of which this insect may be observed holding on to the pebbles at the bottom, and giving at intervals a kind of spasmodic flip with his paddles.

In amongst the weeds another kind (*Naucoris cimicoides*) will be found: a flat, oval, and rather soft-bodied little fellow.

By far the most curious-looking members of this interesting family are the water-scorpion (*Nepa cinerea*) and his first-cousin, the *Ranatra* (*R. linearis*). The former owes his name to the large size of the fore-limbs, which are carried straight out in front, like the claws of his namesake, and to the presence of a bristle-like tail. The body is oval and not thicker than a sixpence; the middle and hind pair of legs are very slender, and by no means adapted for swimming; hence he dwells amongst the thick weeds, seldom venturing into clear water; but, relying on his close similarity to a dead leaf, awaits with open arms the advent of the foolish water-creature that shall first pass within reach.

The only thing in which, at first sight, the *Nepa* appears to resemble the *Ranatra*, is the bristle-like tail. This, in reality, consists of two bristles placed close together. Down the inner sides of each there runs a groove, so that when in juxtaposition they form a fine tube leading down to the cavity between the wings and the body, and the creature can therefore obtain a fresh supply of air without coming quite to the surface, by simply extending the tip of his tube above the water. In other respects, they appear very different, the *Ranatra* being as long and cylindrical as the *Nepa* is broad and flat. Closer inspection proves the difference to be in degree rather than in kind; and the more narrowly we compare them, the more does the somewhat ludicrous notion seize us that originally they were identical, and were subsequently altered, the one by being passed under a mangle, whilst the other was pulled through the keyhole.

Skimming over the surface is another lanky individual, the water-boatman (*Gerris paludum*); whilst near the margin the most elongated of them all (*Hydrometra stagnorum*) may be found crawling on the aquatic plants and decaying vegetation.

Besides the foregoing, so to speak, permanent residents, there are some insects that spend a portion only of their existence under water. The common gnat is a familiar example of this class, to which also the May-fly and dragon-fly belong, all three passing the larval and pupal stages under water.

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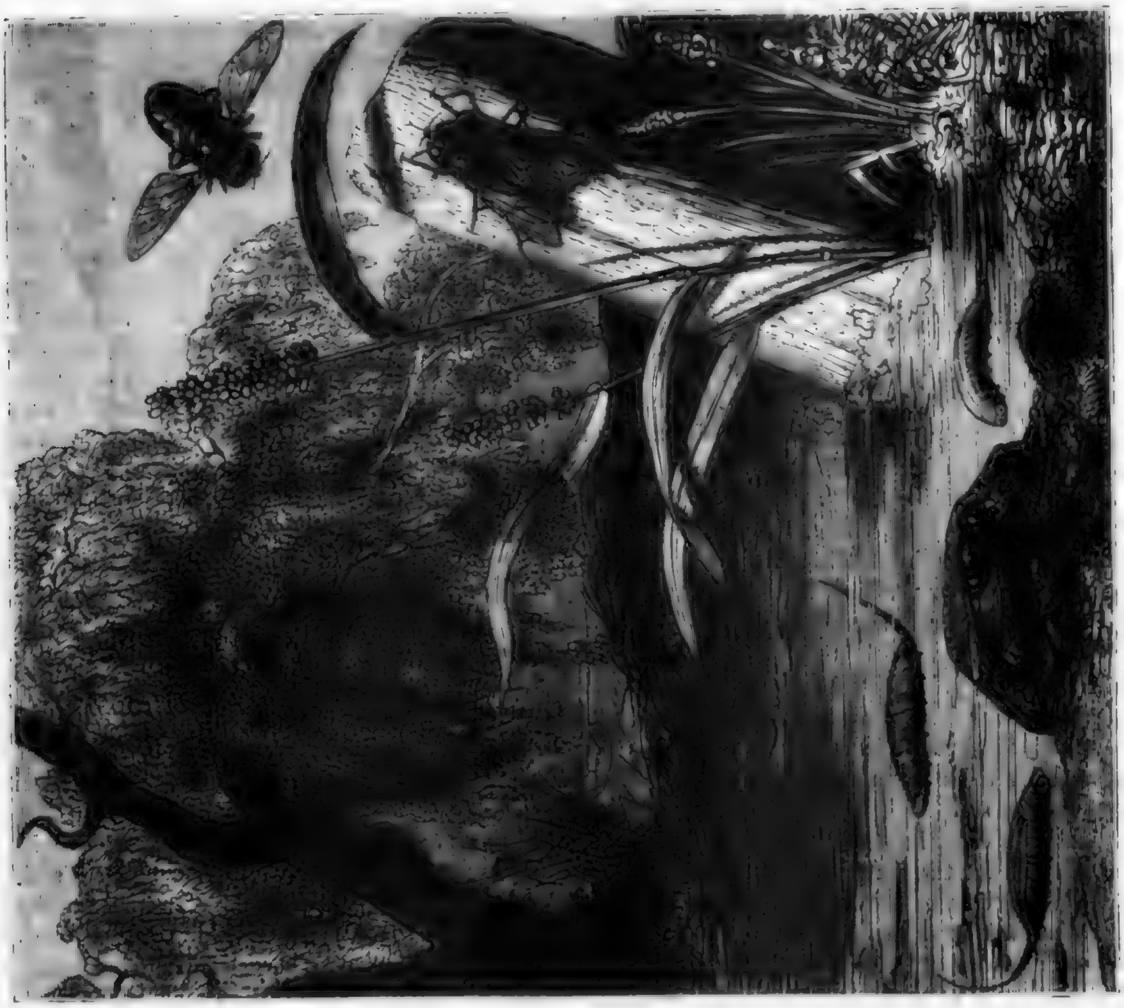
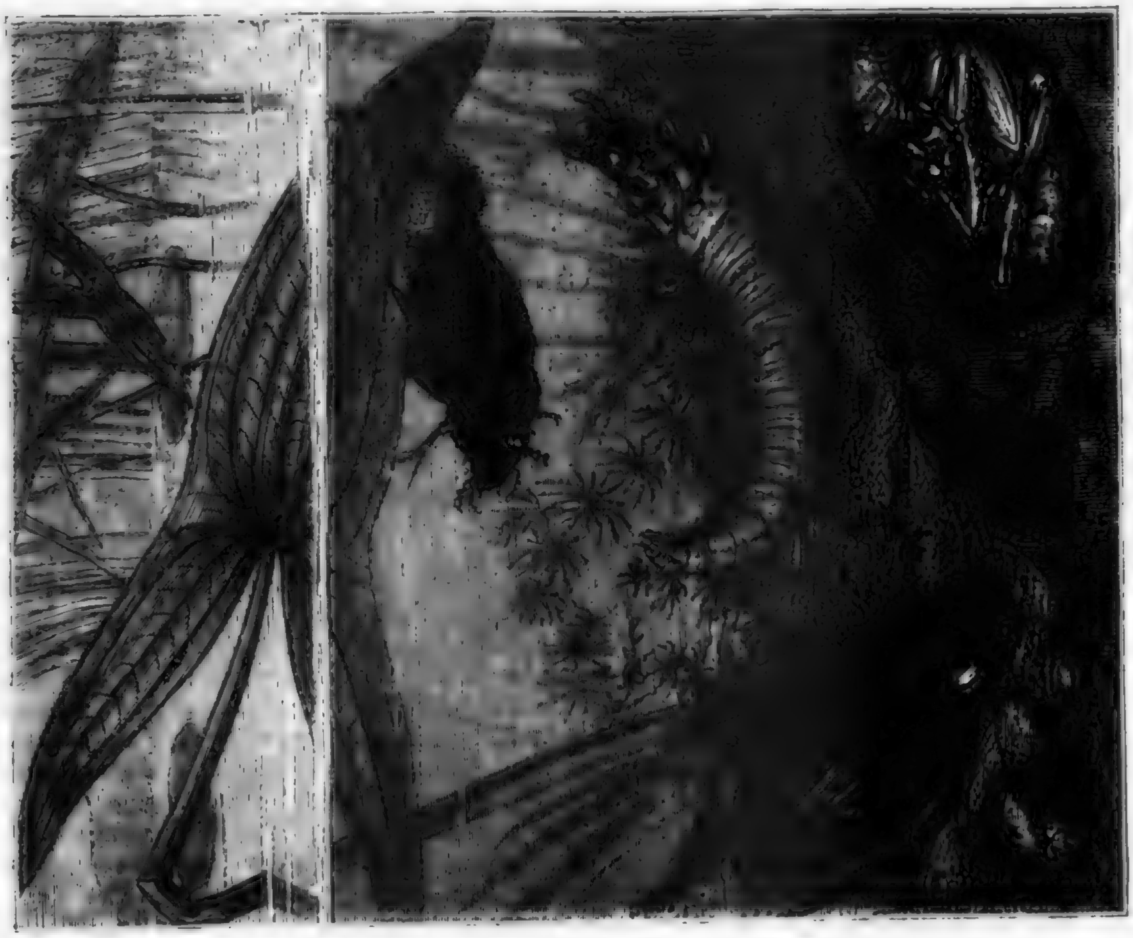


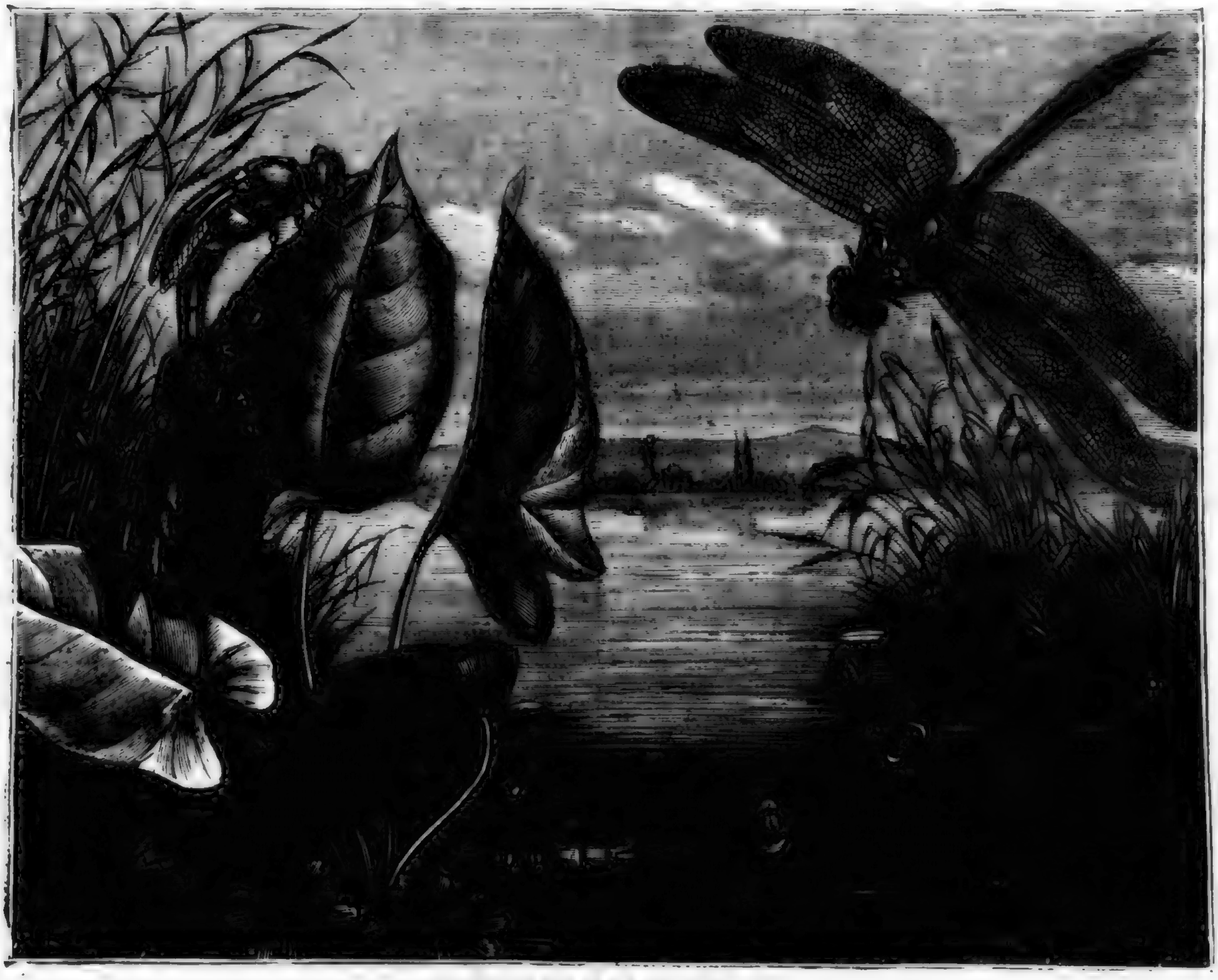
THE RAT-TAILED FLY, IN VARIOUS STAGES.



THE GREAT WATER BEETLE, IN VARIOUS STAGES.

But it is time for us to pass from these rapacious individuals, to speak about some of the more peaceful denizens. Gliding along at the surface of the water, shell downmost, we observe several different kinds of pond-snails. The commonest of these is the "wandering mud snail" (*Limnæa peregra*), which is not only widely distributed — occurring throughout Europe and ranging into Siberia and Thibet —but also most subject to variation according to the surrounding circumstances in which it is placed. Indeed, it is not impossible that the local form known as the ear-shaped mud-shell (*L. auricularia*) may be merely a very expanded variety of this same "wanderer," though not yet acknowledged as such by authorities. The finest of our fresh-water mollusks is the pond limnæa (*L. stagnalis*), whose spiral shell measures nearly two inches in length, two-thirds being taken up by the last, or "body-whorl," as it is called. He is a famous aquarium glass-cleaner, but has an unfortunate habit of dying in some out-of-the-way corner of the establishment, the first announcement of his decease being the impure state of the water.

It would take a volume to describe the water-spiders, water-mites, leeches, and myriad lesser fry that people the subaqueous forest; and he who would make himself even superficially acquainted with the fauna of a pond must arm himself with a good net, and attack the creatures in their weedy stronghold. A net on a long stick will do a great deal, certainly. The surest method of proceeding is to detach the net from the stick, and fasten it by four short cords to the end of a stout line, and then, having weighted the end of the net with a bullet or two, and lined it with gauze to prevent the escape of the small specimens through the meshes, hurl it right out into the middle of the pond, and drag it to shore through every possible patch of weed. The "net" result should then be shaken out on a level spot on the bank, the quarry captured, and specimens taken home for the purpose of identification and study.



THE DRAGON-FLY IN ITS VARIOUS STAGES.

By proceeding in this wholesale manner, specimens that might otherwise escape get dragged in and secured.

A careful examination of the gauze lining should be made between each haul, as small specimens, such as water-mites and minute larvæ, are sure to be found sticking to it.

At present we cannot do more than dip a wide-mouthed glass bottle into the water where the weed is thickest, and hold it up to the light to see if any of these lesser inhabitants are present.

There are some little whitish creatures skipping about with a jerky motion that has earned for them the name of water-fleas. They claim no relationship, however, to the *Aphaniptera*, being in reality crustaceans of the genera *Daphnia*, *Cyclops*, etc., and are interesting as microscopic objects. Two or three water-mites, looking like small hairy-legged spiders, with red bodies, complete the list of visible animalcules. The rest must wait till we get home.

But stop! What are these green specks roving at will through the water? The *Volvox globator*, or moving vegetables, so sought after by the microscopists. It is rather capricious in its choice of locality and times of occurrence, and should therefore be secured whenever found, as it is one of the most beautiful objects imaginable under the microscope.

Had we suspected its presence here, we should have certainly mentioned it with the other pond-plants; still, better late than never.

Another point of interest in connection with our subject deserves to be mentioned. Supposing a new pond to be formed at some distance from any previously existing piece of water, how is it that before very long it becomes thickly populated? and what forms are likely to arrive first? Now, the air we breathe is full of small specks of dust called motes, as may be seen when a ray of sunlight is shining into a room. Many of these specks or motes are nothing more than the germs or eggs of the thousand and one animalcules so prevalent in all waters. As soon as these germs alight on water, development commences, and the matured individuals, by their rapid multiplication, speedily stock the new-found situation with life. The insects, of course, find their way thither on the wing.

The beetles, especially *Dyticus*, are great nocturnal fliers, plunging down at cock-crow into the nearest piece of water; hence their occasional presence in water-casks, or the durance vile of a roadside puddle. The newts and frogs, too, will travel by the overland route; but how do the snails get there? This has been answered by Mr. Darwin, who suspended the feet of a duck in an aquarium, where the eggs of fresh-water shells were hatching. Some of the young snails crawled on to these feet, and adhered so firmly that they could not be jarred off, though readily falling at a more advanced age. These young mollusks when taken out of the water survived in damp air from twelve to twenty-four hours, during which period a long journey could be made by the bird. The same observer also mentions that a *Dyticus* was caught with an *Ancylus* firmly adhering to it; and were any one to take the trouble of intercepting these beetles during their nocturnal excursions, they would doubtless be found to play an important part in thus distributing the smaller species of water-creatures.

The transference of fish from place to place, without calling in the aid of the before-mentioned juvenile angler, is, however, a question that does not admit of easy solution at present. The seeds of plants, on the other hand, may be transported in many ways.

Enough has now surely been said, in even this brief space, to show that a pond, so far from being as devoid of interest as most people seem to consider it, is, in reality, an inexhaustible source of both amusement and instruction: amusement in watching the—to us, at all events—curious behavior of its inhabitants, either in a state of nature or when kept in an aquarium; instruction, in systematically studying these various beings collectively, or as separate members of the animal kingdom; or, when we consider their distribution, the abundance of some particular species in one locality, and its variety or absence in another; or its prevalence at one season of the year and scarcity at another; or, again, in ascertaining the effect on them of the presence or absence of mineral matter, such as lime, iron, etc., in solution in the water—with many other questions of a like nature too numerous to be detailed.

From the foregoing remarks it may be gathered that ponds are interesting: firstly, in themselves, their presence being due to physical causes, not merely in operation at the present day, but also in remote bygone ages; secondly, on account of the various forms of life they contain. These alone are a life-long study, embracing as they do representatives of most of the zoological sub-kingdoms, from the back-boned amphibians down to the lowest forms of animal life, where they pass almost imperceptibly into the vegetable world; whilst researches into their habits, economy, structure, distribution, etc., marshal before one a host of interesting questions, and numerous as yet unsolved problems.

MARRIAGE IN ENGLAND BEFORE NOON.

Mr. Blennerhasset proposes to amend the marriage laws and give an extension of the four canonical hours in which weddings may be solemnized, so that brides and bridegrooms may select the hour as well as the day for the all-important ceremony, without incurring the expense of a special license from the Archbishop of Canterbury.

"Autres temps, autres mœurs." When Lord Hardwicke's Act of March, 1754, limited the time from eight o'clock to twelve, it was specially framed to prevent the clandestine marriages at the "Fleet," which the Bishop of London and other ecclesiastics had vainly tried to abolish. Some came off in the chapel of that Fleet Prison which was removed in 1846, after a long reign of misery, and others in the taverns adjacent, where the tavern-keepers acted as clerks and took the clerks' fees. Two hundred and seventeen "Fleet" marriages were celebrated the day before the Act passed, and a ton of the register books were in 1821 removed to Doctors'-Commons.

In the papers of the day appeared such advertisements as the following: "At the true chapel at the Red Hand and Mitre, three doors up Fleet-lane, and next door to the White Swan, marriages are performed by the Rev. Mr. Symson, educated at the University of Cambridge, and late chaplain to the Earl of Rothes"; and "J. Lilley. —At the Hand and Pen, next door to the china-shop, Fleet-street, London, will be performed the solemnization of marriages, by a gentleman regularly bred at one of our universities."

These "regularly ordained ministers, who had taken a degree at the universities," were no very reputable persons, but finding the trade so lucrative, they ran the risk of the fines constantly imposed on them. The following curious newspaper paragraphs tell their own tale:

"A coachman came and was half married, and would give but 3s. 6d., and went off."

"Edward —— and Elizabeth —— were married, and would not let me know their real names."

"May 20, 1742. A man and woman came to the Bull and Garter; the man pretended he would marry the woman, by which pretense he got money for marrying and to buy a ring, but left the woman by herself and never returned, upon which J. Lilley takes the woman from the Bull and Garter to his own house, and gave her a certificate as if she had been married to the man."

SAYINGS, AND WHO FIRST SAID THEM.

To Shakespeare we owe: "All is not gold that glitters"; "Make a virtue of necessity"; "Screw your courage to the sticking-place" (not point); "They laugh that win"; "This is the short and long of it"; "Comparisons are odious"; "As merry as the day is long"; "A Daniel come to judgment"; "Frailty, thy name is woman"; and a host of others.

Washington Irving gives us, "The almighty dollar"; Thomas Morton queried long ago, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" while Goldsmith answers, "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no fibs."

Charles C. Pinckney gives, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute."

"First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens" (not countrymen), appeared in the resolutions presented to the House of Representatives in December, 1790, prepared by General Henry Lee.

Thomas Tasser, a writer of the sixteenth century, gives us, "It's an ill wind turns no good"; "Better late than never"; "Look ere thou leap"; and "The stone that is rolling can gather no moss." "All cry and no wool," is found in Butler's "Hudibras."

Dryden says, "None but the brave deserve the fair"; "Men are but children of a larger growth"; and "Through thick and thin."

"No pent-up Utica contracts our power," declared Jonathan Sewell.

"When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war" —Nathaniel Lee, 1692.

"Of two evils I have chosen the least," and "The end must justify the means," are from Matthew Prior.

We are indebted to Colley Cibber for the agreeable intelligence that "Richard is himself again." Johnson tells us of "A good hater."

"He's a brick," is really classical slang.

Plutarch, in his life of Argesilaus, King of Sparta, gives us the origin of the quaint and familiar expression :

On a certain occasion an ambassador from Epirus, on a diplomatic mission, was shown by the King over his capital. The ambassador knew of the monarch's fame—knew that though only nominally King of Sparta, he was yet ruler of Greece—and he had looked to see massive walls rearing aloft their embattled towers for the defense of the town; but he found nothing of the kind. He marveled much at this, and spoke of it to the King.

"Sire," he said, "I have visited most of the principal towns, and I find no walls reared for defense. Why is this?"

"Indeed, sir ambassador," replied Argesilaus, "thou canst not have looked carefully. Come with me tomorrow morning, and I will show thee the walls of Sparta."

Accordingly, on the following morning the King led his guest out upon the plains where his army was drawn up in full battle array, and pointing proudly to the serried hosts, he said :

"There thou beholdest the walls of Sparta—ten thousand men, *and every man a brick!*"

THE LEGAL MARRIAGEABLE AGE IN EUROPE.

According to the *Lyons Médical*, this is: In Austria, fourteen for both sexes; in Germany, eighteen for men and fourteen for women; in Belgium, eighteen for men and fifteen for women; in Spain, fourteen for men and twelve for women; in France, eighteen for men and fifteen for women; in Greece, fourteen for men and twelve for women; in Catholic and orthodox Hungary, fourteen for men and twelve for women; in Protestant Hungary, eighteen for men and fifteen for women; in Italy, eighteen for men and fifteen for women; in Portugal, fourteen for men and twelve for women; in Russia, eighteen for men and sixteen for women; in Roumania, eighteen for men and sixteen for women; in Saxony, eighteen for men and sixteen for women; and in Switzerland, in different cantons, fourteen to twenty for men, and from twelve to seventeen for women.

A PRIMITIVE NATION.

The new interoceanic railway across the Tehuantepec Isthmus is marked out to pass through the State of Chiapas, which probably contains the only population in the world which possesses no iron, nor anything in the shape of an iron industry, even of the crudest form. For the distance of eighty miles around Palenque, the capital, not a single blacksmith can be found, and the only articles in the shape of iron are axes and machetes, imported from the United States. Nails are unknown, all the woodwork being held together by cord or the tendrils of the vines, and even the tortilla is prepared by grinding the maize between stones.

The new railway which will run through this territory has clearly a well-defined educational as well as commercial development to undertake.

Love and pity are twin sisters, that go hand-in-hand.

DETECTING CRIME IN MADAGASCAR.

By A. S. Fuller.

Every nation has not only its own peculiar methods of detecting crime, but of punishing criminals. The lower the people are in the scale of intelligence, the more crude and cruel the means employed for ferreting out what may be regarded as violations of moral and civil laws.

The history of nations furnishes us with no more interesting instance of the reckless cruelty with which a ruler of a people could persecute his subjects, in the vain hope of detecting crime among them, than was long practiced by the Kings and Queens of Madagascar.

Very little was known of the domestic affairs of the Madagascans by Europeans until the time of King Radama, who ascended the throne in 1808. This able monarch was a descendant of a long line of Kings, and although at the time of his coming into power only the central province of the island (Emerina) acknowledged him as its sovereign, he was soon able to bring all the other and contiguous provinces under subjection.

In 1818, agents of the English Government visited King Radama, and were received with great favor, and with them he formed a treaty by which Englishmen were permitted to visit and reside in the country at will. From this time dates our acquaintance with the domestic and internal affairs of the Madagascans.

Many of their laws and practices were, as might be expected, quite repugnant to persons reared in more civilized countries, but none more so than the native ordeal of drinking a poison known as *tanghena*, for the purpose of detecting persons suspected of witchcraft, being bewitched or otherwise morally impure. The same ordeal was also extensively employed to detect the guilt of persons charged with civil offenses, theft, murder and treason.

So popular did this poison become among the Madagascans, and so implicitly did they rely on its efficacy, that it was frequently employed in settling litigations in regard to property; but in such cases it was not administered to the litigants, but to their dogs, convicting the owner of the dog killed, and subjecting him to the penalties of the law. In some parts of Madagascar the conviction is made to depend on the life or death of the party drinking the *tanghena*; if the dose causes death, he is unquestionably guilty; if he live, his innocence has been demonstrated. The method of administering the poison, as described by an eye-witness, is as follows :

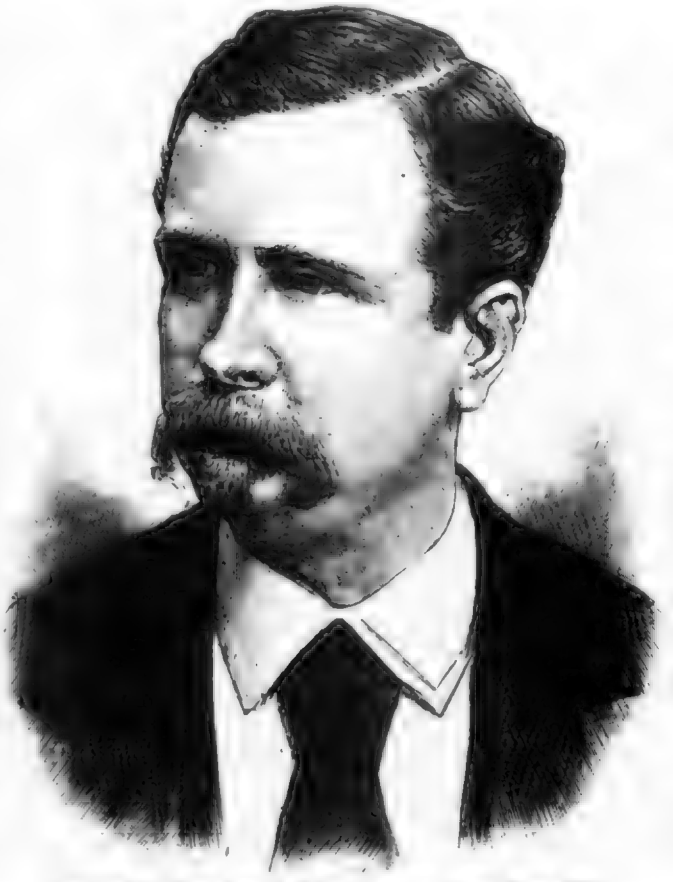
The accused person, having eaten as much boiled rice as possible, swallows, without mastication, three pieces of the skin of a fowl, each about the size of a dollar. He is then required to drink the test, a small quantity scraped from the *tanghena* fruit, mixed with the juice of a banana. The *skid*, or diviner, then places his hands on the head of the accused, pronouncing and invoking direful curses on him if guilty. Soon after this, large quantities of rice-water are administered, causing the contents of the stomach to be ejected; and if, on examination, the three pieces of skin are found, all is well, and the party is pronounced legally and morally innocent of the charge; but if otherwise, guilt has fixed its stain, and the disgrace incurred is irreparable.

Sometimes the poison acts with such rapidity that life is destroyed during the ordeal. Should the test have proved the guilt of the party by his not being able to eject the three pieces of chicken-skin, and the poison taken failing to cause death, the victim is pounced upon by the bystanders and his brains knocked out with clubs.

The Rev. J. F. Freeman, of England, who was a resident of the Province of Emerina in 1830, states that when slaves are accused or convicted of crime, they are generally sent to a distance and sold, where no suspicion of their guilty character is supposed to exist; a practice that shows that the Madagascans are not much behind their more civilized neighbors, who do not disdain to send their convicts and paupers out of their own country, in order to save the expense of keeping them at home.

During the reign of King Radama, from 1808 to 1828, there was a marked decline in this barbarous practice of drinking the *tanghena;* and it is stated on good authority that the King would frequently excuse young men accused of crime, asserting that, while they might be guilty, there was time left them to outgrow their faults.

But even a monarch whose power over the lives and property of his subjects was absolute could not entirely eradicate the superstitions or superstitious practices of his people. The *tanghena* poison had long been looked upon as the subtle foe and detector of crime throughout the whole island; and, while the masses might secretly wish to see the dreadful ordeal abolished, there were hundreds of *skids*, or diviners, who may be likened to the police of our cities, that were directly interested in keeping up this old and thoroughly established system of detecting crime, for it furnished them with very profitable employment; and I may add that the execution of the laws in Madagascar is attended with considerable expense, and the officers whose duties are to see that they are executed are not unmindful of their own interests. The *skids* reap a large harvest from the iniquitous practices of administering the *tanghena*, for as soon as a person is accused, they visit him daily for a week or more before drinking the poison, and as long afterward if he survives the ordeal. The regular fee for these visits is one dollar, but the *skid* can legally take all he can squeeze out of his victim. If the accused is rich, and is disposed to pay liberally for services rendered, he is certain to escape death; but if poor, the chances are decidedly against him, unless some good friend comes to his aid with a supply of the needful. That the fee for attending the accused must be a liberal one, may be surmised from the fact that one-twelfth of the property of each victim dying under the ordeal goes to the *skid*, or diviner.



JOSEPH L. FIRM AND HIS INVENTIONS.—SEE PAGE 758.

On the death of King Radama in 1828, Ranvalona, one of his numerous widows, succeeded him; but, instead of continuing the good work scarcely more than commenced by her late husband, she exerted herself to overthrow everything that tended toward the advancement or real welfare of her people. One of the first acts of the Queen was to proclaim that her land must be cleansed of sorcerers, and she commenced the work in earnest by commanding that all suspected persons should be subjected to the ordeal of drinking the *tanghena*.

The Rev. Edward Baker, who was a resident of Madagascar in 1830–31, describes in letters to his friends in England the fearful condition of the island under the rule of the Queen, as no person was safe from the accusations and persecutions of herself or ignorant counselors. Rich and poor were alike accused, but in every instance the former escaped death, and were declared innocent.

The gentleman referred to above, who was an eye-witness of some of the public trials, or *tanghena* ordeals, describes one as taking place on the 9th of March, 1830, in compliance with the sovereign's mandate. The accused persons amounted in all to about thirty, including some of the highest in birth and rank in the kingdom. All the nobility recovered, while the unknown plebeians, who, according to the common jugglery, had been compelled to drink with them, died. The former, after passing the ordeal, made a triumphant entry into the town.

This spectacle, considered apart from the horrible superstition that gave rise to it, must have been truly ludicrous to the eyes of persons from a more civilized country.

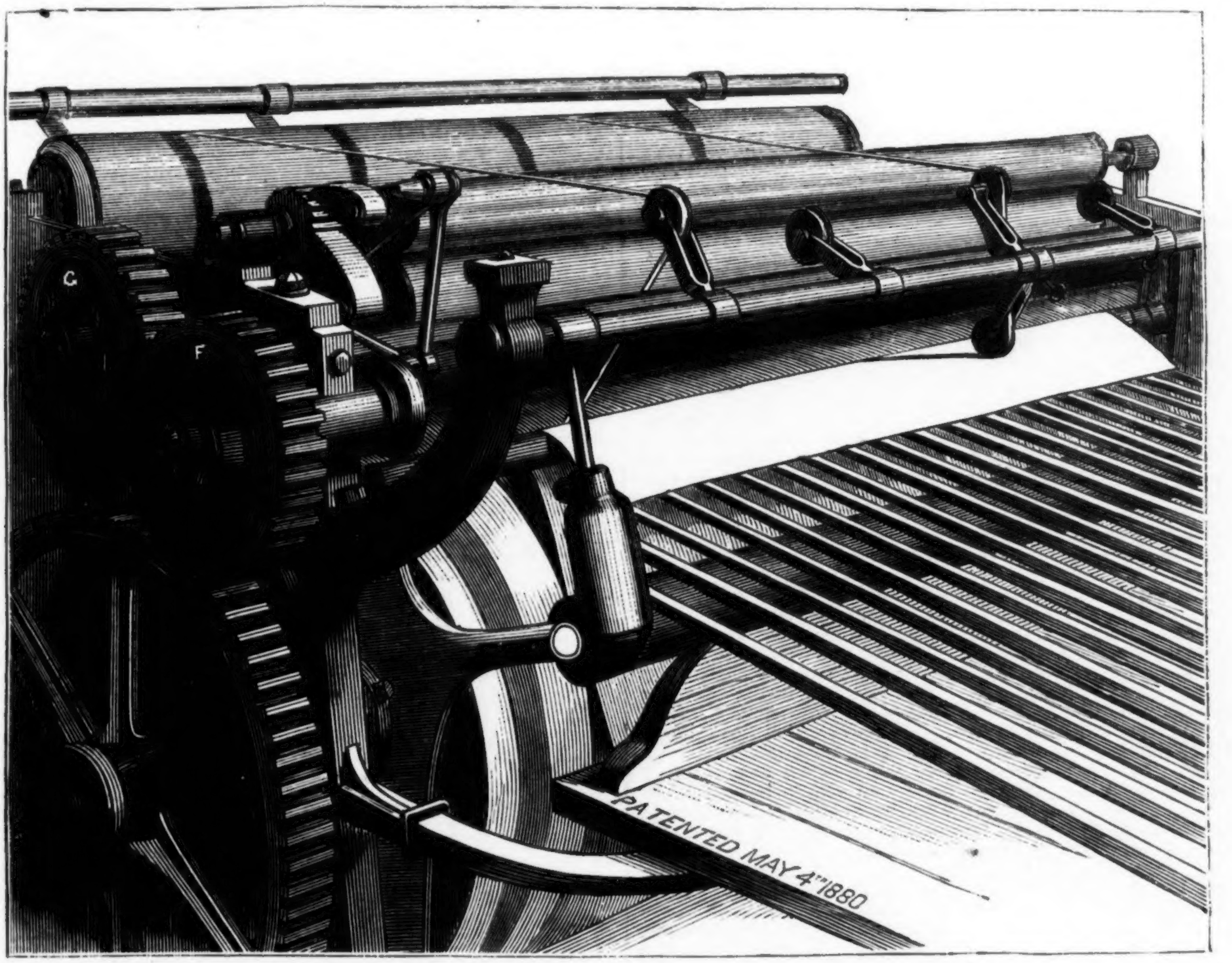
The Queen, being impressed with the importance of making thorough work in cleansing her dominions of noxious persons, commanded that certain ladies should also submit to the disgusting ordeal, and among them were the late King's wives (herself excepted), also his sisters, and others of the royal family; also the wives of the principal officers and their daughters; but all survived the ordeal, with the exception of those of some inferior officers and plebeians who drank with them. That some must die at each trial was necessary, to keep up the reputation of the efficacy of the poison, else the occupation of the clever *skids* would soon be gone.

Among the royal ladies who drank the *tanghena* was a princess from the Saccatawa country, with the royal family of which King Radama had formed an alliance by his marriage with her. She had been treated during his reign with more respect than any other female; but having once attempted to run away and regain her native country, she had for some time previous been closely watched, though not subjected to actual imprisonment. That this defenseless, unprotected princess could do any one injury, was absurd; but she was accused, and her case was one of peculiar severity, as she had no friend to watch over the fairness of the administrator's conduct, or rejoice in her recovery. If the Queen so willed it, she would surely die under the ordeal through which she must pass. In going to the place of trial she wept bitterly, and the natives expressed their sympathy by what they term *mifady ahitra*, or adjuration of the grass. This is performed by plucking up a tuft of grass from the ground and holding it up before the face, as much as to say, "May such misfortunes be far from us, as we would avoid treading on the very grass of the village where such sorrow dwells."

The princess, however, quite unexpectedly, passed through the terrible ordeal safely, and returned to her humble dwelling, accompanied only by her servants. Even the Queen showed some good feeling by sending congratulations to the princess, promising to remain her friend and protector.

After the Queen had compelled hundreds and thousands of her subjects, both nobles and plebeians, to drink the *tanghena*, she turned upon the *skids* themselves, and ordered them to take their turn at the ordeal; and, strange to say, several of them died, probably through the want of proper care of their comrades.

It is also a common practice of the judges in the courts of Madagascar, when they have a case difficult of decision, to cause the poison to be administered to both parties, by which numbers are sacrificed.



JOSEPH L. FIRM AND HIS INVENTIONS.—THE SET-OFF ATTACHMENT.—SEE PAGE 758.

When a judge becomes bothered and puzzled by the false swearing of the contestants in a suit, or their witnesses, he sends the case up to the "court of last resort," and orders all parties to take a dose of poison. Although this may seem a rather summary method of disposing of a lawsuit, it must certainly act as a wholesome restraint on those who are disposed to go to law on very slight provocations.

The fear of poison, however, does not prevent the Madagascans from occasionally going to law, for, like their more civilized brethren in other parts of the world, they know the power of money; and if the man who has the heaviest purse fails to win his case with the judge, he may gain it with a bribe to the referee, who in Madagascar is always some avaricious *skid*.

It must not be supposed that the people of Madagascar are contented or very happy under such regulations as described above, for no one knows how soon he may be accused of some crime, and mulcted of half or all of his possessions, if no worse fate befalls him. To be accused means ruin; and many of the people declare privately that they might as well die as to attempt to get clear by bribing the *skids*. The lust of money is at the root of this execrable practice or system of detecting crime, and no one knows it better than the administrators themselves. The deception practiced is evident even to the most ignorant native, for all depends upon the selection of the fruit, and the administrators have it in their power to sacrifice whom they please, and they always please to save those who pay for the privilege of living.

The fruit from which the poison is extracted is the product of a low-growing tree, common in all parts of the island, and known in botanical works as the *Tanghinia veneniglua.* In appearance, the fruit is not unlike an apricot, having a hard seed or nut in the centre, surrounded by a pulpy envelope, the skin of which when ripe is of yellowish or orange color. It is said that the green fruit is but slightly poisonous, and only acts as a gentle emetic when eaten; but the poisonous properties increase in virulence with ripeness, and even become more powerful as the fruit dries or commences to decay. All this being known to the administrators, or *skids*, it is easy for them to collect their supplies at different stages, and then use whichever suits their purposes best. All intelligent Madagascans know the difference between the dangerous and the comparatively harmless fruit as well as the *skids*, and they also know that there is an immense amount of deception practiced in administering the *tanghena* for the

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purpose of detecting crime and criminals. Still, as the entire nation are firm believers in witchcraft, they cling with great tenacity to this ancient and to them only known method of destroying witches and detecting persons guilty of sorcery.

We may pity the Madagascans, or even laugh at their ignorance and superstition, but there was a time, and not so very long ago either, when the professed Christians of England and the United States were in hot pursuit of witches; and in their vain endeavor to catch them, practiced cruelties not one whit behind those in vogue during the reigns of King Radama and Queen Ranvalona of Madagascar. Even the president of one of our colleges, and many of the most learned reverends in the land, joined in persecuting innocent old women who had no powerful friends to defend them. I am not certain that the old belief is quite dead among us even in this day, for the old spirit of persecution, begotten of superstition and ignorance, still lingers around our churches and institutions of learning.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

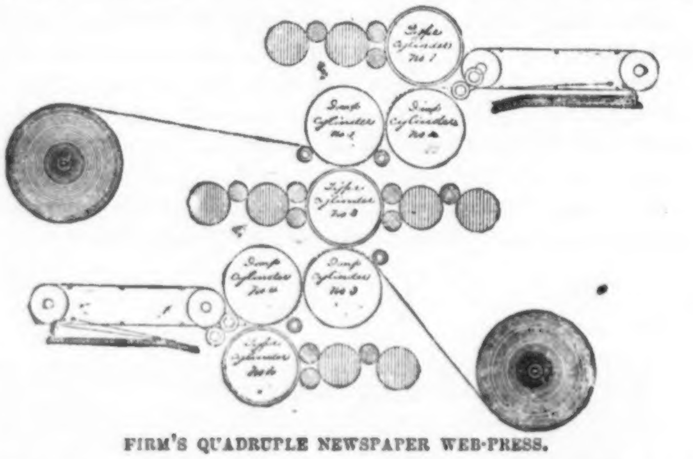
Joseph L. Firm and his Inventions.—Mr. Firm was born March 19, 1837, in Williamsburgh, N. Y. As a boy, he manifested a predilection for printing, and much of his spare time, after school hours, was spent in the composing and press-rooms of the Williamsburgh *Daily Gazette*, where he acquired a good insight into many of the details of typography. His tastes being thus plainly manifested, he was placed as an apprentice in the press-room of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, where he acquired a thorough knowledge of that trade, as it then existed, under the immediate instruction of the well-known printer, Wm. H. Ray. One of young Firm's experiences in the employ of the Messrs. Harper was of a thrilling character. At the time of the fire which destroyed their old buildings on Franklin Square, Firm happened to be employed on the third floor, in the upper press-room, and before he was aware of the danger he found his escape by way of the stairs cut off by the flames. It was with difficulty that he succeeded in groping his way to a window on the Pearl Street side. Then he clambered out of the window, resting his feet on an ornamental projection only an inch or two in width, while he clung with his hands to the framework of the window until he was discovered and rescued. A moment after he had touched the ground the wall to which he had clung fell inward. In 1859 Mr. Firm was engaged by Mr. Frank Leslie, and his services have been all but continuous in this establishment during the twenty-one years that have since elapsed. He has not only organized a thoroughly effective working force in his department, but has devised a large number of useful improvements in the machines in his charge, as well as having invented at least two of the most remarkable presses now in use. The press which has brought Mr. Firm the most reputation and profit is known as Firm's Off-set Press. In this machine one of the greatest defects of all previous presses for printing illustrated sheets is completely overcome, in that it does away with the necessity of putting in blank sheets between the impressions to take up the superfluous ink from the impression cylinders. The use of these "set-off" sheets in the old style of presses very materially increased the cost of printing illustrated papers, because it involved, practically, the feeding and handling of twice as many sheets as were printed. In Mr. Firm's device the duty formerly done by the set-off sheets is done by a simple but ingenious system of rollers, and both time and labor are greatly economized. The machine is much simplified as well, since all the mechanism used to handle the set-off sheets is done away with. The press, therefore, occupies much less room on the floor than the old style, and it requires only one person to feed it. Indeed, the feeding itself may be done automatically if desired, by the employment of a web or continuous roll of white paper. The device can also be readily attached to any form of cylinder press, and many of the old style presses are now being fitted with this appliance. The cut on page 757 shows the set-off attachment applied to an Alauzet perfecting press made in Paris. This improvement dispenses with three of the workmen formerly needed, and with the set-off sheet or blotter. The opinion of the late Mr. Frank Leslie in regard to these presses is shown in the following:

"New York, December 28th, 1877.

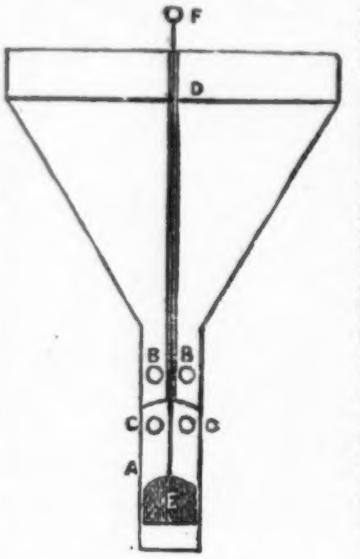
"Mr. Joseph L. Firm: Dear Sir—I have three of your presses in my establishment, which have been running, one for two years and two for over a year. They have given entire satisfaction. I consider them a great improvement on any existing press for the purposes for which they are intended. Very truly yours,

"Frank Leslie."

Another remarkable invention is Firm's Double or Quadruple Newspaper Web Press, which has the capacity of from forty to sixty thousand copies per hour. The peculiarity of this press is that it has three type-cylinders and four impression-cylinders, and prints from two webs or rolls of paper at once. One web is printed by passing the paper between the impression-cylinder No. 1 and the type-cylinder No. 3. One side having thus been printed, the sheet passes to impression-cylinder No. 2 and type-cylinder No. 1, when the other side is printed. It is then cut and delivered flat or run through a folding attachment, as may be desired. The other web is in the meantime passed between impression-cylinder No. 3 and type-cylinder No. 3, and has one side printed, and then passes to impression-cylinder No. 4 and type-cylinder No. 2 and has the other side printed. Mr. James Gordon Bennett, upon seeing a model of it, at once ordered one of these presses to be built for the use of the *New York Herald*, with the understanding that if it proved successful he would have six more of the same kind. Mr. Firm is also the inventor of a new and interesting process for printing, with great perfection, cuts on glass. The most delicate outlines of the cut will be transferred on glass with greater distinctness and beauty than if printed with the utmost care on the finest kind of paper.


FIRM'S QUADRUPLE NEWSPAPER WEB-PRESS.

The Indicating Funnel.—In filling a cask, can or jar by means of a funnel, it is usual, in order to find out when the vessel is properly filled, to insert the forefinger into the bunghole. This is, however, an awkward and time-wasting plan, and Mr. Eugene Carless has patented a funnel which does not require to be removed until the cask is full; and, moreover, the funnel indicates when this is the case. One person, by the use of these funnels, can fill as many casks as there are taps to the store-vat, while with the ordinary funnel only one cask could be attended to at a time. The figure represents one of these funnels. The spout, at about one-third down, has two round openings in it to allow the liquor to flow out of the funnel into the cask; and just underneath these holes the spout is itself closed by a partition, C C. A narrow tube, supported at the top by a bar D across the funnel-mouth, runs down the funnel and opens, through the partition C C, into the lower part of the spout A. This tube incloses a rod which carries a float E at its lower end, and a ball F at its upper. Now, as the end of the spout A is open to the cask, when the liquid rises in the latter it raises the float E, which in turn raises the ball F, until the float is stopped by the partition C C, when the ball ceases to rise, and indicates that the tank is filled within an inch of the bunghole. Similar funnels made to indicate the quantity in a cask, or to fill casks with a given quantity, are also made under this patent. To the manufacturers of petroleum and other dangerous chemicals this invention will be especially useful, while the amount of "waste" in filling prevented by this means must be enormous.



Carnivorous Bees.—Mr. Packard, Jr., writing in the *American Naturalist*, says that an asclepiadaceous plant was brought to him last September, with several moths hanging dead from the flowers, having been caught by their tongues in one of the opposing edges of the horny contrivances covering the pollinia. A short time afterward a correspondent sent an account to Mr. Packard about some moths being entrapped in a similar manner, and around which, as they endeavored to get away, several bees were buzzing, constantly attacking them with their stings. After they became apparently lifeless the bees settled on them and began to devour them. The same correspondent had previously noticed the tongues of some moths entrapped in the pollinia, whose bodies had disappeared. The fact was communicated to Dr. Darwin, who wrote that he had never heard of carnivorous bees, but he suggested it was possible that the bees opened the bodies for the sake of the honey.

An Apparatus to Measure the Actinic Force of Light.—An attempt to measure and record with some accuracy the variations of light has lately been made by a German, Herr Kreusler, who has had made for him, by Liebertz, in Bonn, an apparatus with the following arrangement: It consists of a drum fixed with its axis in the place of the meridian, and adjustable so as to be at right angles to the sun's rays. This drum has its border divided into twenty-four hours, twelve noon and twelve midnight being in the meridian place. A strip of paper, sensitized with a solution of bichromate of potassium, and having divisions which correspond to those in the drum, is placed round this. A second drum closely surrounds the first, and is turned by clockwork—from which it can be detached—once in twenty-four hours, in the direction of the sun's apparent course. This second drum has a slit for admitting light to the paper; its width is such that any point on the paper is exposed twenty seconds as the slit passes over. The whole apparatus is placed in the open air, under a glass bell jar. Its arrangement gives little trouble; the paper strip has merely to be placed in its right position at night, or under artificial shade—to avoid coloration—and the outer drum slid over, and so attached to the solitary axis that the "isolation slit" is opposite the hour then present. The slit then begins to move round the inner drum, corresponding to the sun's course. The impressed slip, when removed in the evening, may be "fixed" by shortly dipping in water and drying between blotting paper, or it may not, being quickly read; it shows a mostly continuous succession of bands of various shades of black, or rather brown.

Phosphorescence of Shore Sand.—The phosphorescence (so called) spoken of by Mr. J. G. T. Lee, as occurring on the sands at Whitby, was doubtless caused by *Noctiluca miliaris*, stranded by the receding tide. I have frequently observed the same effect, and by microscopic examination have ascertained the cause. These little creatures only "show their tiny spark to the traveler in the dark," when irritated in any way; but the effect, if not visible by daylight, can be felt at any time. Last Summer I experienced a very unpleasant sensation, similar to that caused by a galvanic battery, on putting my hand into a dense mass of them floating in the sea. Subsequent experiments with a large quantity at home proved that the flash is always accompanied by the "shock," and that after two discharges have taken place—the second one much feebler than the first—a rest of ten or fifteen minutes must be allowed before the phenomena can be repeated. Am I right in thinking that the shock, with the coincident flash, is intended as a means of self-defense?

A New Gas Engine.—A new gas engine recently invented in England has the following important improvements: In order to prevent irregularity in the action of the gases in the engine arising from their being badly mixed, they are conducted from the reservoir by two pipes, one leading from the highest and the other from the lowest part of the reservoir. The pipes are united before reaching the engine, thus obtaining a second mixture of the gases. For controlling the admission, ignition and emission of the gases, a cock is employed, having a particular combustion space, filled at every revolution with gaseous compounds to be ignited in it. The regulation of the engine is effected in such a manner that in the highest position of the governor the outlet part of the cylinder will be held open, and the admission of the gases into the cylinder prevented until the engine has gained its usual velocity. In order to effect an equilibrium in the slide, it is pierced on its side toward the cover, and the area of the openings made equal to those on the other side.

A New Method for Copying Drawings.—A new method for copying drawings, which proves to be extremely useful when a couple of dozen copies only are wanted, has been brought out in Paris. The apparatus consists of a shallow zinc tray, in which is contained a smooth, jelly-like, cream-colored substance, resembling in some degree partially solidified flour paste. The drawing to be copied is made with a special ink. As soon as it is dry it is turned face downward on the contents of the tray, and is pressed smoothly with the hand. The sheet is then lifted up, leaving much of the ink transferred to the substance in the tray. A sheet of clean paper now takes the place of the drawing, and by rubbing it over gently with the hand an accurate copy of the original is obtained. With care, as many as one hundred copies can be had. When all that are needed have been taken, the composition in the tray is washed with a damp sponge, and is then ready for use again.

Glass Wicks for Lamps.—A wick for lamps is now manufactured entirely of glass by an establishment in Hanau, Germany. It is designed chiefly for use in petroleum and spirit lamps, and, with an equal amount of the wick turned up, it gives a much brighter light than cotton wick. In the spirit lamp, too, it is found to greatly increase the heat of the flame. No sparks are given off by this incombustible wick, nor does the light flare in draughts to the extent which it does with a burning wick; hence it makes the lamp safer. The smoking is also reduced, and it is stated that ten per cent. of oil is saved by its use. Of course, the disagreeable task of trimming the lamp is rendered unnecessary, for, being of glass, the wick does not consume, but wastes away very slightly by fusion.

New Sapphire Mines.—A valuable discovery of sapphire mines has been made in Siam, and there is a "rush" to the new diggings. Many of the subordinate government officials have resigned their posts in order to be early on the spot, and it is expected that there will soon be an influx of South African diamond miners. Those sapphires which have reached Bangkok are said to be large and beautiful.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

The baker always has his hour of knead.

Only a question of time—asking the hour.

Lawyers are seldom consulted in regard to ladies' suits.

It is the man with the rheumatism who is every inch a-king.

Circumstances alter cases, particularly reduced circumstances.

As a rule, the flower of the family does nothing toward providing the daily bread.

As ravenous birds are quickest sighted, so are the worst people the greatest fault-finders.

It is worth remembering that a little wealth will suffice us to live well, and less to die happily.

When a man speaks the truth you may count pretty surely that he possesses most other virtues.

"Slaves wear the collars of their masters" is as true to-day as it was two thousand years ago in Greece or Rome.

"When yesterday I asked you, love, one little word to say, your brother interrupted us; so please say yes-ter-day."

The young man who invites his mother-in-law to go up in a balloon should be watched. There's murder in his head.

As a farmer gazed upon a field of corn devastated by crows, he reflectively and ruefully murmured, "Caws and effect!"

A young man, while attempting to fix a "misplaced switch" on a young lady's head, in a ballroom, stepped on her dress and "wrecked the train."

A sign which reads "Positively no admittance" will stop a bore just about as long as a bullet made of butter. Money can be saved by cutting off the "positively."

Adoring one (in lavender kids and a blue scarf): "Oh, how I wish I were that book you clasp so lovingly!" *She:* "How I wish you were, so that I could shut you up!"

"Woman is a delusion, madam," exclaimed a crusty old bachelor to a witty young lady. "And man is always hugging some delusion or other," was the quick retort.

"Governesses should never be required to do low, menial work," said a gentlemam. "Certainly not, but they frequently aspire to the hy-menial," replied a lady.

Fair.—"Is this a fair?" said a stranger, stopping in front of a place where a festival was in progress and addressing a citizen. "Well," replied the citizen, "they call it fair; but they take everything in."

Mamma—"Well, Johnnie, I shall forgive you this time, and it's very pretty of you to write a letter to say you're sorry." Johnny—"Yes, ma; don't tear it up, please." *Mamma*—"Why not?" *Johnny*—"Because it will do for the next time."

"Yon gorgeously attired dame is the duchess of what?" asked a Yankee spectator, at a royal reception at Buckingham Palace. "She hisn't a duchess hat all," said the gold stick in waiting, "but I 'ear as 'ow she be the wife of han Hamerican plumber."

Chilling.—*Man:* "I say, mister, can't yer give us a shil'n? I'se terrible hard up." *Farmer:* "Ah, Proctor, I always told you to look out for a rainy day." *Man:* "So I did, master; but I never thought it wur a-going to snow." Master gives him a shilling.

Juvenile Theology.—*Mother* (at tea-table): "Jack, who helped you to those three tarts?" *Jack* (aged seven): "The Lord." *Mother:* "The Lord? Why, what do you mean, Jack?" *Jack:* "Well, I helped myself, but father said yesterday that the Lord helps those who help themselves."

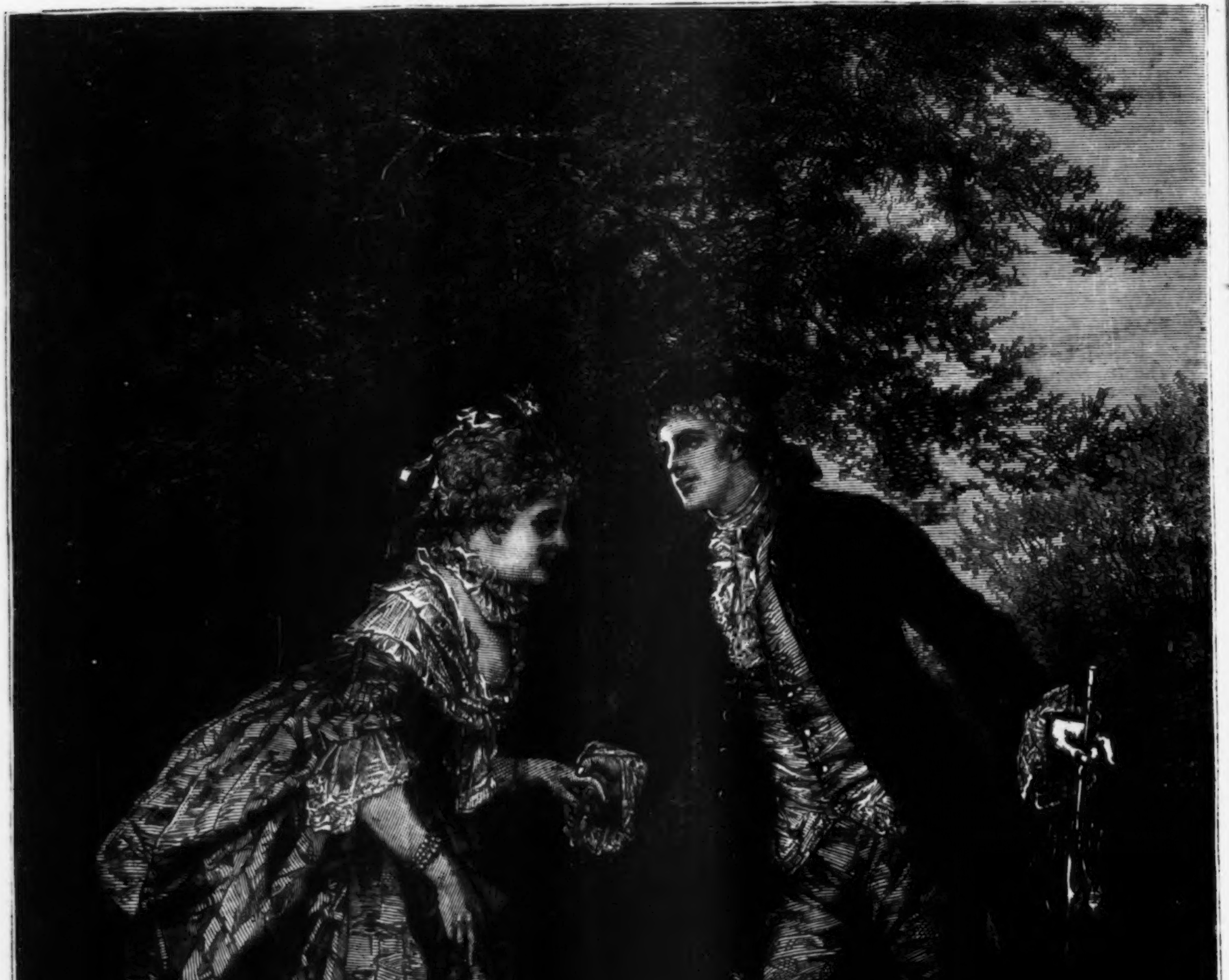
Beggar-boy: "We're wery much obliged to you, sir, for all you have done for us, but I sh'a'nt be coming to you again very often—mother's going to get married, and a wery good match." *Gentleman:* "Indeed! Whom is she going to marry?" *Beggar-boy:* "Oh, a perfessional, sir!"

M. Victor Hugo, talking about age, not long ago, confessed that the most disagreeable advance to him was that from thirty-nine to forty. "But," said a friend, "I should think it a great deal better to be forty than fifty." "Not at all," replied M. Hugo; "forty years is the old age of youth, while fifty years is the youth of old age."

How to Get Into a Mess and How to Get Out of It.—At an art exhibition: "That picture of X.'s is a fearful daub, don't you think?" The gentleman addressed: "I beg your pardon, but I am the artist." "Oh, I beg ten thousand pardons! The fact is, I don't know anything about art—I just repeat what I hear every one saying!"

Business!—One of the returned warriors from Zululand tells a good story. He was at Rorke's Drift, and was witness to the following incident: A clergyman, in clerical attire, was hard at work handing out cartridges to the men, and he did it with a will. A private near was taking shots at the Zulus, and cursing the while in the most ingenuous manner. "Don't swear, man," shouted the clergyman—"don't swear at them; shoot them!"

XUM



THE GALLANT OF OTHER DAYS.